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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKERS NOVELTIES

THE BOOK OF DRILLS.

(PART III.)

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A. W. PINERO'S PLAYS.

Uniformly Bound in Stiff Paper Covers,

Price, 50 cents each.

THE publication of the plays of this popular author, made feasible by the new Copyright Act, under which his valuable stage rights can be fully protected, enables us to offer to amateur actors a series of modern pieces of the highest class, all of which have met with distinguished success in the leading English and American theatres, and most of which are singularly well adapted for amateur performance. This publication was originally intended for the benefit of readers only, but the increasing demand for the plays for acting purposes has far outrun their merely literary success. With the idea of placing this excellent series within the reach of the largest possible number of amateur clubs, we have obtained authority to offer them for acting purposes at an author's royalty of

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THE AMAZONS. A Farcical Romance in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an exterior and an interior, not at all difficult. This admirable farce is too well known through its recent performance by the Lyceum Theatre Company, New York, to need description. It is especially recommended to young ladies' schools and colleges. (1895.)

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THE BOOK OF DRILLS

A Series of Entertainments

ARRANGED BY

MARY BARNARD HORNE

AUTHOR OF "THE PEAK SISTERS," "PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION," ETC.

PART THREE

BOSTON

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THE BOOK OF DRILLS.

PART III.

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MUSIC.

SAM JOHNSON'S COLORED CAKE WALK SCHOTTISCHE.	*Dave Braham*	Price,	40 cts.
WHIP SNAP QUADRILLE	*C. A. White*	"	40 "
'MANDY	*May Irwin*	"	40 "
PEEK-A-BOO	*Wm. J. Scanlan*	"	40 "
FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY	*Reeves*	"	40 "
BINGO	*College Songs*	"	06 "
THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL	*"Mikado"*	"	25 "
THE BICYCLE GIRL	*Wm. B. Fairchild*	"	40 "
DAISY BELL	*Harry Dacre*	"	40 "
LA CZARINA	*L. Ganne*	"	50 "
COMRADES	*F. McGlennon*	"	50 "
RAZORS IN THE AIR	*Barry Maxwell*	"	40 "
DOWN WHERE DE WATERMELONS GROW	*J. W. Wheeler*	"	40 "
POLICEMAN. *Vocal Gems from "Prince Pro Tem"*		"	25 "
SOLOMON LEVI	*College Songs*	"	50 "
O, SUSANNAH	*College Songs*	"	50 "
OLD BLACK JOE	*Stephen C. Foster*	"	40 "
COLLEGE HORNPIPE		"	10 "
SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK	*C. B. Lawlor*	"	40 "
MY PEARL IS A BOWERY GIRL	*A. Mack*	"	40 "
ON THE BOWERY		"	40 "
LITTLE ALABAMA COON	*Hattie Starr*	"	50 "

Any of the above pieces will be sent by publishers on receipt of prices annexed.

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LOOKING BACKWARD DRILL.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS drill is intended for eight people. It may be given by adults or children, but is droller when presented by the former. The four men and four women must be dressed "hind-side before," as the old people say, — every article of clothing reversed. A mask is worn on the back of the head, and a wig over the face; or, in case of the women, a muslin cape, lace, cape-bonnet, or other head-gear, that will not obstruct their vision too much. After being dressed, no further thought need be given by the actors to their condition in regard to front or back. That will take care of itself, to the amusement of the audience. The ladies should carry fans, and those must be held on the side of the mask, also by the gentlemen, when they take them to fan their partners.

COSTUMES.

THE costumes may be left to the committee who have this entertainment in charge. Usually they are very ludicrous, and a medley of different characters. I would suggest that there should be some harmony, at least in regard to couples. Two Quakers, for instance, two negroes, two old country people, and two young people of the times (bicycle costume, naturally). Or the whole eight may be dressed alike to represent some period, 1840 or 1860, — one remote enough to be droll. Again, the men may be gotten up in a Simple-Simon dress, and the women as country girls in calico gowns and cape-bonnets.

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THE DRILL.

MUSIC. — "*Sam Johnson's Colored Cake Walk Schottische*,"—
DAVE BRAHAM.

(*First Part.*)

Enter First Couple from L., pause, B. C., face audience .	2 bars.
" Second Couple from R., pause, face audience .	2
" Third Couple " L., " " " . .	2
" Fourth Couple " R., " " " . .	2
All bow to partners	1
" " " sides	1
Turn	2
Bow to audience	1
Turn half round	2
Turn back	2
Forward in line to F. (Bow on last three notes.) .	8

(*Second Part.*)

Step to R.	1 bar.
Turn back to back with partner	1
Balance	2
Forward and back, taking partner's hands. Turn partner; pause with backs to audience	8
Gentlemen fan the ladies, talking and flirting in exaggerated pantomime	7
Turn half round, facing audience	1

(*Third Part.*)

First Gentleman leads Lady around L. to back of stage; Second Gentleman leads Lady around R. to back of stage; Third Gentleman, ditto, L.; Fourth Gentleman, ditto, R.; All come up C. to F.; First Couple; Second Couple; Third Couple; Fourth Couple; all pause, face to C.; forming two lines, Gentlemen L., Ladies R. . .	8 bars.
First Gentleman and First Lady forward	1
Turn this way, then that, in uncertainty	1
Then promenade down the C.	1
Stop again in uncertainty, then remain at foot, or B. C. .	1

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Second Gentleman and Second Lady forward . .	2
Turn half round, turn back, turn again . . .	1
Down the C. to foot	1
Third Gentleman and Third Lady, same . . .	1
Turn as at first	1
Down C., pause, etc.	2
Fourth Gentleman and Fourth Lady, same . . .	3
All bow on last three notes	1

(*Fourth part. Music* D. C.)

First Couple lead up C. of stage, followed by Second, Third, and Fourth; separate, ladies to R., gentlemen to L.; come up C. in couples; First Couple R., Second L., etc. Come up C. again in couples, and form for a Quadrille.

The dancing of this Quadrille closes the entertainment. Everything should be done in an exaggerated manner, and with much affectation. The music is chosen to produce this effect, and if played slowly, and the time taken in unison with the motions of the performers, will be very suggestive of their uncertainty as to which is front and which is back.

The fourth part of the drill may be turned into a schottische or waltz, if the performers are dancers; and they can thus dance into position for the Quadrille.

QUADRILLE.

MUSIC.—"*Whip Snap Quadrille.*"

C. A. WHITE.

The eight performers take places as for a plain quadrille. The changes or figures of the Quadrille may be arranged by the committee, but those given in the music selected are suitable, with variety, and are recommended. At the close of the fifth figure, after the final grand right and left, turn partners into line, facing audience. All bow.

CURTAIN.

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LIVING ADVERTISEMENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS entertainment is particularly adapted to fairs or functions at which it is desirable to make money. It may be given early in the evening, and later the articles thus advertised can be sold by the actors, still in costume, at booths or tables arranged for them. The manufacturers of these articles will sometimes contribute them, or sell at reduced rates, in return for the advertising given their goods by the entertainment.

The stage or platform may be arranged as for living pictures, — a large frame placed at the front, with draperies at the sides, and a curtain stretched across the stage, back of the frame, allowing space for the grouping, and serving as a background. Be careful to have light enough upon the pictures to bring them out vividly. The frame can be removed before presenting those advertisements that call for action, and they should be reserved for the last, in order to avoid confusion.

The "Ads." given are some that have been used successfully; but the committee having the entertainment in charge can always vary them according to those popular at the time and place of entertainment. The picture should be shown first, for a few seconds, then drop the curtain. Raise it a second time; and on this presentation let the actors repeat any lines arranged for them, or sing a verse or two of some appropriate song, — always making it brief, and with a quick curtain the second time.

CHARACTERS.

IN giving an entertainment like this, the people chosen to represent the characters should be selected with care. Try to find them with a striking resemblance to the picture represented, and if they are to speak or sing, choose those that can do so with effect. A great deal always depends upon the leader or conductor of such an entertainment. In this case, find some one to represent a commercial traveller. His make-up should be somewhat exaggerated, and

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his manners and remarks suggestive of a wide-awake drummer with goods to sell. If he is a person of ready wit, he can introduce remarks of his own, — comments, etc., to cover the waits as the pictures are being arranged.

LIVING ADVERTISEMENTS.

In the entertainment upon which this is based, the pictures were reproductions of advertisements in the magazines referred to, as follows. They will readily be found, however, in a great variety of publications: —

1.	Mellin's Food	*St. Nicholas, Sept.*, 1896
2.	Babeskin Soap	
3.	DeLong's Hooks and Eyes	*Harper's, Feb.*, 1896
4.	Franco-American Soups	*Scribner's, Jan.*, 1896
5.	Rieger's Transparent Soap	*Cosmopolitan, July*, 1896
6.	Baker's Chocolate	*Munsey, July*, 1896
7.	Pear's Soap	*Harper's, Sept.*, 1894
8.	Armour's Extract of Beef	
9.	Chocolat Menier	*Scribner's, May*, 1893
10.	I. Ivory Soap	
	II. Ivory Soap	
	III. Ivory Soap	
11.	Hire's Root Beer	
12.	I. Gold Dust	*McClure's, Oct.*, 1895
	II. Gold Dust	*McClure's, May*, 1896
13.	Cleveland Baking Powder	*McClure's, Oct.*, 1895
14.	Copco Soap	*McClure's, Oct.*, 1895
15.	Quaker Oats	*Scribner's, Mar.*, 1896
16.	Pyle's Pearline	
17.	Three Little Waterbury Maids	
18.	I. "The Dauntless" (*Bicycle*)	*Century, Mar.*, 1896
	II. Vim Tires	*L. A. W. Rules and Regulations*, 1896
	III. The Crescent Tandem	*Century, Sept.*, 1896

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THE ENTERTAINMENT.

OPENING REMARKS BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

THE orator may come through the hall, and mount the stage from the front, after the manner of a stump-speaker at a minstrel show. He should carry a "grip," in which he can have samples of articles advertised. No other accessories are necessary excepting a small table at right of curtain, a chair, a hand-bell, and the customary glass of water. He speaks as follows: —

Ladies and Gentlemen: —

I need no introduction. The commercial traveller is always with you. If it isn't one, it is another; if it isn't lightning-rods, it's soap. There may be some here that think we have a "snap." If there are, let them try it. Let any man among you take a grip of samples, and spend a week on the road; and when he brings up at home on Saturday night, if he doesn't feel convinced that he's earned his salary and his hotel bills, let him look for a harder job. We are all hustlers. That's a mark of talent; and he who hustles most gets there first. We set the wheels of trade in motion, and all we ask of our employers is to keep those wheels well lubricated with advertisements. That is what I have come here to talk about, — advertising. Gentlemen, if you have anything to sell, invest your money in first-class ads., and plaster the country with them. Then send out on the road, wide-awake, up-to-date, first-class men like (*bows*), — I beg your pardon, — and sit down. Trade is sure to come.

Ladies, if you have anything to buy, read those advertisements, study them, make friends with the commercial traveller (*smiling*), and when you buy, you'll get a first-class article at the bottom price.

Now, what constitutes a good ad.? We will try to show you to-night. The main thing is to make it so striking that you can't forget it. You have all heard of the girl who married her persistent lover in order to get rid of him. That's the point. Rub your ad. in, till a man is forced to buy, in order to relieve his mind from the strain.

Let me tell you a story in this connection. It relates to my

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friend Jones. Jones is a fine fellow, — domestic in his tastes, fond of his family, not a bit nervous or cranky, — a good, all-round, every-day sort of fellow, even if he does live in Boston. Well, one morning he got up feeling in the best of health and spirits, so he told me, and placed himself at the head of his breakfast-table. Then the children began to file in (Jones has a quiver full), and he saw fastened on the front of every jacket and pinafore a placard on which were inscribed these words: "Do you wear pants?" Jones said he did not change countenance. You see, being a Boston man, he couldn't conscientiously smile at such atrocious English. He simply remarked to those kids that "the dictionary contained no such word as pants, and advised them to try something for a joke that was funnier." Then a little voice piped, "It isn't a joke at all, papa; it's dead earnest. We belong to a Plymouth Rock Club, and these are our badges." Jones left home that morning much disturbed by the tendencies of the age. He took an electric car, and his thoughts ran in this channel, "Why need people constantly use words for which there isn't the slightest authority?" when he raised his eyes and read, —

> "When a pant-hunter, pantless, is panting for pants,
> And pants for the best pants the pant-market grants;
> He panteth unpanted, until he implants
> Himself in a pair of Our Plymouth Rock Pants."

Jones left the car. He said he would rather walk ten miles than face those lines again. At the office he found it impossible to keep his mind on his business. He intended to ask the office-boy why he didn't hang up his coat, and instead, asked him why a dog wore more clothes in summer than in winter. The boy couldn't tell. "Because," said Jones, "in winter he wears a coat, but in summer he wears a coat and *pants*." The office-boy didn't know whether to smile or to go for a doctor.

All day Jones suffered great agony of mind, and could frequently be heard muttering unintelligible words to himself concerning pants. Sometimes he sat in apparent stupor, gazing at his own legs, and then would start up and exclaim, "Yes, yes; I think that I prefer *stripes*." Towards night, feeling that he must seek relief in diversion, he telephoned his wife that business would detain him in town until a late hour. Then he decided to go to the theatre and take in "1492." This was in the Columbian year. By the third act Jones felt that his cure had been effected. He was chuckling to himself at the stories told to the King of Spain about Columbus's wonderful *finds* in America, when his ear caught these words, "And he discovered the Rock named after your Majesty's *pants*." Jones laughed no more. He went home, and passed a sleepless night. His anxious wife assured him that if he *kept on* he would have softening of the brain from over-work. Jones knew better. It wasn't business that was on his mind; it was this legend: —

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"We can live without poetry, music, or art;
We can live without conscience, and live without heart;
We can live without kin, uncles, cousins, or aunts:
But a civilized man cannot live without pants."

In the dead hours of the night Jones made a bold resolution. In the morning he carried it out. He invested in a pair of Plymouth Rock Pants (three dollars), and he has been a well man ever since

"The constant drop of water
Wears away the hardest stone;
The constant gnaw of Towser
Masticates the toughest bone;
The constant cooing lover
Carries off the blushing maid;
And the constant advertiser
Is the one who gets the trade."

And now, my friends, let me show you a few choice ads. I need not mention the fact that we handle no goods but the best — none of us do; for we only represent first-class houses.

I'm not much of a Shakespearian scholar myself. I've been too busy to go in for literature; but I seem to recollect having read some lines of the great dramatist relating to the seven ages of man. Now, I am quite sure that Mr. Shakespeare would have given the poor infant a better send-off if Mellin's Food had been on the market in those days.

(*Signal-bell rings behind curtain.*)

The speaker sits at table R. when pictures are shown, and at signal, given by ringing a bell behind the curtain, he announces the advertisement to be shown, and rings his bell for raising curtain. This avoids any confusion or delay.

SPEAKER. Look at these infants! (*Signal-bell; curtain rises.*) "They all used it."

TABLEAU I. — "MELLIN'S FOOD."

This picture represents four babies sitting in a row on a low bench, with an older child standing L. See ad. in *St. Nicholas Magazine* for September, 1896.

SPEAKER (*second exposure*). You see they don't even need a nurse's arm for support. (*After curtain.*) Now, my friends, while our minds are in sympathy with childhood's happy days, let me show you a group of little ones who are as fresh as daisies and as sweet as roses. (*Bell.*)

TABLEAU II. — "BABESKIN SOAP."

This picture is one easily found at a druggist's. It represents four little girls about five years of age. The first with brown hair, plain white dress, and black stockings; the second with black hair, yellow dress, and black stockings; the third with yellow hair, red cap, pink dress, and black stockings; the fourth with

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red hair, blue dress, and black stockings. The first and fourth hold a jumping-rope, and they all look very happy. Aprons are perhaps more like the picture than dresses, as they are long-sleeved, high-necked, and gored.

CHILDREN (*speak in unison; second exposure*).

All clean and sweet
We jump the rope;
We've all been washed
With Babeskin Soap.

SPEAKER. Now we have number three. (*Bell.*) Ladies will appreciate this one.

TABLEAU III. — "DELONG'S HOOKS AND EYES."

Harper's, February, 1896.

SPEAKER (*during first exposure*). "Is he catching it? Slightly! Is it contagious? Oh, no; it's only *fits!*"

SPEAKER (*second exposure*). Listen.

LADY IN PICTURE (*speaks*). *This* time, dear, if you forget the *name*, "The DeLong Patent Hook and Eye," say to the dealer, "See that *Hump?*"

SPEAKER (*signal bell*). You all know this little fellow.

TABLEAU IV. — "FRANCO-AMERICAN SOUP."

Scribner's, January, 1896.

(*On second exposure the boy sings.*)

AIR. — '*Mandy*, by May Irwin.

If you're hungry, come to me,
Don't you know this soup is free?
Crying babies, fainting ladies,
Come right here, and taste and see.
"Clean and honest
Appetizing.
Sold by grocers everywhere."
'Tis the best, it can't be beat,
Then come and taste my ware.
I know you'll like it, if you try,
I can see it in your smile;
Then come and taste this daisy soup,
Let me your praise beguile.

CHORUS. Ladies, ladies, hear me sue,
I'm your sweetheart, I love you.
I ask you, don't you believe it's true —
All these things I tell you?

SPEAKER (*after curtain*). "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings." You will see, friends, that nothing advertises our goods like the children. Here is a new kind of soap, — Rieger's Transparent.

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TABLEAU V. — "RIEGER'S TRANSPARENT SOAP."

Cosmopolitan, July, 1896

CHILDREN (*speak, first exposure*). I see 'oo.
(*On second exposure children sing.*)

AIR. — *Peek-a-boo*, by W. J. Scanlan.

Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo,
Why do you hide with care?
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo,
For I can see you there.
It's *transparent*.
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo,
Why do you hide with care?
Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo,
For I can see you there.

SPEAKER (*after curtain*). "Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark; you may know what you are doing yourself, but nobody else does." Walter Baker and Co. are doubtless of this opinion, and so they send us "La Belle Chocolatière."

TABLEAU VI. — "BAKER'S CHOCOLATE."

Munsey, July, 1896.

This ad. is so well known that it needs no description. On all labels the coloring is similar, — blue dress, old-gold waist, white apron and kerchief, pink cap, with white ruffles and blue ribbon.

SPEAKER (*second exposure*). Of course you wish to see our dainty friend again. What comfort she has brought us in our hours of need!

SPEAKER. And now we have *Peer's* Soap — English, you know.

TABLEAU VII. — "PEAR'S SOAP."

Harper's, September, 1894.

SPEAKER. They'll get clean. Only give 'em time enough.
(*On second exposure children sing together.*)

This is the way we wash our hands,
Wash our hands,
Wash our hands,
This is the way we wash our hands,
With Pear's Soap in the morning.

SPEAKER. For our next we are indebted to Armour and Co. of Chicago.

TABLEAU VIII. — "ARMOUR'S EXTRACT OF BEEF."

An old monk in cowl, laughing and drinking from cup, holding saucer underneath. Very fat and jolly.

(*On second exposure.*)

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SONG. — *Friar of Orders Grey.* Music by Reeve.

I am a friar of orders grey,
And down the valley I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, nor hip,
Good store of venison fills my scrip.
My long bead-roll I merrily chant,
Wherever I go, no money I want,
Wherever I go, no money I want.
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell:
Who leads a good life is sure to live well,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy friar?
Lives half so well, half so well,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?
As a holy friar — a friar, lives half so
Well as a holy friar?

SPEAKER. Our friend doesn't explain in what his good living consists, but we are morally sure that Armour's Extract of Beef has helped to put some of that jolly flesh on his lively bones. Now we've got another good thing.

TABLEAU IX. — "CHOCOLAT MENIER."

Scribner's, May, 1893.

First Tableau shows child ready to write.
Second Tableau shows child writing "Chocolat Menier."

TABLEAU X. — "IVORY SOAP" (*in three parts*).

First Tableau. Little girl, — gray dress, red apron, gray hat, books under left arm, flowers in right hand, and a *lamb.*

SPEAKER (*at second exposure*).

How stories grow!
They say the lamb which Mary had,
Whose fleece was white as snow,
Was really just a clever "Ad."
For Ivory Soap, you know.

Second Tableau. A girl of the period in cutaway coat, high collar, necktie, shirt waist, tailor-made skirt, and Derby hat.

SPEAKER (*at second exposure*).

She may quit the house for the desk or store,
With physic and law she may cope;
She may even sneer at the garments she wore,
But she'll never give up Ivory Soap.

Third Tableau. Quaker girl, — black dress, white cuffs, white kerchief crossed, white apron with pockets. Table on R., dishpan, cake of Ivory Soap, a few tins. Girl holds up right hand; left hand in pocket of apron.

GIRL (*speaks at second exposure*).

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Don't thee wed for money, friend, for money hath a sting;
Don't thee wed a pretty face, 'tis but a foolish thing;
Don't thee wed for place nor fame, 'twill disappoint thy hope;
But when thee marries choose a girl who uses Ivory Soap.

SPEAKER. I cannot explain why the various brands of soap receive so much attention from the advertiser, unless it is necessary by these charming lines and pictures to persuade the unwashed public to try 'em all. The public, washed or unwashed, needs no persuasion to try our next.

TABLEAU XI. — "HIRE'S ROOT BEER."

Either picture may be used here. The yellow-haired baby-boy, with glass in right hand, and holding out left to attract attention, or the same little fellow, full-length, in tiny dress-suit, with bottle in right hand and glass in left. The first picture is preferable, and less trouble.

BOY (*sings on second exposure*).

AIR. — *Bingo*. College Songs.

Say, if you are thirsty, now don't be a fool,
But listen to what I say.
If inside and outside you wish to keep cool,
Just listen to what I say.
Try Hire's "pleasant" beer,
Try Hire's "healthful" beer,
Try Hire's old root beer;
'Tis a "temperance drink."
Here's to Hire's root beer, drink it down;
Here's to Hire's root beer, drink it down;
Here's to good old Hire,
For he makes the daisy beer,
Drink it down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down.

TABLEAU XII. — "GOLD DUST."

McClure's, October, 1895.

First Tableau.

SPEAKER (*at first exposure*). "Somebody must wash the dishes — whose lot will it be?"

SPEAKER (*at second exposure*). "Do you suppose they know that Gold Dust Washing-Powder will make the task a light one? It cuts the grease; it" —

Second Tableau.

McClure's, May, 1896.

SPEAKER (*at first exposure*). "Play is play, and work is work."

SPEAKER (*at second exposure*). "But work becomes play with Gold Dust. You're only playing at work without it."

SPEAKER (*after curtain*). Ladies, we will turn from soap to biscuits, from washing-powders to cookery — and, gentlemen, I am sure you will like the change. However, take my advice, buy samples of these good things to lighten work, and to make the

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ladies happy, and they will reward you with all the new dishes that the lecturer at the cooking-school can devise. I don't promise that they will agree with you, but you'll get them.

TABLEAU XIII. — "CLEVELAND'S BAKING POWDER."

McClure's, October, 1895.

SPEAKER (*at first exposure*). I believe they use *Cleveland's* powder to make *Washington* pies and *Harrison* cake, — a sort of presidential cooking-boom.

(*At second exposure the lecturer in picture speaks.*)

LECTURER. "I prefer Cleveland's Baking Powder because it is pure and wholesome. It takes less for the same baking; it never fails; and bread and cake keep their freshness and flavor."

SPEAKER (*after curtain*). And now, friends, we return to soap. At least, you should be thankful for one blessing, — I do not handle soft soap. All that we show you to-night is the real, genuine hard kind, that floats on the surface of the water, and doesn't shrink the goods. There are soaps *and* soaps. Let me show you.

TABLEAU XIV. — "COPCO SOAP."

McClure's, October, 1895.

If possible, show both men at once, as in picture; otherwise, show first one and then the other.

SPEAKER (*at first exposure*). Look on this picture, and then on that!

SPEAKER (*at second exposure*). Need I tell you which sweater was washed with Copco Soap? (*After curtain.*) Back again from soap to food, — good wholesome food. There is an old rhyme that runs this way: —

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

It may; I never tried it. I do know, however, that cleanliness from the use of good soaps, healthiness from the use of good food, and sobriety from the use of good temperance drinks, makes a man a good citizen like (*looking all over the audience*) — well — like *me*.

TABLEAU XV. — "QUAKER OATS."

Scribner's, March, 1896.

The picture mentioned is the child with its dish of oatmeal, and the vision of the Quaker in the background. If preferred, the Quaker may be shown alone.

CHILD (*second exposure*). "Has you had yours?"

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The frame is here removed, and the stage arranged for No. XVI. While this is being done, the speaker can send samples of articles advertised about the hall by some of the children who have taken part.

SPEAKER. We have one more compound which needs no advertising. It is so well known, and so universally liked, that our friends simply hide their faces at the thought of asking people to buy that washing-powder which they all undoubtedly use.

TABLEAU XVI. — "PYLE'S PEARLINE."

This picture is an old advertisement, representing eight grotesque men and women sitting on a long bench, each holding a palm-leaf fan before his or her face, on the back of which (towards the audience) are these letters — P E A R - L I N E — one large letter on each fan. Possibly, by applying to James Pyle, New York, a copy of picture could be secured if it is not familiar.

SPEAKER (*after curtain*). Do you wonder who those people are? Then watch and see.

(*Second exposure. At signal all lower fans an instant, and show faces; then put them up again.*)

SPEAKER (*after curtain*). Our next ad. speaks for itself.

TABLEAU XVII. — "THREE LITTLE WATERBURY MAIDS."

This is represented by three little Japanese maids, each carrying a fan in the right hand, and a good-sized silver Waterbury watch in the left. This may be given like the scene in the "Mikado," — the maids trotting on after the curtain rises, and making the familiar motions, the little dance, etc., as they sing. Or they can simply stand in a row and sing the song, making appropriate gestures.

SONG. — *Three Little Maids from School.* From "Mikado."

THE THREE (*sing*).

Three little maids from school are we,
Proper and good as girls should be,
The reason why you soon shall see,
Three little maids from school!

FIRST MAID. We were once very full of fun. (*Chuckle.*)
SECOND MAID. For mischievous pranks we "took the bun." (*Chuckle.*)
THIRD MAID. They put a *watch* on every one. (*Chuckle.*)
THE THREE. Three little maids from school!
ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids so quick and wary,
The finest watch was necessary;
That's why they picked out *Waterbury.*
THE THREE (*suddenly demure*). Three little maids from school!

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FIRST MAID. Now we're all "real nice," you know,
SECOND MAID. Always act as our watches go, —
THIRD MAID. Not a bit fast, and yet not slow,
THE THREE. Three little maids from school!
FIRST MAID. From three little maids take these away,
SECOND MAID. Three little maids would go astray;
THIRD MAID. We'd never be up to the time of day,
THE THREE. Three little maids from school!
ALL (*dancing*). Three little maids, delightful, very,
Laughing always, bright and merry,
Each with her charming *Waterbury*
(*Suddenly demure.*) Three little maids from school!

SPEAKER. And now, friends, thanking you for your kind attention, we will show you our last ad. The real *fin-de-siècle* fad, presented in such a way that every man who hasn't a bicycle will at once take measures to secure one, and every lady will make up her mind to take no rest until she has conquered the universal steed of the twentieth century. We will first show you the Dauntless. (*Signal bell.*)

TABLEAU XVIII. — BICYCLE TABLEAUX (*in three parts*).

PART I. *Tableau.* — Little Boy Holding Bicycle.

Century, March, 1896.

SPEAKER (*on second exposure*). "The coming man with the coming wheel."

SPEAKER. I have heard it said that in old times our grandmothers wore caps, and sat in easy-chairs and knit stockings. Now they wear sailor-hats and ride bicycles and belong to clubs. However, this nineteenth-century girl, who uses the Vim tires, is far off from the grandma period of her life. She is the product of the age.

PART II. *Tableau.* — Young Girl on Wheel. L. A. W., 1896.

SPEAKER (*on second exposure*). Let her speak for herself.

GIRL (*sings, having dismounted and standing beside her bicycle*).

SONG. — *The Bicycle Girl.* Wm. B. Fairfield.

The hammock girl is out of date,
The carriage girl passée;
The girl who rides a bicycle
Rules all the world to-day.
She flashes by with graceful speed,
As if she rode on air;
And as she glides along, she finds
Admirers everywhere, everywhere.

Chorus. — So here's to the bicycle girlie girl,
They say she is with us to stay;
She's not assuming, even when "Blooming,"
And she is happy all the livelong day.

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SPEAKER. We don't wish to send you home with "wheels in your heads," but we shall not do justice to our subject unless we show you a Crescent Tandem. (*Signal.*)

PART III. *Tableau.* — Girl and Fellow on Tandem

Century, September, 1896.

(*Second exposure.*)

SONG. — Air, *Daisy Bell.* Harry Dacre.

Girl dismounts and comes forward; fellow dismounts and stands by machine. Girl sings, and young man joins in chorus.

There is a joy that is ever new,
Dear girls, dear girls!
Riding a bicycle built for two
When you go out for a spin.
Choose for companion your dearest friend,
Ask her to ride with you;
If she refuses, don't give up then,
(*With glance to companion.*) There's always a man will do.
(*Together.*) Dear girls, dear girls,
Just try a tandem, do.
There's great pleasure
Thus in reserve for you.
You'll find it a charming carriage;
Sometimes it leads to marriage,
For you'll look sweet,
On the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

CURTAIN.

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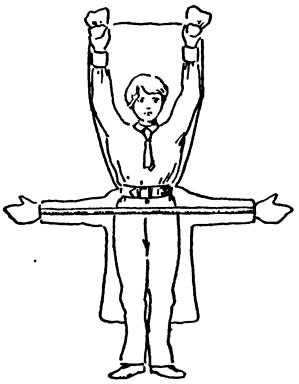
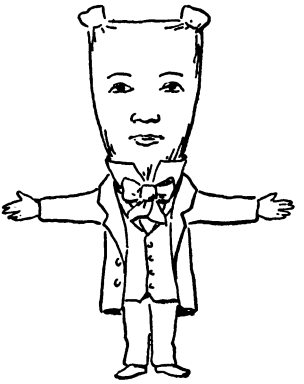
THE DWARF'S DANCE.

THIS is a very simple entertainment, easily arranged, and serves to fill in where it is necessary to entertain an audience for a few minutes. It may be given by any number, but two or four people will suffice, and they may be of any size or age preferred. It is grotesque however it is done. It consist simply in dressing from the waist down, the waist-line forming the neck of the figure. The actor holds the arms above the head as shown in the picture. A





plain white cotton skirt is pinned about the waist, and the bottom of it raised up and held by the hands, the fulness gathered into each hand. A face should be painted, or drawn in charcoal, on the skirt, as also shown in cut. A long stick is run through the sleeves of a coat or sack, with gloves fastened on each end to represent hands, the gloves of course stuffed with cotton-wool. The coat or sack is fastened about the waist, with necessary neck arrangements, such as a huge collar, bow, etc. If a coat is used, a vest, etc., may be added. The effect is very funny, and the little steps made necessary by the dressing down to the knees are very droll.

MUSIC. — *La Czarina.* Muzurka Russe, L. Ganne.

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THE DANCE.

It is very safe to leave this in the hands, or to the feet, of the performers. It must consist principally in running about with tiny steps, and in profound bows. If four take part, they can run on, one at a time, in the introduction, each making a bow to audience when he is fairly on the stage. Then the dance begins. It must be short, as it is very tiresome to hold the hands in this position long. In case of an *encore* at the end of second dance, the hands may be dropped and the head shown, to let audience know how fearfully and wonderfully the dwarfs are made.

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GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS UP TO DATE.

CHARACTERS.

SAMUEL GULLIVER . . *Seaman* | MULLY ULLY GUE . *Cabin-boy*

LILLIPUTIANS.

GOLBASTO . .	*King of Lilliput*	TIFFIN	*his Cook*
SHEFIN	*his Tailor*	FLIP, FLOP	*his Jesters*
GLUMGLUFF, GLIMIGRIM . .	*his Counsellors*	JOE	*non est*

INTRODUCTION.

THIS entertainment is particularly adapted to the use of boys, and pleases both the actors and the audience if successfully carried out. The main thing necessary is a board fence, extending across the stage or platform from R. to L. The fence can be made by stretching cotton cloth upon a frame, and painting it in imitation of boards, or a bit of real fence can be used. The boys can build it very easily. It must be safely propped from behind. Any accessories in the way of wood scenery may be used, but they are not necessary. A plain cambric background will do. The fence is the main thing, with space in front of it for Gulliver and his attendant. The Lilliputians, or little men, are represented by boys from twelve to sixteen years of age, who stand behind this fence; the top of the fence coming waist high. If boys of different ages and sizes take part, the shorter ones must stand on boxes or blocks. Each boy has false legs, made by stuffing long stockings, and tying them about his waist with tape or braid. These legs hang over the fence toward the audience, and give the appearance of persons sitting on a fence. The legs may be ridiculously small, with tiny shoes or slippers. Care must be taken to carefully arrange the false legs so that the audience will not suspect how they are joined.

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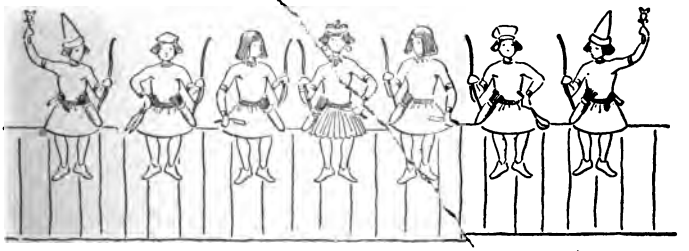
COSTUMES.

As these little men are savages, the costume is limited to a very short skirt, — which suffices to conceal the arrangement of the legs, — and beads, collars, neckties, etc. The boys' faces are blacked, and black jerseys, black gloves, and black stockings will do the rest. The king can wear a crown on his head, the counsellors wigs, the cook a paper cap, the tailor a silk cap, and the end men fool's cap and bells. Joe is noted by his absence. The more gaudy beads, necklaces, belts, etc., the better. Every man carries a razor stuck in his belt — the razor made of cardboard and covered with gilt paper, or of thin wood and gilded. Each man also has a small bow, and a quiver full of tiny arrows. Flip and Flap have clappers or bones, which they produce — and use in some of the choruses.

Gulliver is made up like a seaman, with a fringe of whiskers under his chin, and the regulation sailor's costume, with turn-down collar and loose black tie.

Mully Ully Gue, a boy of ten, also wears a sailor's costume, in exact imitation of Gulliver's. His face and hands are stained brown, as he is a *savage* named. He carries a spyglass.



GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS.

At rising of the curtain, the seven little men are discovered sitting upon the fence, — Golbasto, C.; Glumgluff, R.; Glimigrim, L.; Shefin, R.; Tiffin, L.; Flip, R. end, and Flap L. end. In front of fence R., a good-sized dry-goods box; L., a very small box. Enter immediately from L., Samuel Gulliver, followed by Mully Ully Gue carrying a spyglass. Gulliver crosses stage to R., and seats himself on box in a dejected manner. Mully stops L., looks at him, and seats himself in exactly same manner on box, L. Gulliver places elbows on knees, and leans chin on hands. Mully does the same.

Lilliputians (*together*). Come, brace up!

(Gulliver *sits up; also* Mully.)

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LILLS. (*together*). Get a move on, old man!

(GULLIVER *stands up;* MULLY *stands.*)

LILLS. (*together*). Now, fire away!

GULLIVER (*to* LILLIPUTIANS). I tell you, kids, it's no use. I can't do it, no ways.

MULLY (*shaking his head*). *No* ways.

GOLBASTO. Come, now, friend Gulliver, you know de consequences.

GULL. Oh, yes; I know 'em.

MULLY. We know 'em.

GOL. An' you dar's ter hesitate?

GULL. Wal, to tell the truth, I ain't in real good sailin' order for a speech to-night.

MULLY. We ain't quite up to snuff.

GOL. (*to* LILLIPUTIANS). Make ready! (*All seize arrows, and place them in bows.*) Aim! (*All aim at* GULLIVER.) F——

GULL. (*interrupting, and shielding head with his arm*). Hold on!

MULLY (*making same gesture*). Hold on!

GOL. (*to* GULLIVER). Then obey orders and fire away.

GULL. (*speaks;* MULLY *sits* L.). Ladies an' gentlemen: — My name's Gulliver, Samuel Gulliver. I'm a seafarin' man, but I ain't no connection of Lemuel's as I knows on, barrin' the similarity in the names an' the okkipations. He, Lemuel Gulliver, lived in England way back in them early days afore they had steam-en*gines*, an' electric lights. *I* was born in Chelsea, Mass., about forty year ago. Chelsea ain't much of a place to *live* in, but it does well enough to hail from. Wal —

(*All point arrows at* GULLIVER.)

GULL. (*to* LILLIPUTIANS). Yes, yes. (*To audience.*) You see them little critters ain't satisfied with my speech; they think I don't keep to the p'int, an' I d'no's I do. I ain't no orator. Say, kid (*to* MULLY), what *is* the p'int o' these remarks?

MULLY (*pointing with spyglass to little men*). *Them.*

GULL. That's it. They've brung me here to make a show o' them, an' the fust thing's to tell how I come by 'em, or rather (*glancing at them*), how they come by *me*. You see, Chelsea being a sort o' *slow* kind o' place —

MULLY. "Dead as Chelsea."

GULL. Yes; that's what they say in Boston. Wal, Chelsea not bein' too lively, I cut it when I was a youngster, an' run away to sea. I ain't never been back there sence. Wal, I've been pretty much all over the face o' this globe. I've sailed in fair weather an' foul, an' I've seen most extra-ordinary sights. You folks as stays to home, an' stirs roun' in a peck measure all your lives, you ain't no idea of what's still left to be diskivered. (*Arrows pointed.*)

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Yes, yes (*to little men*), I'm comin' to it. (*To audience.*) Wal, the most remarkable thing I ever struck was the kentry whar these critters lived. We struck it about midship in the worst hurricane as ever blowed; an' every one on board, every mother's son of us, was drownded but me. I sometimes wish I had been too.

LILLS (*together*). No, you don't.

GULL. Wal, no, I don't; seein's you say so. When the ship went down, I went too, an' when I come up an' come to, I was stranded on the queerest land an' amongst the queerest crowd as ever I laid my eyes on; an' if you don't believe me, look on that fence. (LILLIPUTIANS *salute.*) Those are only a few on 'em. Thar's lots more whar them come from, an' they are the peskiest kind o' people to live with.

LILLS. (*pointing arrows*). Take care.

GULL. (*warding off arrows*). Wal, I ought ter know, for I was a prisoner in that there kentry nigh on ter ten years; an' if you'll believe me, the inhabitants never once got off the fence in all that time. You see, they *had* me. How's a feller to git out of a kentry if it's all fenced in, an' the inhabitants set on them fences all of the time. Give it up? Wal, so did I. Howsomever, they treated me well enough; give me plenty to eat, and after the king, — that's him, in the middle, King Golbasto (GOLBASTO *salutes audience*), — after the king took me up, they used me white. We was comrades — (*All point arrows. Piano gives first chord of chorus to "Comrades."*)

GULLIVER. Oh, go ahead. I don't care. (*Sits* R.; *all sing*).

AIR. — *Comrades.* By F. McGlennon

Comrades, comrades, ever since he was found
Floating upon our ocean, stranded upon our ground.
Comrades when life was returning,
Watchful whate'er might betide,
When steamers were sighted, his comrades
Were always there by his side.

GULL. (*speaks*). You bet.

ALL (*repeating chorus*). Comrades, etc.

MULLY (*speaks at end of song*). Chestnut!

GULL. Right you are, boy. (*Rises; to audience.*) This here song *is* a leetle stale; but you'll excuse it on the grounds that we ain't been civilized very long, an' everything's *new* to us (*indicating little men*), meanin' *them.* Wal, after the king an' me become (*hesitating*), ahem — com-rades (*as they do not sing again, goes on boldly*) — we had some fine times, and he confided to me the fact that he wanted to travel, but didn't know how to compass it. (*All giggle.*)

MULLY. (*aside to audience*). A joke.

GULL. In the first place, we'd got ter hail a steamer, an' git off kind o' quiet, or there'd be a revolution. Up to this time the inhabitants had let off all their warlike sperrit in shooting their pesky little arrers at *me.* Knowing how they aggravate, I could foresee

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somethin' of a scrap ef they all got ter shootin' at each other. So we decided ter make up our company, to hail a steamer on the sly, an' jest ter slip off easy, pretendin' as how we was a-goin' out for tradin' purposes. Wal, Golbasto chose *his* men, an' then I put in a claim. I wanted *my* man, an' I wanted one with *legs*. Naow in all that blasted kentry there was only one critter with a good pair o' legs under him, an' that was that there kid (MULLY *shows legs*). They call him Mully Ully Gue. (MULLY *rises, salutes audience, then sits.*)

GULL. (*to audience*). You shall hear from him later. Havin' settled how we should get off, an' who we should take with us, we then hed to decide *where* we'd go. The king, never havin' been anywhere, wasn't over pertickler 'baout the kentries, provided there was fences in 'em, an' chances to set on 'em. I wasn't sartain about Europe, Asia, or Africa, but I told 'em the United States was a powerful good place for that okkipation, as there was always in ev'ry community a good share o' citizens as was on the fence most of the time; an' so, everything workin' well, we come here. (*Arrows pointed.*) Naow, I've talked long enough, an' *they* want a chance. But fust I want to say, that I can't tell you any more about these leetle men than you can see; I don't know what ails their legs; I don't know what race they belong to; and I don't know where they come from in the beginnin', nor where they'll go to in the eend. But here they are, all armed an' ready. See them razors? They found mine in my pocket when I lay there drownded, an' in less than twenty-four hours every man in the island had one. That looks *African*.

(*Arrows pointed at* GULLIVER. *Pianist plays introduction to song.* GULLIVER *sits* R.; LILLIPUTIANS *lay bows on fence. All sing in unison. At chorus, draw razors from belts and brandish them. Two verses.*)

SONG.—*Razors in the Air.* By Barry Cornwall.

GULL. (*who has been whittling a stick during song, to* MULLY, *who has been looking over the audience with the spyglass*). Wal, sonny, what did ye see?

MULLY. O Mr. Gulliver, I seen a handsome gal.

ALL. Whar?

MULLY (*indicating whole audience*). Over dar. Oh, but she's a bute. (*Hands spyglass to* GULLIVER, *who examines audience.*)

GOLBASTO. Indeed! Can any one tell me what is de difference betwixt dat beautiful young gal in de aujence an' a codfish?

FLIP. Yas sar; *I* can.

FLAP. So kin I. (MULLY *returns to seat*, L.)

GOL. Mr. Flip, what is de difference?

FLIP. De beautiful young gal, she's got de chance to become a fall bride; an' de codfish, he's mos' likely to become a ball fried.

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FLAP. Does your Majesty know dat accordin' to Mr. Darwin it takes a monkey a tousand of years to make a man o' hisself.

FLIP. Sho', an' a man can make a monkey o' hisself in less 'n a minute.

GOL. We lead de world.

TIFFIN. In oder words, man takes de cake in dat transaction. I say, King Golbasto!

GOL. Yes, yes, Tiffin; what is it?

TIFF. Did your Majesty hab all de dinner you wanted?

GOL. No, Tiffin; but I had all I could *eat*.

TIFF. (*winking*). Dat are's 'case I cooked it.

GULL. (*announces*). A song by Mr. Tiffin, his Majesty's cook. (TIFFIN *bows*.)

(TIFFIN *sings; all join in chorus, with a pianissimo accompaniment on bones*.)

SONG. — *Down Where de Watermelons Grow*. J. W. Wheeler.

GULL. (*rising at close of song*). So fur's I can remember, I hadn't finished my speech. I was a-goin' ter give a leetle accaount o' that v'yage over to Ameriky, 'tho' there ain't much to tell. You see, most o' the time *they* (*with a nod towards fence*) sat on the gunwale, an' me an' the youngster walked the decks; that is, we did as soon as he got his sea-legs on. Tell 'em about it, sonny.

(MULLY *crosses to* GULLIVER, *takes spyglass, goes to* C., *bows*. GULLIVER *sits* R.; MULLY *sings*. *All join in chorus*, MULLY *walking back and forth in front of fence as he sings chorus. Pauses* C. *at end of first chorus; than dances, after which he sits* L. *In case of encore, sings second verse*.)

SONG. — *The Yachting Man*. Air, Policeman, "Prince Pro Tem."

When I left my native land
"Strange countries for to see,"
My heart was in my mouth, you know,
For I'd never been to sea.
My face was pale, my eyes were sad,
I wished I'd never come;
But when we'd fairly sailed away,
I struck those sailors dumb.

Chorus. — *For* {he / I} walked the deck just like a swell,
With spyglass in {his / my} hand,
And all the others took {him / me} for
A New York Yachting man.

(*Dance*.)

I proved a daisy sailor-boy,
The beauty of the ship;
The ladies tried to flatter me,
But I gave 'em all the slip.
I told them that I didn't come
To meet the summer girl,

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I travelled to improve my mind;
So they set me down a churl.

Chorus. — *And* { he / I } walked the deck, etc.

(*Dance.*) (*Sits* L.)

GULL. (*sitting* R., *and having nodded approval to* MULLY). Cold day, Mr. Shefin.

SHEFIN. Dat's right. 'Twas a cold day for dis chile when de king bought his new overcoat.

GULL. Sho, now! the king never bought an overcoat ready-made?

SHEF. Deed an' he did. An ulsterette wid a *cape*.

GULL. I s'pose the *style* ketched him.

SHEF. Dar ain't no style to it. He bought it of an ole-clothes man — *A Sheeny*.

GULL. Not Levi?

SHEF. Dat's de man. Golly, how he draws 'em in!

KING. Dat's it. He *drawed* me in.

GULL. How?

SHEF. Singin'.

GULL. Mr. Shefin, his Majesty's tailor (SHEFIN *bows*), will now illustrate how the Sheeny gets his customers.

SONG. — *Solomon Levi.* College Songs.

(*Two verses.*)

(*All join chorus, with bones played by* FLIP *and* FLAP.)

GULL. (*rising*). His majesty come to this kentry to git information, an' so he fetched along his counsellors to help stow it away, — them wise-lookin' fellers on his right an' left. Mr. Glumgluff (GLUMGLUFF *bows*) an' Mr. Glimigrim. They've got in a pretty good cargo, owin' mostly to the kindness of the aldermen in the large cities. We've had the freedom o' the public schools, an' all kinds o' shows, to say nothin' o' rides in the parks an' big dinners —

ALL. Yum, yum!

GULL. Will your Majesty punch up them counsellors, an' make 'em talk?

GOL. (*punching* GLUMGLUFF). What you larned?

GLUM. 'Rifmetic, your Majesty.

GOL. What's dat are, Mr. Gulliver?

GULL. Kalkilation. Mr. Glumgluff, can you tell how many days there are in a year?

GLUM. How many days in a year? (*Reckons on fingers.*) Three hundred an' sixty-five an' one-fourth.

GOL. How you make out dat fourth?

GLUM. De Fourth ob July, your Majesty. Dey has 'em here.

GOL. (*punching* GLIMIGRIM). What *you* larned?

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GLIM. Grammar, your Majesty.

GOL. Wha's dat are, Mr. Gulliver?

GULL. Parsin'. "Lucy milks the caow." Parse caow, Mr. Glimigrim.

GLIM. Cow. Noun, feminine gender, an' stan's for Lucy.

GOL. Stan's for Lucy? How you make dat out?

GLIM. Ef de caow did'n' stan' for Lucy, how she gwine ter milk her?

MULLY. I can parse "John married Susan."

GOL. Parse "John married Susan."

MULLY. John's a noun, name of a thing; married's a conjunction, 'cause it joins John and Susan; Susan's a verb, 'cause she governs the noun.

GULL. Wal, sonny, I guess you'd better sit down. Does your Majesty hanker after any more knowledge o' grammar?

GOL. I should like to know what is de future tense ob *he drinks.* (*Punches* GLUMGLUFF.)

GLUM. De future ob he drinks is mos' likely *he's drunk.*

GOL. (*punching* GLIMIGRIM). What else have you larned?

GLIM. Dictation.

GOL. (*to* GULLIVER). What's dat are?

GULL. I dunno's I know myself.

GOL. Ask Mully Ully Gue.

GULL. Sonny, come here; you've been to these here public schools?

MULLY. You bet.

GULL. What is — say that agin, Mr. Glimigrim?

GLIM. Dictation.

GULL. What's that ere, sonny?

MULLY. You git me tree words, den I make a sentence.

ALL. Oh!

KING. Fire away. (*All think, then.*)

GULL. Boys.

GLUM. Bear.

GLIM. Bees.

MULLY (*meditates*). I got him. Boys bees bare when dey goes in swimmin'. (*Sits* L.)

GOL. (*punching* GLUMGLUFF). Anything else?

GLUM. Punctuation.

GOL. Punctuation? Wha's dat, Mr. Gulliver?

GULL. Stops; ain't it, Mr. Glumgluff?

GLUM. It am.

GOL. What's de good of it?

GLUM. I dunno.

FLIP. When you punctuates you tire, it stops de bicycle, don't it?

FLAP. An' if you larns punctuation, you can mend it, can't you?

(GLUMGLUFF *and* GLIMIGRIM *begin to clear throats.*)

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ALL. Sh, sh!

GULL. (*to audience*). You must excuse the counsellors, but any mention o' bicycles sets 'em off; an' they don't know but one tune, an' they can't sing that.

(*Pianist plays introductory chord to "O Susannah."* GLUMGLUFF *and* GLIMIGRIM *sing, pianist playing the air with them, slowly.*)

SONG. — *O Susannah.*

I had a dream the other night
When everything was still;
I thought I saw Susannah dear,
A-scorchin' down the hill.
An awful glare was in her eye,
Her gum was in her mouth;
Says I, "Susannah, don't you cry,
I'm leavin' for the South.
Oh, Susannah!
Don't you cry for me;
But since I saw dem bloomers, Suse,
I've got ter quit ye. See?"

GULL, Joe.

MULLY. Joe ain't dar, Mr. Gulliver.

GULL. That's curus. Whar *is* Joe, Flip?

FLIP. Joe? I dunno. Whar is he, Shefin?

SHEF. Joe? I dunno. Whar is he, Glumgluff?

GLUM. Joe? I dunno. Whar is he, your Majesty?

GOL. Joe? I dunno. Whar is he, Glimigrim?

GLIM. Joe? I dunno. Whar is he, Tiffin?

TIFF. Joe? I dunno. Whar is he, Flap?

FLAP. Joe? Why, Joe died one day las' week wid a car-buncle.

FLIP (*shaking his head*). My! it's awful how many gits killed on de cars in dis country, wid de bilers bustin', an' a-gittin' scrunched 'tween de car-buncles.

(KING GOLBASTO *sings; all join chorus.*)

SONG. — *Old Black Joe.* Stephen C. Foster.

(*Two verses.*)

(GULLIVER *falls asleep; also* MULLY. *At close of song all seize bows, aim arrows at* GULLIVER, *and shout.*)

ALL. Wake up.

GULL. (*stretching*). What's the row?

MULLY (*stretching*). What's up?

GOL. Mr. Gulliver, you've been asleep, an' you know de consequences.

GULL. I never did like that tune, your Majesty; an' I hoped as long as Joe'd kicked the bucket you'd pitch the song overboard along with him.

GOL. That's no excuse. When de king sings, it's your business to listen. You must pay de fine.

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GULL. It comes mighty hard to-night. The rhumatiz is a-botherin' of me some.

MULLY. We're not feelin' bery limber.

GOL. De *king* commands. (*All aim arrows at* GULLIVER.)

GULL. Come on, sonny.

(*Pianist plays hornpipe.* GULLIVER *and* MULLY *dance.*)

DANCE. — *Sailor's Hornpipe.*

(*At end of dance* GULLIVER *sits* R., MULLY *sits* L.)

FLIP. Dat dog-show in New York was a howlin' success.

GOL. I dunno as it was.

FLIP. Yes, it was, your Majesty, a *howlin'* success. See? *Howlin'!*

FLAP. Don' your Majesty see? Flip's a-tryin' to gib you a *pointer* about de dog-show.

SHEF. An' it's what I *collie* good one, too.

GOL. H'm. Don't let it oc-*cur* again.

FLIP. I say, Tiffin, whose po-try does you like best? Longfeller's?

TIFF. No sar; I don't like dem long fellers. I likes Plymouth Rocks, an' Leghorns, an' Brahmas.

GULL. Perhaps, Mr. Flip, now that yer feelin' so fly, you will tell us what city you prefer.

FLIP. City? Mr. Gulliver, dar ain't but one city in dese *U*nited States, an' dat am New York.

GULL. (*to audience*). Flip has friends on the Bowery.

(FLIP *sings.*)

SONG. — *The Sidewalks of New York*, arranged by Charles Miller; or *My Pearl's a Bowery Girl*, arranged by Andrew Mack; or *The Bowery*.

FLAP. I say, does your Majesty know what kind o' fruit grows on an axle-tree?

GOL. No, Flap; I don't know what kind of fruit grows on an axle-tree.

FLAP. *Nuts;* one on each end ob de tree.

GOL. How do you know?

FLAP. A *felloe* of de *Hub* tole me.

GULL. I'm pretty nigh tuckered out, but — (*Arrows aimed.*) Yes, yes; I ain't no intention o' endin' up this show till Mr. Flap has had his chance.

SONG. — *Little Alabama Coon.* Hattie Star.

(GULLIVER *sits* R.; MULLY, L. *At the words on music "swat, swat, swat," all make motion of slapping a child, by striking hands together; then sound of child crying; then "sh-sh-sh." All sing chorus,* GULLIVER *and* MULLY *joining. As the chorus*

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of first verse dies away, all fall asleep. At applause, wake up and sing second verse.)

(FLAP *sings.*)

I's a little Alabama Coon,
And I hasn't been born very long;
I 'member seein' a great big round moon!
I 'member hearin' one sweet song!
When dey tote me down to de cotton-field,
Dar I roll an' I tumble in de sun;
While my daddy pick de cotton, mammy watch me grow,
An' dis am de song she sung:
Go to sleep, my little pic-a-ninny,
Brer' Fox'll catch you if yo' don't;
Slumber on de bosom of yo' ole Mammy Jinny,
Mammy's gwine ter swat yo' if you won't.
(*Slaps; baby cries; "sh-sh-sh."*)
Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lu-la-lu!
Underneaf de silver Southern moon;
Rock-a-by! hush-a-by!
Mammy's little baby,
Mammy's little Alabama Coon.

(*All sing Chorus.*)

Go to sleep, my little picaninny,
Brer' Fox'll catch you if yo' don't;
Slumber on de bosom of yo' ole Mammy Jinny,
Mammy's gwine ter swat yo' if you won't.
(*Slaps; baby cries; "sh-sh-sh."*)
Lu-la, lu-la, lu-la-lu-la-lu!
Underneaf de silver Southern moon;
Rock-a-by! hush-a-by!
Mammy's little baby,
Mammy's little Alabama Coon.

(*All fall asleep. Wake up suddenly.*)

(FLAP *sings.*)

Dis hyar little Alabama Coon
Specks to be a growed-up man some day.
Dey's gwine to christen me hyar very soon;
My name's gwine to be "Henry Clay."
When I's big I's gwine to wed a yellow gal,
Den we'll hab picaninnies ob our own;
Den dat yellow gal shall rock 'em on her bosom,
An' dis am de song she'll croon:
Go to sleep, etc.

(*At end of chorus all fall off the fence backwards.*)

GULL. (*rising*). And now (*turning to fence*). Wal, I'll be blowed ef they ain't all gone overboard.

MULLY. They'll come up. (*Stands* L.)

GULL. (*to audience*). There don't seem to be nothin' left to say but —

ALL (*bobbing heads above fence in a row*). Good-night!

QUICK CURTAIN.

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The Ladies of Cranford

CHARACTERS

MISS MATILDA JENKYNS,	*the Rector's daughter*
MISS MARY SMITH,	*her visitor*
MISS JESSIE BROWN,	*a new resident*
MISS POLE,	*a friend to Miss Jenkyns*
MRS. FORRESTER,	*born a Tyrrell*
MISS BETTY BARKER,	*a retired milliner*
THE HON. MRS. JAMIESON,	*a leader in society*
MARTHA,	*maid to Miss Jenkyns*
PEGGY,	*maid to Miss Barker*
MRS. PURKIS,	*a country woman* (Customers.)
LITTLE SUSAN,	*her daughter* (Customers.)
JENNIE,	*a country girl* (Customers.)
LITTLE JAMES,	*a small boy* (Customers.)

ACT I.—SCENE, Miss Matty's Parlor—Afternoon Tea.

ACT II.—SCENE, Same—"Miss Matilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell tea."

ACT III.—SCENE, Miss Barker's Parlor—A Card Party.

TIME, ABOUT 1840.

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COSTUMES.

Costumes may be found in the edition of Cranford, illustrated by Hugh Thomson. They should be carefully reproduced, and the bonnets made to look like illustrations.

MISS MATTY is a delicate little old lady, with a sweet face, and an undecided manner, as found in frontispiece, and in pages 62 and 73.

MISS POLE is tall and thin, with a stiff manner, and a rather strong-minded appearance—but she succumbs to ruffles at the party—and wears seven brooches, which should be obvious. See page 135.

MRS. FORRESTER is a tiny old lady—very shabby and quite poor—rather deaf but of exceedingly good family.

MISS BARKER—overdressed and has the appearance of using up her stock in trade, in the way of ribbons and laces.

MRS. JAMIESON—a large florid woman—very languid—speaks with a drawl. See last illustration in book.

MARY SMITH and JESSIE BROWN should be pretty young girls—one dark and the other light. MARY—pages 232 and 242. JESSIE—page 38.

MARTHA—a large awkward servant—who blunders about and makes much business of keeping on paper paths and of her devotion to MISS MATTY. See pages 78, 163, 242, 250.

PEGGY—a tidy little maid—like illustration, page 183.

MRS. PURKIS—common country woman, in shawl and bonnet.

Children and customers dressed like those on pages 266 and 284.

PROPERTIES.

Old-fashioned furniture, stiff-backed chairs, an old square piano, or possibly a melodeon or parlor organ would do. Candelabras and old-fashioned candlesticks, cards for preference—a card-table, tray, with pretty china, tea chests, tumblers and jars for candy, scales, etc., for store—see frontispiece to Cranford. Brown paper sewed together in long strips to make the paper paths—newspapers can be placed in other places on floor.

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The Ladies of Cranford.

ACT I.

SCENE.—MISS MATILDA JENKYNS' *parlor. Tea-table* R. C. *Spinnet* L. *Sofa* R. F. *Fireplace and mantel* R. *Candles on mantel. Door* L. B. *Door* R. *Chairs scattered about. Room arranged in prim manner, but tastefully, with signs of past elegance. Newspapers spread over carpet, here and there. A path of brown paper leads from door* L. B., *to tea-table.* MARY SMITH *and* JESSIE BROWN *discovered sitting together on sofa—talking confidentially.* MARY *has plain sewing;* JESSIE *with knitting-work. Bright-colored wools heaped about. As curtain rises girls return to work, as if they had just embraced.*

MARY. There, *now* we will attend to the knitting. (*Showing* JESSIE.) No, no, put your thread *over*—that's right. Now go on. (JESSIE *knits*, MARY *sews.*) I never do fancy work when I visit in Cranford. It is such a good opportunity to make my father's shirts.

JESSIE. Don't you find it exceedingly tiresome?

MARY. What, making shirts or visiting in Cranford?

JESSIE. O, both. Cranford is so dull.

MARY. Jessie you don't half know the place yet, or you would never call it dull. Now—knit back—plain.

JESSIE. But it *is* dull, nevertheless. Nothing ever happens here. Such a dead monotony. No births, no marriages, no *deaths*, even.

MARY (*laughing*). How can there be births or marriages in a community of widows and maiden ladies, and not a *man* in the place? And as for deaths, people can only die of old age, here, it is so healthy.

JESSIE. Then why, Mary, do you find Cranford so interesting?

MARY. I cannot tell you. There is a quaint charm about it, that suits my fancy. I have made visits here ever since I was a little girl in pinafores—and—well—there is nothing like it—not even in London.

JESSIE. I should think not.

MARY. The dear old ladies are so irresistible. Put your thread over—take up two stitches, and seam. That's right.

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(MARY *jumps up, moves a newspaper to another place on the carpet and resumes seat on sofa.*)

JESSIE. Now, what did you do *that* for?

MARY. I—why Jessie—I was practicing elegant economy à la Cranford. Those papers are to preserve Miss Matty's new carpet from the rays of the sun, and I was chasing a sunbeam.

JESSIE. O (*knitting,*) shall I seam back?

MARY. Yes, dear. Now, do you see that paper path from the door to the table? That is for Martha to walk upon, when she brings the tea—to save the carpet.

JESSIE. O, how droll!

MARY. Do people make paper paths in London?

JESSIE. Hardly. But is there need of such economy?

MARY. Many people in Cranford appear to be in straitened circumstances. But they do not acknowledge it. O, my, no!

JESSIE. Well, *we* are downright poor.

MARY. Sh! Don't whisper it in Cranford.

JESSIE. Why, that is the reason for our coming here.

MARY. Well, there is no need of shocking the élite of Cranford by mentioning it. Now, seam back.

JESSIE. Who are the élite, Mary?

MARY. Can you ask? First and foremost—the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson—and then—the rest of us.

JESSIE. There, Mary. I have learned the stitch and I must go. I promised to teach it to Miss Pole as soon as ever I got it.

MARY. But you will stop on your return, and have a cup of tea?

(*Rolls up work. Enter* MARTHA *walking carefully on paper path. Stops abruptly at terminus.* JESSIE *gathers up worsted and prepares for departure.*)

MARY (*standing*). O, Martha, is that you?

MARTHA (*sniffing*). Yes, miss.

MARY. Martha, what is the matter?

MARTHA. Nothin', miss.

MARY. Then what do you want?

MARTHA. Missus sent me to say, as she presents her compliments to Miss Brown, and will she remain to drink a cup o' tea. She is very sorry that she is at present engaged in the cu—cu——

MARY. Culinary department?

MARTHA (*meekly*). Yes, miss.

JESSIE (*having put on her bonnet, which she has taken from piano and gathered up her work*). Please tell your m'stress, that I shall be most happy to return in time for tea. (*Kisses* MARY. *Exit,* R. B.)

MARY (*returning from* L. B.). Martha, why do you look so unhappy. Don't you find your place comfortable?

MARTHA. Well, Ma-am—missus is very kind, and there's plenty to eat and drink, and no more work but what I can do easy, but— (*Twisting the corner of her apron.*)

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MARY (*seating herself again and sewing*). But what, Martha?

MARTHA (*sniffing*). It seems so hard of missus, not to let me have any followers; there's such lots of young fellows in the town; and many a one has offered to keep company with me; I may never get in such a likely place again, an' it's like wasting a good opportunity—it is miss. (*Cries.*)

MARY. I wouldn't take it so to heart, Martha.

MARTHA. Many a girl as I knows, would have 'em unbeknownst to missus; but I've given my word, an' I'll stick to it.

MARY. That's right, Martha.

MARTHA. An' such a capable kitchen for hidin' 'em. There's such good dark corners. I counted 'em up, last Sunday night, when I was cryin' because I had to shut the door in Jim Hearn's face. And him such a stiddy young man, fit for any girl. (*Cries.*)

MARY. There, Martha, be a good girl and don't fret. I think I hear Miss Matty coming. (*Exit* MARTHA, L. B.) So there are *two* love affairs in Cranford, for I believe that I have discovered Jessie's secret. However, Martha doesn't count for she isn't in genteel society.

Enter MISS MATTY, R.

MISS MATTY. Where is Jessie? I hope she hasn't gone. I really came just as soon as the cakes were out of the oven. Did Martha deliver the message?

MARY. Certainly, Miss Matty, and Jessie is coming back.

MISS M. (*sitting* L.). I think, dear, that we may expect callers, because one day has elapsed since your arrival, and the ladies will feel that you have had ample time to rest.

MARY (*aside*). I should think so. A journey of fifteen miles.

MISS M. (*rising*). What did you say Mary? Fifteen miles is a long distance to travel in one day.

(MISS MATTY *moves papers during next lines.*)

MARY. And I must return these calls?

MISS M. On the third day. I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour. (*Sits after changing papers.*)

MARY. But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?

MISS M. You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation. (*Rising.*) Now, my dear, lay aside your work, and we will retire to our rooms to make some slight preparations for company. This cap is hardly fit to receive in, although it was Deborah's best.

MARY (*folding her work*). Miss Matty, I have discovered a secret.

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MISS M. And do you think, dear, that you ought to disclose it?

MARY (*rising*). I don't know what I *ought* to do, but I am going to tell *you*, that Jessie Brown has a lover. (*Lays work on table.*)

MISS M. (*sitting down abruptly on sofa* R.). Dear—dear me! A lover? Jessie Brown?

MARY (*standing by table*). Yes, a lover. An officer in the army, and she refused to marry him, in order to nurse that poor sick sister.

MISS M. My dear, it is quite—quite exciting. And where is he now? The officer, I mean.

MARY. O, I don't know that. It is quite hopeless, I imagine.

MISS M. Dear—dear me. A love affair in Cranford. It takes me back to my youth, when—what *am* I saying, my dear?

MARY (*coming over to* MISS M.). You were going to tell me about *your* lover, Miss Matty. You must have had one, you know.

MISS M. (*embarrassed*). O, no, dear, that is—no *particular* person. Of course I had lovers like all young girls. You see, dear, it wasn't so strange, because I was *quite* nice looking, when I was young. I had very pretty hair, and not a bad mouth.

MARY (*sitting on sofa and taking* MISS M.'s *hand*). You must have been a *perfect dear.*

MISS M. (*after a short pause*). Mary, my dear, I haven't told you the truth. There *was* a particular person that I thought I should marry, a great many years ago, and he is dead and gone now,—and he never knew how it all came about that I said *no.* (*Pause.*) Deborah knew—and I suppose it was all for the best.

MARY (*stroking her hand*). Poor Miss Matty. And did you never see him afterward?

MISS M. Not for thirty years. And then we met. He was Miss Pole's cousin, but he never came to Cranford after that time, until the year before he died—and then he—he called on me—and gave me a book of poems.

MARY. How romantic!

MISS M. Do you think so, my dear? Well, I don't know. The poetry isn't as good as Dr. Johnson's, but I prize the book highly.

MARY. Who was the author?

MISS M. A young man, dear, quite unknown, but he has done very well, considering his extreme youth. His name is Tennyson, I think, Alfred Tennyson. (*Starting up.*) O, what have I been saying? My sister and I never spoke of the things that happened before Peter went away.

MARY. Dear Miss Matty, won't you tell me about Mr. Peter.

MISS M. It is a very sad story. I wonder if Deborah would like me to tell. (*Goes cautiously to door* L. B.) Let me close the door first. No—I won't risk it. (*Calls off.*) Martha!

MARTHA (*answering off*). Yes, missus.

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MISS M. I must give Martha some instructions about tea and make sure she does not listen

Enter MARTHA, L. B. ; *business of walking on paper.*

MISS M. We are expecting callers, to-day, Martha, and some of them will probably stay to tea. See that everything is all right, and Martha, we will have a plate of the sponge biscuits. Bring the tray when I ring.

MARTHA (*curtsies*). Yes, missus.

MISS M. And you will be very careful, Martha, not to upset anything, and to make a good appearance?

MARTHA. O yes, missus. (*Going, backing out, and always trying not to step off paper path.*)

MISS M. And, Martha?

MARTHA (*returning*). Yes, missus.

MISS M. You are young. (*Pause.*)

MARTHA (*after a moment, curtsies*). Yes, please, ma'am: two-and-twenty last October, please, ma'am.

MISS M. Perhaps, sometime, Martha, you may meet with a young man you like, and who likes you ——

MARTHA. I've met him, ma'am.

MISS M. (*ignoring interruption*). And if he is respectable and well-to-do, I have no objection to his coming to see you *once a week.*

MARTHA. Please, marm, there's Jim Hearn, he's a joiner makin' three an' sixpence a day. He's six foot one in his stocking-feet, please marm, and he'll be glad enough to come to-morrow night, I'll be bound.

MISS M. You can go now, Martha. (*Exit* MARTHA.) I wish Martha had a little more maidenly reserve. (*Closes door; returns to* F.)

MARY. Don't tell me about Mr. Peter, if it hurts you, dear Miss Matty.

MISS M. (*sitting in chair* L.). My dear, I thought you knew about our brother. Everybody in Cranford knows how wild he was, always in scrapes. Poor boy, he was always so full of fun, and so was I. (*Chuckles.*) We were a pair. And Deborah—poor dear—she was so proper—always reading and writing letters, and thinking of the proprieties. Our father looked upon Deborah as his right hand, and our mother—well—her duty seemed to consist in getting Peter out of his scrapes. One day the boy passed all bounds and played a trick on the people of Cranford, that was discovered by my father. O, it was dreadful. My father flogged him in the presence of the very people he had fooled. It was just a harmless joke too. When my father stopped to take breath, Peter said—" Have you done enough, sir?" Then he made a low bow to the spectators quite like a gentleman and he walked off, and has never returned. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

MARY. Of course he is dead.

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MISS M. Well, I don't know. If he is, I ought to wear mourning, and if he isn't, I ought to expect him to return at any moment, and—I really don't know *what* to think.

Enter MARTHA, L. B.

MARTHA. Miss Barker is below, ma'am, shall she come up?

MISS M. Certainly, Martha. My dear I *must* change my cap. Will you remain? (*Takes* MARY'S *work; exit rapidly* R. *Exit* MARTHA, L. *Enter* MISS BARKER, L. *at once.*)

MISS BARKER (*greeting* MARY). Good-afternoon, my dear Miss Smith. Cranford society will be pleased to welcome you. Did you have a pleasant journey?

MARY. Thank you, Miss Barker. The ride over was delightful.

Enter MISS MATTY, *hurriedly, with one cap on top of the other.*

MISS M. Excuse me, Miss Barker, for keeping you waiting. Mary, where are my spectacles? (MARY *finds them on table, and hands them to her.*) Thank you, my dear. (*To* MISS BARKER.) Pray be seated.

MISS B. I took the liberty to call, madam, to welcome Miss Smith and to inquire for you. I hope, madam, you are enjoying good health.

MISS M. You are very welcome, Miss Barker, and I am quite well, yes, quite, quite well, thank you. And you?

MISS B. (*fanning herself*). I am not as well as usual, Miss Jenkyns. The accident to my poor Alderney has upset my nerves.

Enter MARTHA, L. B., *followed by* MISS POLE *and* JESSIE.

MARTHA (*at door, announces*). Miss Pole—Miss Brown.

[*Exit* MARTHA.

MISS M. (*coming forward*). How do you do? I am very glad to see you. (*Greetings; hand-shaking.*) Won't you be seated?

(JESSIE *sits at spinnet.* MARY *stands near.* MISS BARKER *on sofa* R.; MISS POLE, *very erect, on stiff-backed chair* L., MISS MATTY *at tea-table* C.)

MISS M. Miss Barker was just speaking of the accident to her cow.

MISS P. (*to* MISS BARKER). How is she? The cow, I mean.

MISS B. Thank you, madam, she is slowly recovering.

MARY. What happened to her?

MISS B. She fell into the lime-pit; and O, Miss Smith, she was a pitiable sight, when she came out. Not a hair on her. I shed tears, when I beheld her, so naked, cold and miserable.

MISS P. Much better have had her killed.

MARY. What did you do?

MISS B. I thought of trying a bath of oil, but our good doctor

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advised me to make her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, if I wished to keep her alive.

(JESSIE *and* MARY *laugh.*)

MISS P. Have you done so?

MISS B. I have just finished the garments to-day, and she will wear them to-morrow.

MARY and JESSIE (*laughing*). How very droll.

MISS B. Dark-grey flannel, and she looks very well in them.

MISS P. I consider the whole thing ridiculous in the extreme. The doctor was making a fool of you.

MISS M. Dear me! I can't think our good doctor would—would make a joke of so serious a matter.

MISS B. Indeed no. He was quite sober and dignified, and told me just how to cut the garments.

MISS P. Bah! Men will be men. My father was a man and I know the sex pretty well.

MISS B. And yet madam, there are women who will marry them.

MISS P. So much the worse for the women. Men are dangerous creatures.

MISS M. I don't deny, Miss Pole, that men are troublesome in a house, but then in an emergency, a man is very dependable.

MISS P. Miss Jenkyns, don't talk nonsense. We ought to congratulate ourselves, that so far we have escaped matrimony. It argues great natural credulity in a woman, if she can't keep herself from being married.

MISS M. Well. I don't know. Jessie, my dear, can't you play something to us?

JESSIE. Certainly, if you wish. (*Turns to spinnet. Plays "Annie Laurie" softly.*)

(MISS M. *nods to* MARY, *who rings bell gently.* MARTHA *appears at door; nods at* MARY *then sees* MISS MATTY'S *two caps; covers her face with her hand, laughs, and beckons* MISS MATTY *with vehement and awkward gesture.* MISS MATTY *glides out in consternation, returns almost immediately with cap set right, followed by* MARTHA *with tea-tray.* MISS MATTY *pours tea, assisted by* MARY.)

MISS M. You will let me give you some tea, Miss Betty?

MISS B. Thank you. (MARY *passes tea.*)

MISS M. (*to* JESSIE *when she stops playing*). Thank you, dear. That was very sweet. Now let me give you a cup of tea. Martha, the cakes, please. (MARTHA *passes cakes, awkwardly. Occasionally nudging a lady to attract attention.*)

MISS P. (*to* MARY *who gives her a cup*). No, no sugar.

MISS B. The Hon. Mrs. Jamieson always takes two lumps of sugar in *her* tea.

MISS M. She was probably brought up to indulge in luxuries.

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MISS P. More likely she's got a sweet tooth. Have you heard about the *Bank?* [*Exit* MARTHA.

MISS B. No. What Bank? Don't tell us that anything else has happened in Cranford.

MISS P. (*to* MISS B.). The Town and County Bank.

Enter MARTHA *with two letters which she gives to* MARY. MARY *hands one to* MISS MATTY, *who rises and comes forward.*

MISS M. Will you excuse me, ladies. (*Opens letter.*) It is a very civil invitation, asking me to attend an important meeting of the shareholders of the Town and County Bank. So you see, ladies, it is all right. I am sure it is very kind of them to remember me. Whom is your letter from, Mary.

MARY (*seriously*). O, I am so sorry, Miss Matty. My father thinks the Bank is in a very bad way.

MISS P. (*standing*). Stopped payment. Heard it this afternoon. I should say it *was* a serious matter. I hope you haven't much in the Bank, Matilda?

(MISS M. *sits* C. *dismayed;* MARY *stands* R. C., JESSIE L. C., MISS P. *stands* L., MARTHA *appears at door* L. B. *wiping her eyes with apron.*)

MISS B. (*rising* L.). O, Miss Matty, don't say that you are ruined.

MISS M. If that bank goes wrong, I shall lose one hundred and forty-nine pounds, thirteen shillings, and four pence a year. I shall only have thirteen pounds left.

GIRLS (*kneeling beside her and taking her hands*). O, Miss Matty!

MISS P. One never knows when one is safe in these days.

MISS B. What will you do, Miss Matty?

MISS M. I don't know, dears. I'm not a great manager, but I suppose I shall get along some way. I hope it isn't wrong—not wicked—but oh! I am so glad poor Deborah is spared this. She couldn't have borne to come down in the world. She had such a noble, lofty spirit.

CURTAIN.

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ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. Spinnet closed. Table* R. F. *with cloth —the table plain, rather long, with scales for weighing, tumblers filled with colored candy, lozenges, peppermints, acid drops, etc. Box or chest of tea, beside table to* F. *Chair for* MISS MATTY, *and any little accessories to make* R. *side of room look like a shop. Desk on table. The paper path now extends to this table and across the* F. *for customers to stand upon.* MARTHA *discovered dusting room. Broom and dustpan on chair* L.

MARTHA (*at counter,* R.). Well, now, missus do seem real happy, and the bit things to sell takes up the poor dear lady's mind. But it's lucky Jim Hearn married me so's to look after her, or she'd be a starvin' this blessed minute, for sellin' over-weight and under-price, out o' the kindness of her 'art.

(*Bell rings.* MARTHA *goes to door* L. B. *Enter* MARY SMITH.)

MARY. How do you do, Martha? And how is Miss Matty? And *where* is she?

MARTHA. Dear me, miss, you do be-juggle one, with your questions all on top one another. Miss Matty she's well, an' she's in her room—an' as for I—well—I've married Jim, and that's all there is to it.

MARY. But Martha——

MARTHA. Don't "but Martha" me——

MARY. Well?

MARTHA. I'm glad you begin with a "*well*"—'cause that's how it turned out. I must allow that I took Jim Hearn, as it was by the collar, an' I marched him into Miss Jenkyns' parlor —this same parlor as you sees, and Jim was that dazed he walked all over the new carpet. He was that flabbergasted, he never said a word for himself.

MARY. Why what did you expect him to say?

MARTHA. The great oaf! I expected him to tell missus as how he was a-dyin' to marry me off-hand, and that he and I wanted to take a boarder!

MARY. A boarder?

MARTHA. Yes, miss, a *boarder.* Some body 'd got to support missus. And there he stood, like a great fool; and never said a word! and him an axin' and an axin' me, up to that blessed minute to set the day. Well, I set it, then and there.

MARY. Martha, you're a trump.

MARTHA. Well, I won't say as I didn't feel like sinkin'

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through the floor, when Jim held back and said, "he dare say he shouldn't mind, when 'twas all over, but as how marriage nails a man." Them's his very words.

MARY. And still you persisted?

MARTHA. Laws yes. Jim was all right. I told missus it was the suddenness of the joy, as overtook him, and missus she says —so serious-like—"Marriage is a very solemn thing, Martha." Jim, he argued—but we fixed the day all right. Now you see, we both live here and we takes good care o' the place and Missus.

Enter MISS MATTY, R., *in her bonnet and shawl.* MARTHA *abruptly returns to her dusting.* MARY *greets* MISS MATTY.

MISS M. My dear, dear girl, have you just arrived? I am so glad to see you.

MARY. Dear Miss Matty, how cosy it all seems!

MISS M. (*whispering*). Did you see the sign over the door?

MARY. I never noticed it.

MARTHA. Hm! Of course you wouldn't. Letters too small. I'd a had 'em good an' big.

MISS M. Martha! (*To* MARY.) You see Mary, I didn't want to attract too much attention. Come and look.

(*They go to door* R. B., MARTHA *following.*)

MARY. (*reads*). "Matilda Jenkyns, licensed to sell Tea." That is very modest indeed.

MISS M. (*to* MARY, *returning*, C.). I wonder if Deborah cares so very much—where she is, if I'm not genteel. (MARTHA *remains at* D. *shaking duster.*)

MARY (*giving her a kiss*). O, Miss Matty.

MISS M. There is one comfort, my dear, men never buy tea. I should be so afraid if one of them should come blustering in——

(MARTHA *has stepped out of sight. Loud smack heard.*)

MISS M. Dear—dear me! What was that?

MARY. What, Miss Matty. What did you hear?

MISS M. (*her eyes round with dismay*). It sounded like——

Enter MARTHA, *looking rosy.*

MISS M. Martha, I heard something just now—outside and it sounded like——

MARTHA. Kissin' ma'am?

MISS M. Martha, how can you speak so lightly of so solemn a matter?

MARTHA. It was only Jim, kissin' me good-bye—and—please ma'am—we're married—you know.

MISS M. Yes—yes I know—but somehow it—it shocks one's nerves a little—yes—a—little.

MARTHA (*aside, picking up broom and going off*). The poor innocent!

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MISS M. (*to* MARY). You will make yourself at home my dear and excuse me while I call on our good Mr. Johnson.

MARY. O certainly.

MISS M. You see, I am selling so much tea, Mary, that I am afraid it may detract from his trade, and I want to ask him if he minds. I couldn't bear to injure *him* in any way, you know. Good-bye, dear. [*Exit* L. B.

MARY (*untying bonnet*). Poor dear Miss Matty. (*Removes bonnet, and mantilla; puts them on spinnet. Bell rings;* MARY *goes to door* L. B. *Enter* JESSIE.)

MARY (*embracing* JESSIE). You see, I have come back.

JESSIE. Cranford draws you like a magnet.

MARY. Do you like it any better?

JESSIE. Well, I should not care to live here always, but, Mary, they are dear good people. Do you know what your old ladies have done?

MARY. You mean to help Miss Matty?

JESSIE. Yes. Miss Pole started it. They met at her house, all excepting Mrs. Jamieson. Miss Pole waited for her sometime, then opened the meeting thus. (*Imitates* MISS POLE.) "We, the ladies of Cranford in my drawing-room assembled, can resolve on something, I imagine. We are none of us what may be called *rich*, though we all possess a genteel competency, sufficient for tastes that are elegant and refined, and we would not if we could, be vulgarly ostentatious." Isn't that good, Mary?

MARY. Capital! Well, what did they do?

JESSIE. Do, that is the grand part. They each contributed what they could spare out of their yearly incomes in a sealed envelope, and they have asked me to present these envelopes to you (*gives* MARY *several envelopes*) in order that your father may take charge of the affair, and give the money to Miss Jenkyns in such a way that she shall never know from whence it comes.

MARY (*wiping her eyes*). The dear old ladies. (*Puts letters in piano.*) Jessie, do they ever say anything here about Miss Matty's brother Peter?

JESSIE. Not a word.

MARY. Do you know what I've done?

JESSIE. No, what?

MARY. I've written to him.

JESSIE. How do you know whether he is alive?

MARY. I don't.

JESSIE. Or where to address the letter?

MARY. I didn't.

JESSIE. Then what do you expect to come of it?

MARY. I don't know.

(*Bell rings;* MARTHA *enters* R. B., *goes to door* L. B.)

MARTHA. A customer, miss. [*Exit* MARTHA, L. B.

(*Enter* JENNY *with large bouquet; walks on paper path to*

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counter; stops in front. MARY *darts behind table;* JESSIE *laughs.*)

JENNY (*bobbing curtsey*). Granny sent these posies, please ma'am, and said as how she'd like a pound o' tea.

MARY (*taking flowers*). Are these flowers for Miss Jenkyns?

JENNY. Aye, they be.

MARY. Jessie, come help me.

(*Business of weighing tea.* JESSIE *puts flowers in glass on table. Bell rings.*)

MARTHA (*announces*). Miss Pole—Mrs. Forrester.

(MARY *and* JESSIE *come forward. Greet ladies.* JESSIE *returns and makes up package of tea. Ladies politely ignore the shop during entire call,* MISS POLE *sitting* L. *and never looking toward table* R. *Business with child in paying for tea, etc., during following conversation.*)

MISS P. (*greeting* MARY). When did you come?

MARY. I have just arrived.

MRS. F. What did you say, dear, came yesterday?

MARY (*louder*). No, *to-day*, Mrs. Forrester.

MRS. F. Eh!

MARY. To-day. (*Offers chairs* L. F.; *sit.*)

MRS. F. (*to* MARY). I *hoped* to find you, my dear. (*Patting* MARY'S *hand and whispering.*) A little matter of business, you understand?

MARY (*nodding*). All right.

MISS POLE. Where is Matilda?

MARY. Miss Matty will be here directly. By the way, Miss Pole, Jessie and I were just speaking of Mr. Peter Jenkyns. What *was* the very last thing heard of him?

MISS P. Several years ago, Miss Smith, we heard that he was elected Great Lama of Thibet, whatever that may be.

MRS. F. What did you say? Whom were you speaking of?

MARY (*loudly to* MRS. F.). Mr. Peter.

MRS. F. O yes. Peter Jenkyns. He was elected Great Lama of something. Do you think the veiled prophet in Lalla Rookh was meant for the Great Lama?

MISS P. Nonsense, Mrs. Forrester. I don't believe there's a word of truth *in* the report. A llama is a beast of burden.

MRS. F. A beast did you say? O, no. Peter was quite the gentleman, and not so ugly either only for his freckles.

MISS P. I *said*, a *llama* was a beast.

MRS. F. What kind of a beast, Miss Pole?

MISS P. Well, I'm not sure. I don't know whether they are carnivorous or——

MARTHA (*announces* L. B.). Miss Barker.

MARY (*meeting her*). How do you do, Miss Barker. (MISS

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B. *bows to* JESSIE. MARY *offers chair.*) Miss Matty will be here presently.

MRS. F. Perhaps Miss Barker can tell us about the llama. Whether he is a carnivorous or —— (*hesitates.*)

MISS P. A graminivorous beast?

MISS B. (*hesitating*). I—I—am sure, ladies, that the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson would know.

MISS P. But she isn't here.

MRS. F. I always get confused between carnivorous and graminivorous, just as I do between horizontal and perpendicular. (*Rising and speaking apologetically.*) But then in my day the only use people made of four syllabled words was to teach one how to spell them. Mary, my dear. (MARY *follows* R. F.)

MRS. F. (*to* JESSIE, *aside*). Miss Jessie, have you given Mary the envelopes?

JESSIE. Indeed yes.

MARY. It is so kind of you all.

MRS. F. (*trembling and tearful*). My dear I—I came to tell you, that—that the amount of my contribution is very, very small, but my dear so is my income—and—my love and regard for Miss Matty—are not at all in proportion to my gift. I gave, my dear, every penny I could spare, and—and not suffer—privation.

MARY (*patting her hand*). It is very noble of you, dear Mrs. Forrester.

MRS. F. I do so wish I was rich. Good-bye, dear. Good-morning. (*To* MISS POLE *and* MISS BARKER, *who have been conversing with each other. Exit* L. B.)

MISS B. The Hon. Mrs. Jamieson once said she believed a great Lama was a sort of *prince.*

MISS P. Prince or no prince, if Peter Jenkyns is on the face of this earth, he ought to come home and take care of his sister.

MARY. But *when* was it, you heard that Mr. ——

Enter MISS MATTY, L. B. *meeting* JENNY *going out with package of tea.*

MISS M. How do you do, Jenny. Some *more* tea, for Granny?

JENNY (*with curtsey*). Yes, Miss.

MISS M. (*to* JENNY). Good-bye, dear. O, Miss Pole, how do you do, and Miss Barker. (*Shakes hands.*)

MARY. And Jessie?

MISS M. And Miss Jessie. I am sorry to have been delayed. (*To* MARY.) It is all right, my dear. Mr. Johnson doesn't object in the least. (*To* MISS POLE.) Have you been here long?

MISS P. Only the matter of a few minutes.

MISS M. And, Mary, you are sure that you gave the child good measure? (*Removing bonnet.*)

MARY. Jessie weighed the tea.

MISS M. I always put in a little extra, for fear the scales may be incorrect. (*Puts bonnet and shawl on piano.*)

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Enter MARTHA, L. B.

MARTHA. A gentleman to see Miss Jessie.

MISS M. A gentleman? Where is he?

MISS P. A *gentleman*, did you say?

MARTHA. I said so, ma'am, and he's in the dining-room.

JESSIE. O Mary, can it be? It can't be?

MARY (*leading* JESSIE). It *can* be, Jessie, and it *is!*

MARTHA. This way, miss. (*To door* R. B. *Exit* JESSIE. MARY *waves hand and returns.*)

MISS P. (*to* MISS MATTY). I hope it's all right.

MISS B. It's a great many years, since any one received a gentleman caller in Cranford.

MISS M. You are sure he *is* a *gentleman*, Martha?

MARTHA (*returning to door* L. B.). Indeed, ma'am, it's my opinion he's *more* than a gentleman.

MISS P. What *does* she mean?

MARTHA. I means, ma'am, that he's got the look of a sodjer about him, aye, an' an orficer, too.

MISS P. Goodness gracious! What's going to happen next?

(*Bell rings.* MARTHA *meets* MRS. PURKIS *and little* SUSAN *at door* L. B.)

MARTHA (*announces*). Customers, ma'am.

[*Exit* MARTHA, L. B.

MISS M. (*to* MRS. PURKIS, *who advances on paper path, pushing little* SUSAN *along in front*). How do you do, Mrs. Purkis?

MRS. P. Right hearty, ma'am, an' I hope you're the same.

MISS M. And this is little Susan. (*Patting her on the head.*) Are you well, dear?

SUSAN (*bobbing curtsey*). Yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am. I do be right well.

(MRS. PURKIS *nudges* SUSAN, *who hangs her head and seems shy.*)

MRS. PURKIS. Speak up now, Susan, like a lady.

SUSAN (*offering basket of apples*). Please ma'am—if it dunnot be takin' a liberty will ye be so kind as to—as to ——

MRS. PURKIS. Go on Susan, ye're doin' fine.

SUSAN. ——as to accept of these apples growed in our garden.

MISS M. Thank you, my dear little girl, that was very prettily said. Did you hear, Mary?

(MISS P. *and* MISS B. *again converse,* L. F., *always conscious of transactions, but apparently oblivious.*)

MARY (*taking apples, which she places on table*). Good child!

MRS. PURKIS (*to* MISS MATTY, *who goes behind table*). And here, Miss Jenkyns, is the matter of a few new-laid eggs. My old man sends 'em, an' hopes they'll strengthen ye, he do.

MISS M. (*taking eggs*). My friends are *so* kind, Mrs. Purkis. Now what can I do for you?

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MRS. PURKIS. Well, if you don't mind, Miss Jenkyns, I would liken a pound o' that good green tea.

MISS M. So soon, Mrs. Purkis? Don't you think you are using a great deal of tea? It is so unwholesome to drink too much—and then *green* tea is the most injurious as well as the most expensive.

MRS. PURKIS. I know, ma'am, but we are that fond of it.

MARY. Miss Matty, let me get the tea.

(MARY *takes* MISS MATTY'S *place behind table.* MISS M. *returns to guests.* MARY *makes business of weighing tea, taking money, etc.*)

MISS P. (*to* MISS B.). Of course there *may* be something in it.

MISS B. Mrs. Jamieson said, only yesterday, that *she* thought it about time that Jessie Brown left off her dimples, and stopped trying to look young, for she'd never get a husband in Cranford.

MISS P. Stuff and nonsense. I don't believe that she *wants* a husband.

MISS M. I am sorry to be so interrupted ——

MISS P. (*rising*). I came to borrow your receipt for sponge biscuit, Miss Matty.

MISS M. O, yes, it is all ready for you. Let me see—O, yes, I put it under the peppermint lozenges.

(*Gets receipt for* MISS POLE.)

MISS B. (*rising*). Miss Jenkyns, I hope you will not think it presumptuous in me, that is ——

MARY (*to little* SUSAN). An ounce of almond paste, did you say?

SUSAN (*curtseys*). Yes, miss. (MARY *weighs paste.*)

MISS B. My former occupation considered, will you, Miss Matty, excuse the liberty ——

MISS M. (*distracted between guests and customers*). Put in an extra piece, Mary.

MARY. But it weighs too much now.

MISS M. I know, but the little dears love it so.

MISS P. It's very indigestible.

MISS B. I wish, madam, to invite you and of course Miss Smith, as she is here, to a card party at my house on Tuesday next.

MISS M. (*curtseying*). We shall be most happy to accept. (*Hurries to table, empties contents of tumbler into* SUSAN'S *hands, who is just departing with her mother.*) Here, dear, these peppermints will keep the almond paste from disagreeing with you. Good-bye, dear. [*Exeunt* MRS. P. *and* SUSAN, L. B.

MISS B. And you, Miss Smith?

MARY (*curtseying*). I shall be most happy to come, Miss Barker.

MISS B. Miss Pole has already accepted.

MISS M. (*returning from door* L. B.). Mrs. Jamieson is coming, I think you said.

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MISS B. I did not say so. But it is a fact. Mrs. Jamieson most kindly and condescendingly said she would be happy to come. One little stipulation she made, that she should bring Carlo. I told her that if I had a weakness it was for dogs.

MISS P. I hate dogs.

MISS M. And Mrs. Forrester, of course?

MISS B. I am going to ask Mrs. Forrester. Although her circumstances are changed, madam, she was *born* a Tyrrell. But, of course, I could not think of asking her until I had asked you, madam, the rector's daughter, madam.

MISS M. Mrs. Fitz-Adams—I suppose —

MISS B. No, madam. I must draw the line somewhere. Mrs. Jamieson would not, I think, like to meet Mrs. Fitz-Adams. She is hardly fit society for such ladies as Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Matilda Jenkyns. (*Low bow to* MISS MATTY.)

MISS P. Miss Betty told me it was to be a choice and select few.

MISS M. So I understand.

(*During following lines of* MISS B. *enter in single file* SUSAN, JAMES *and* JENNIE, L. B., *walk on tiptoe to front of counter and stand facing counter, expectant.*)

MISS B. May I beg you to come as near half-past six, to my little dwelling, as possible, Miss Matilda? Mrs. Jamieson dines at five, but has kindly promised not to delay her visit beyond that time—half-past six.

(MISS BARKER *makes deep curtsey to* MISS MATTY, *who also curtseys, while* MISS POLE *and* MARY, *one* L. *the other* R., *also curtsey.* MISS MATTY *sees children, and recovering herself, hurries behind the counter, with a faint "Excuse me, ladies," and* MARTHA *at the same time enters precipitately at* R., *and with both hands on end of counter, facing audience, speaks mysteriously to* MISS MATTY. *The children stand as in illustration page 266 of the novel.*)

MARTHA. Missus, I thought as how I ought to tell you seein' as it's a happenin' in your house.

MISS B. What is it?

MISS M. O, Martha, not robbers?

MISS P. Is the house on fire?

MARTHA. No, by no means, ma'am. But that orficer man, he's got his arm around Miss Jessie's waist!

MISS P. O, goodness me!

MISS B. Madam, how dreadful!

MISS M. (*smiling and looking very wise*). My dears, I really believe it is the most proper place in the world for that gentleman's arm to be in.

(*All look astonished but* MARY, *who claps her hands.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

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ACT III.

SCENE.—MISS BARKER'S *parlor. Plainly furnished, not so many signs of past elegance as in* MISS MATTY'S *room. Piano across* B. C. *Door* L. F. *Table* R. C. *Small stand* R. F. *Large arm-chair with footstool* L. F. *A large screen across* L. B., *behind which the ladies remove wraps and bonnets, and prepare for the evening. Bring caps in old-fashioned band-boxes. The calash is worn over the cap. A mirror may be hung on wall* L., *behind screen; all arranged so that the audience can see the prinking. Chairs* R. F. *and about room. Door* R. B. *Candelabras on piano and table, two tall candlesticks on mantel* R. *One candle lighted.* MISS BETTY *discovered giving directions to* PEGGY.

PEGGY. The parlor do look beautiful, missus.

MISS B. O, Peggy, how careless; that candle has burned too long. (PEGGY *darts at candle, and blows it out.*) Now hurry, Peggy, and light the other one. If they are *uneven*, the ladies might think we only burned *one* when we were alone.

PEGGY (*lighting candle*). O, ma'am, they'd never be that discernin'.

MISS B. Is the supper all right?

PEGGY. Indeed, ma'am, it's coom out fine.

MISS B. (*smiling*). And the little Cupids, how do they look?

PEGGY. Them macaroons has sopped the brandy, till it just makes your mouth water to look at 'em. (*Smacks lips.*)

MISS B. Then everything is ready. Now get your spill and at the first knock, light the candles.

(PEGGY *gets lamp-lighter; knocking heard.* PEGGY *starts to door* L.)

MISS B. O, wait, Peggy, wait till I've run upstairs and washed my hands. (PEGGY *returns, lights taper at burning candle and proceeds to light others.*) When I cough, open the door. I'll not be a minute.

(*Exit* MISS B., R. *Knocking heard again.* MISS BARKER *coughs.* PEGGY *stands* C., *smiling; at sound of cough darts to door* L. *Ushers in* MISS POLE *and* MRS. FORRESTER.)

PEGGY. This way, ladies.

(*Shows them to space behind screen.* MRS. FORRESTER *wears a calash, which she removes.* MISS POLE *brings cap in band-box. Removes bonnet and adjusts cap at mirror. Meantime* MISS BARKER *re-enters parlor* R. *and sits chair* R. *stately and composed.*)

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PEGGY (*announces*). Miss Pole—Mrs. Forrester.
MISS P. After you, ma'am.

(MRS. F. *enters first. Exit* PEGGY, L.)

MISS B. (*rising*). Good-evening, ladies.
MRS. F. and MISS P. (*making deep curtseys*). Good-evening

(MISS BARKER *offers chair next to large armchair to* MRS. F. MISS POLE *sits in armchair.*)

MISS B. Not there, dear Miss Pole, not there. Allow me.
MISS P. (*rising abruptly*). O!
MISS B. (*offering another chair*). The seat of honor—ahem—Mrs. Jamieson, you know.
MISS P. Excuse me. (*Sits in chair offered.*)

(*Knocking heard.*)

MISS B. Miss Jenkyns is a little late. I particularly mentioned half after six.

(PEGGY *ushers* MISS JENKYNS *and* MARY *behind screen; same business of preparation.*)

MISS P. I think she has arrived.
MISS B. I do hope Mrs. Jamieson will not keep us waiting. The evenings are so short.
PEGGY (*announces*). Miss Jenkyns—Miss Smith. [*Exit* L.
MISS B. (*greeting guests*). Good-evening, ladies. Delighted, I am sure.

(*Offers chairs.* MISS JENKYNS *sits beside* MRS. F., MARY *near* MISS P., R.)

MISS B. Now there is only Mrs. Jamieson to come.
MARY (*timidly*). And Jessie Brown?
MISS B. And Miss Jessie, of course.
MISS P. What *do* you think, Miss Matty, what *do* you think of that proceeding at your house the other day?
MISS M. In regard to Miss Jessie? Well, I—I *think* she is going to marry ——
MRS. F. (*interrupting*). Eh—Marry? Miss Jessie?
MISS M. (*slowly to* MRS. F.). Yes. Mrs. Forrester, I think Jessie Brown is engaged to be married to Major Gordon, an officer in her majesty's service.
MISS P. Don't you *know*.
MISS M. Ask Mary.
MARY. It is true. The engagement was announced to-day.
MISS B. Dear, dear me! Two people that we know, going to get married.
MISS M. It's coming very near.
MISS P. So near, that my heart stops beating.
MISS M. One doesn't know whose turn may come next.
MISS P. Pshaw! (*Knocking.*)

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(PEGGY *ushers in* MISS JESSIE, *who throws off her wrap, glances in mirror, and enters at once, all the ladies expectant.*)

PEGGY. Miss Jessie Brown. [*Exit* PEGGY.

Enter JESSIE; MISS B. *meets her*, C. *Deep curtseys.*

MISS B. My dear miss, you are very welcome. Let me here and now, my dear young lady—offer you my humble congratulations.

MISS J. (*glancing at* MARY). Thank you, indeed, Miss Barker, you are very kind.

MISS P. (*rising*). And mine, Miss Jessie.

MRS. F. (*rising*). And mine.

MISS M. (*rising*). You know, dear, you have mine.

JESSIE. Ladies, you overwhelm me. You are very, very kind.

(*Escapes to* MARY, R. F. *All sit.*)

MRS. F. And when is it to be, my dear? The wedding I mean.

JESSIE. Major Gordon says in one month from now.

MISS P. You take my breath away.

MISS B. Shall you live in Cranford?

JESSIE. O no. Major Gordon returns to India in six weeks.

MISS M. And Cranford is to lose a charming young lady.

MISS B. But she still has——

PEGGY (*announces loudly*). The Hon. Mrs. Jamieson.

Enter MRS. J. *with slow and stately tread, leading Carlo on a string. All rise.*

MISS B. (*with deep curtsey*). And now my little dwelling is indeed honored. (*All curtsey.*)

MRS. J. (*slowly*). Good-evening, ladies.

(*Glances about with eyeglass.* MISS BARKER *indicates armchair*, (L. F.)

MRS. J. Shall I sit here?

MISS B. If it so pleases you, dear madam.

MRS. J. And Carlo?

MISS B. (*anxiously*). Would he like an armchair?

MRS. J. O, no. He can sit on my lap for the present.

(*All sit as soon as* MRS. J. *has made herself comfortable.*)

MRS. J. (*putting up her eyeglass*). Is that Jessie Brown?

MISS B. It is, Mrs. Jamieson.

MRS. J. Her dimples have carried the day—eh?

(*All smile; a little titter. Enter* PEGGY, *door* R., *with tray and tea things which she places on table.* MISS BARKER *arranges teacups.*) [*Exit* PEGGY, R.

MISS M. (*to* MRS. J.). We have all been congratulating Miss Jessie on her engagement.

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MRS. J. (*drawling*). Well—I—don't know. India is very unhealthy. Lie down, Carlo. (*Puts Carlo on floor.*)

Enter PEGGY *with small tray, and plates on which are oysters and biscuits, ready to serve.*

MISS B. What have we here, Peggy?

PEGGY. Oysters, ma'am.

MISS B. Oysters? Shell-fish—O yes. (*Takes a plate herself and passes it to* MRS. JAMIESON. PEGGY *passes to others.*) Allow me, madam, to serve you, myself.

MRS. J. Oysters? No, thank you, Miss Barker, I have just dined.

MISS B. Will you not honor my humble abode, madam, by tasting them?

MRS. J. No. (*Examining the plate with eyeglass.*) No, thank you, they look very nice, but I have dined.

MISS B. Mrs. Jamieson has just dined, ladies. If you will excuse me, I will order a more tempting dish for Mrs. Jamieson. Peggy—bring some little Cupids.

(PEGGY *passes plate to* MRS. J., *on which are two macaroons.*)

MRS. J. (*accepting*). Thank you. (*Nibbles macaroons.*)

(MARY, JESSIE *and* MISS P., R. F. *All are served.* MISS BARKER *sits at tea-table, pouring tea.*)

MISS B. My dear Mrs. Jamieson, will you take sugar *and* cream in your tea?

MRS. J. Two lumps of sugar, Miss Barker, but *no* cream. I never take cream.

MISS B. O, excuse me.

(PEGGY *passes tea to* MRS. J., *taking away plate. Passes tea to others. Carlo barks.*)

MISS B. O, the poor 'ittie doggy—I'm forgetting him. Would he like some supper?

MRS. J. Just pass me an extra saucer—if you please. (PEGGY *brings saucer.*) Put it *there.* (*Indicates floor,* C.) Now the cream-jug. (PEGGY *brings jug.*)

MRS. J. (*pointing to saucer*). Now fill the saucer. (PEGGY *pours little.*) Fill it up—fill it up. Carlo is *very* fond of cream. (PEGGY *pours more. Carlo laps it.*)

PEGGY. (*returning jug to* MISS B.). Do you mind that, ma'am?

MISS B. (*shaking head at* P.). Sh—it's all right, Peggy. (*Sighing.*) It's all right.

(*All drink tea;* PEGGY *passes cakes to* MRS J.)

MRS. J. (*examining plate*). Seed cakes always remind me of

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scented soap. However, I'll take one, if you please. Here, Carlo. (*Gives bit to dog.*)

MISS P. (*to* JESSIE). I can't match that pink shade of Shetland wool anywhere.

JESSIE. My uncle keeps a shop in Edinboro' ——

MISS B. (*hastily interrupting, while all cast dismayed glances at* MRS. J., *who is throwing bits of cake to Carlo*). My dear Miss Jessie, can't you give us some music. (*Aside.*) Peggy, take Miss Jessie's cup.

MISS M. Do, dear, do give us some music.

JESSIE. Certainly, in a moment. (*To* MISS POLE.) My uncle has a fine assortment of Shetland wools. I will send for the shade you want. (*Rises.*)

MISS B. Will you sing? Miss Smith will play for you, I am sure.

(MARY *goes to piano,* JESSIE *sings "Jack O' Hazledean," standing,* R. F. *Ladies beat time, some of them off the measure.* PEGGY *quietly removes tray, etc., during song, entices Carlo away, carrying him off,* R. B. *Brings pack of cards and places on table* R. *at close of song.*)

MISS B. Thank you, my dear miss. Now how shall we make a pool. (*Counting ladies.*)

MISS SMITH. Leave me out, please, Miss Barker.

JESSIE. And me, too. I really do not know the game.

MRS. F. Eh. What is it? Preference?

MISS B. *I* will look on, ladies. For really I can't tell Spadille from Manille.

(*Heavy snore heard.* MRS. J. *is fast asleep.*)

MISS B. Sh. We will not disturb Mrs. Jamieson. (*Takes candle to small table,* R. F.) Young ladies, perhaps you can amuse yourselves with some books. Here is Pickwick. (PEGGY *brings book.*) Or cribbage. (PEGGY *brings cribbage board.*)

(*The four ladies,* MISS P., MISS M., MRS. F., *and* MISS B. *settle themselves at card table,* R. C. *Shuffle and deal cards. Play excitedly, nodding heads vigorously.* *See illustration, page* 122.)

MISS B. It is very gratifying to me, very gratifying indeed to see how completely Mrs. Jamieson feels at home in my poor little dwelling. (*Loud snore.*) She could not have paid me a greater compliment.

MRS. F. Ombre and Quadrille.

MISS M. Jack's up.

MISS P. A fig for his heels.

MISS B. Hush, ladies—if you please—hush. Mrs. Jamieson is asleep. (*To* MRS. F. *in loud whisper, making motions with lips.*) I said—hush—if you please, hush—Mrs. Jamieson is asleep. (*Loud snore. Ladies continue to play.*)

MARY (to JESSIE). Are you glad to leave Cranford?

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JESSIE. Glad, and sorry. They have been very kind to me here. I shall like to come back.

MARY. Yes, Cranford *is* a good place to visit. And sometimes, (*archly*) things happen—even here.

MISS P. Basto, ma'am, you have Spadille.

MRS. J. (*rousing*). Eh. What did you say?

Enter PEGGY *with tray containing decanter and glasses. Ladies throw down cards.* PEGGY *places tray on table.*

MISS B. (*rising*). What have we now, Peggy?

MRS. J. The room is so light. I was glad to close my eyes.

MISS B. (*pouring glass of cherry brandy*). Allow me Mrs. Jamieson. It is quite harmless, I assure you. Just a little home-made cherry brandy. (MRS. J. *accepts glass.*)

MISS M. (*refusing*). No, no, I thank you.

MRS. F. Cherry brandy? I think not, thank you!

MISS B. O, please, just a leetle, leetle glass, ladies. After oysters, you know. Shell-fish are sometimes thought unwholesome.

MISS M. (*relenting*). Then a very, very little drop.

(*All accept, and sip, quackle and choke.*)

MISS P. It 's very strong. I do believe there's spirit in it.

MISS B. Only a little drop, just necessary to make it keep.

MISS M. We put brandy paper over preserves to make *them* keep.

MISS B. I often feel quite tipsy myself, from eating damson tart.

MRS. J. (*having swallowed the contents of her glass, and ruminated for a moment*). My sister-in-law, Lady Glenmire, is coming to stay with me.

ALL. Indeed.

PEGGY (*at door* L.). Sedan chair for Mrs. Jamieson.

MRS. J. (*slowly rising*). Miss Barker, will you tell your maid to bring Carlo.

[*Exit* PEGGY R., *re-enters with Carlo. Goes behind screen.*

MRS. J. Good-night. I have passed a very pleasant evening. (*Slow curtsey.*) Good-night.

[*Exit* MRS. J. *behind screen.*

ALL (*rise and curtsey*). Good-night.

MISS B. (*aside to ladies*). I *really* think she means it. I think she *has* enjoyed herself. Very gratifying, indeed.

[*Exit* MRS. J. *door*, L.

MISS B. Shall we have another game of cards, ladies?

MISS M. Isn't it too late?

MRS. F. I'm afraid it is.

MISS P. It must be nearly nine o'clock.

PEGGY (*at door* L.). Mrs. Forrester's maid.

MISS B. (*to* MRS. F.). Your maid has come for you.

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MRS. F. My maid. I must go directly.
MISS B. Shall you walk, Mrs. Forrester?
MRS. F. O, yes. I prefer to walk, the air is so refreshing.
MISS M. And the stars are so bright.
PEGGY (*at door*). I'll tell her.
MARTHA (*outside*). No you won't. I'll tell her myself.

Enter MARTHA, *breathless, carrying a large lantern.*

MARTHA (*to* MISS MATTY, *who stands* C.). O, missus, come home, come home. There's a gintleman to see you.
MISS M. A *gentleman?* To see me? At this time o' night? O, Martha, you must be mistaken.

(*Consternation.* MARY *slips behind screen and gets* MISS M.'s *bonnet and shawl.*)

MISS B. O—
MRS. F. Dear me.
MISS P. What *can* she mean?
MARTHA. It's true as gospel. He's a sittin' in missus' parlor this blessed minute, an' he said I was to bring her as quick as ever I could.
MISS M. O, dear, what *shall* I do?
MISS P. *Do*, Miss Matty. Get your bonnet on, and go home as fast as ever you *can*, and see what it means.
MISS B. I *hope*, madam, that you will find nothing wrong.
MISS M. Mary, my dear, where are you?
MARY (*approaching with wraps*). Here, Miss Matty.
MISS M. O, do you think, my dear, that—that my brother can have returned?
MARY. We will go and see.
MISS M. Martha, is he a *young* man,—straight and tall, with very black hair?
MARTHA. Laws, no, missus. He's risin' seventy an' his hair's as white as snow.
MISS M. (*decidedly*). Then it can't be *Peter.*
MARTHA. Yes, it can, ma'am.
MISS P. What do you mean, Martha?

(MARY *and* JESSIE, R. C., *are hastily dressing* MISS M., C. *who is very agitated*, MARTHA, L. C., MISS P., R., MRS. F. *and* MISS B., L. PEGGY *peeking in door.*)

MARTHA. The gentleman said, ma'am, as how I was not to startle missus, or to speak sudden, but to break it to her gently and just say, "*Peter's come back,*" an' then to bring her home as fast as ever I could.
MISS M. O, do you hear, my dear friends, *do* you hear? My brother has returned. My brother Peter has come back. My— (*bursts into tears and sits abruptly* C.)
MARY. There, there, Miss Matty.

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JESSIE. We will take you home, dear Miss Matty.

MISS B. Calm yourself, madam, calm yourself.

MRS. F. Dear, dear! To think that now you will have some one to take care of you.

JESSIE. And at last, there will be a *man* in Cranford.

MISS P. A man in Cranford. It will be a great experiment.

MISS M. (*rising; quite composed*). I know, my dears. I know —but, O, I am sure we shall all find it very comforting. (*Taking* MARY'S *hand.*) Come, Mary.

QUICK CURTAIN.

NOTE.—*A very effective ending may be made in this manner. At* MISS M.'S *exclamation,* "*Come, Mary,*" *exeunt,* L., MISS M., MARY *and* JESSIE, *preceded by* MARTHA, *holding lantern high to light the passage.*

MISS P. An exciting ending to your party, Miss Barker. Good-night.

MISS B. Good-night.

[*Exit* MISS P. *abruptly,* L., *conducted by* PEGGY.

MRS. F. Dear, dear me! I have kept my maid waiting a long time. Good-night, Miss Barker. I have enjoyed myself exceedingly. Good-night.

[*Exit* MRS. F., L., *also conducted by* PEGGY, *who reappears.*

MISS B. (C.). Yes, I think that they have enjoyed themselves. But O! how tired I am. (*Goes to chair,* L. F.) And Mrs. Jamison, the Hon. Mrs. Jamison, has sat here! (*Patting the chair.*) Here—in my humble abode. (*Sits carefully and respectfully in chair.*) My card party has been very sat-is-fac-tory. (*Yawns.*) Very! (*Drops asleep.*)

PEGGY (*returns; sees her mistress; mutters*). Poor dear old thing! (*Proceeds, on tiptoe, to blow out candles one by one.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

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CLOSE TO NATURE

A Farce in Four Acts

By Norman Lee Swartout

Author of "The Arrival of Kitty," "Half-Back Sandy," "One of the Eight," etc.

Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays a full evening. Royalty for amateur performance, $10.00 for one or $15.00 for two performances. Levasso Wellman, an unusually healthy individual, is persuaded by his wife, who has private reasons for the change connected with her daughter's engagement to the man of her mother's choice and the elimination of "the wrong man," to go to a remote health resort—Farm Springs. His experiences in this somewhat fraudulent institution are very funny and the defeat of mamma's matrimonial politics turns out all right for the daughter. Well recommended. *Price, 50 cents*

CHARACTERS

LAVASSO WELLMAN, *a lawyer.*
TED, *his small son.*
DOCTOR BOXILL, *Mrs. Wellman's brother.*
CLAYTON HOLMES, *a poor young man.*
HUGH KILLROY, *a rich young man.*
ALONZA K. DEWSNAP, *editor of a health magazine.*
SIDNEY MUIRHEAD, *a Canadian farmer.*
JIM JARKS, *a backwoodsman.*
A CHAUFFEUR.
MRS. WELLMAN.
BARBARA, *Wellman's daughter.*
CARRIE, *a maid.*
MRS. MUIRHEAD.
MIKE, *Ted's dog.*

The part of Ted, who is supposed to be nine years old, may be very effectively played by an older boy of small stature, by a girl or by a child.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Mr. Wellman's Library, New York. An evening in June.
ACT II. Farm Spring Hotel, Canada. Two days later.
ACT III. Same as Act II. A few minutes later.
ACT IV. Same as Act I. Five days later.

JACK'S BROTHER'S SISTER

A Sketch in One Act

By Pauline Phelps and Marion Short

One male, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. No royalty. Petunia, visiting her brother Jack in his college room, encounters his chum, who has never seen her, and falls under suspicion of being mixed up in some Junior-Senior politics. Their interview, complicated with a red skirt and a riding habit, is most ingeniously and amusingly conducted. Very bright and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

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JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice Brown

Four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. A very humorous sketch of high literary quality by a well and widely known author; an almost guaranteed success in performance. Has been produced at The Bijou Dream, Boston, and at The Little Theatre, Chicago, and can be recommended without reserve. Its story is told of three old inmates of an Old Ladies' Home, and grows out of the clash of their elderly eccentricities. Royalty, $5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. MITCHELL, *a Director of the Old Ladies' Home.*

MRS. FULLERTON
MISS DYER
MRS. BLAIR } *Inmates of the Home.*

THE CHRISTENING ROBE

A Comedy in One Act

By Anne L. Estabrook

One male, three female characters. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays thirty-five minutes. A humorous and entertaining piece for four Irish characters in the style of the well-known plays of Lady Gregory; a seriously intended picture of Irish character, not a travesty of it. Nora Mulvey lends the robe that her husband's sister, Sarah, has given her for her baby's christening, to Mrs. Leahy, and her husband, Barty, has pawned it for drink; upon this basis is cleverly built a little domestic comedy full of humor, pathos and character. Strongly recommended. Performance free.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

NORA MULVEY.
PATRICK MULVEY, *Nora's husband.*
MRS. RYAN, *Nora's mother.*
SARAH MULVEY, *Patrick's sister.*

AMERICA PASSES BY

A Play in One Act

By Kenneth Andrews

Two male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Originally produced by the Harvard Dramatic Club, April 12, 1916, with success. A comedy of high class that can be strongly recommended. The story of a little love affair that flourished in the romantic atmosphere of Japan, but that, transplanted to prosaic Chicago, withers and dies. Good character drawing and strong dramatic interest. Royalty, $5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

A YOUNG MAN.
A YOUNG HUSBAND.
HIS FIANCÉE.
HIS WIFE.

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CAPTAIN CRANBERRY

A Cape Cod Drama in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eight male, three female characters. Costumes, modern rustic and seafaring; scenery, two easy interiors. Plays two hours. Cranford Berry, affectionately known as "Captain Cranberry," has gained from the griefs and hardships of a long life a beautiful philosophy and is the mainstay of his neighbors. Learning that Ariel, who has long passed as the daughter of Abner Freeman, a fellow mariner, is his own child, he willingly foregoes the rights of a father to secure her greater happiness; but events make this great sacrifice unnecessary and all ends happily. Lee Gordon's pursuit of material for his great detective story, "The Mystery of the Seven Pipes," provides a wealth of comedy, and lots of excitement. Free of royalty. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

CRANFORD BERRY (CAP'N CRANBERRY), *keeper of the Bay Point Light.*
ABNER FREEMAN, *a retired whaler.*
OBADIAH DANIELS, *postmaster.*
LEMUEL SAWYER, *constable.*
SAMUEL SAWYER, *his son.*
LEE GORDON, *an author.*
PETER PRETZEL POMEROY, *his accomplice.*
NAT WILLIAMS.
ARIEL FREEMAN, *Abner's daughter.*
HEPSY SAWYER, *Lemuel's wife.*
CYNTHIA TINKER.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living-room in Cynthia's home—Bay Point, Cape Cod.
ACT II.—The same; the next morning.
ACT III.—Room in Abner Freeman's old fish house on the shore; late afternoon of the same day.

DOUBLE DUMMY

A Comedietta in One Act

By Ema S. Hunting

One male, one female character. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Merton Graves, of the *Post*, in an effort to interview the celebrated Mme. Mordini encounters Kathrine Coleman, of the *Press*, whom he takes for Mordini, while she takes him for Wainworth, the painter, whom she is after on a similar errand. An amusing bit of mistaken identity, very actable.

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Tray Drill. Any number of girls.
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Sunbeams. Any number of little girls.
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Tableaux.

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The Family Feud. 2 males, 1 female.
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MARY BARNARD HORNE

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D

The Other Fellow

A Comedy in Three Acts

By

MARY BARNARD HORNE

"A woman in all times hath been observed to be an animal hard to understand and much inclined to mischief."
—*Le Depit Amoureux.*

PLEASE NOTICE

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The Other Fellow

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The Other Fellow

CHARACTERS

(*As originally produced in the Town Hall, Belmont, Mass., February, 22, 1895, by the Kendall Weston Stock Co.*)

RICHARD AYLWARD, *Lord Deyncourt,*	Kendall Weston.
GERALD HARTLEY, - - -	Gardner Crane.
CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD, { *in the Scots Guards,* }	Willard Earle.
WILLIAM MIXTER, { *millionaire American yachtsman,* }	Eugene Caton.
STILES, *an old servant of the Aylwards,*	Homer Eaton.
MILLS, *a young footman,* - -	Jack Swords Trull.
LADY JANE AYLWARD, *sister to Richard,*	Edith Hardy.
MARJORY HEATHCOTE, *cousin to Richard,*	Cora Cowan.
MRS. HARTLEY, *aunt to Gerald,* -	Lillian Clark.
LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN, -	Grace Mae Lamkin.

Ladies and gentlemen, as guests for the ball in Act. II, *ad libitum.*

Time,—the present.

ACT I.—Deyncourt Terrace, London. The White Room. The Conspiracy.

ACT II.—The same. Three weeks later. Checkmated.

ACT III.—The Towers, Berkshire. One year later. Which wins?

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PROPERTIES

Two table-cloths, four yellow coffee cups and saucers. Tray of cigarettes, silver candle-stick and candle. Lumps of sugar in dish with tongs. Four small napkins. Bowl of flowers. Three plates, three knives and forks. Three cups and saucers. Napkins, glass inkstand, pen and writing materials. Platter. Salad in bowl. Rolls on plate. Paper for Deyncourt. Coffee-pot and coffee. Large napkin. Three telegrams and two letters. Roses, flowers, garden scissors. Large and small tray.

COSTUMES

All the men, save the servants, wear frock-coats in the first and third acts and evening clothes in the second act. The ladies dress in the first act as described on their entrances. In the second, they appear in ball dresses, and in the third in tea-gowns suitable for a hot summer afternoon in the country.

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THE OTHER FELLOW

ACT ONE

THE CONSPIRACY

SCENE.—*The White Room at Deyncourt Terrace, London, the home of the* AYLWARDS. *An octagonal apartment handsomely furnished. A door at* L. *gives entrance to the dining-room, another, diagonally across* L. U. E., *opens into a ball-room, and a third at* R. U. E. *into a conservatory. There is another door at* R., *giving access to a reception-room. At* R. *and* L. *of the stage are tables with chairs. At* C., *back, there is a mantelpiece. Other appropriate furniture, draperies, etc., ad libitum.*

As the curtain rises, STILES *enters from* L. *with a tablecloth over his arm, followed by* MILLS *with tray bearing coffee-cups, cigarettes, etc.* STILES *is a lean old man of seventy or more, very correct in his manner as a butler save when overcome by twinges of rheumatism, which are apt to catch him in the joints at most inopportune moments.* MILLS *is a young footman of eighteen, who manifests the greatest respect for* STILES.

STILES.

[*Spreading cloth on table* R.] Ugh! there it goes! Ketchin' me this time on the hip.

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MILLS.

Did you speak, Mr. Stiles?

STILES.

Me! No. I've been in sarvice too many years to waste my breath—ugh! there, it's took me on the other side!

MILLS.

[*Setting down tray.*] Mr. Stiles, I'm sure you're in pain.

STILES.

[*Very erect.*] I niver felt better in my life. I——
[*Screws up his face in agony.*]

MILLS.

Why don't you sit down? There ain't nobody comin' in here for a bit.

STILES.

Young man, you'll be a disgrace to the sarvice, if you—ugh! [*sits on chair*] if you begin your career by offering advice to your elders. The main thing to obsarve, if you wish to git on, the main thing, I say, is to keep your eyes open and yer mouth shut. Now lay that table and git out. [MILLS *lays table.*] I'm a leetle sorry I was so short with ye, Mills, but——

MILLS.

Oh, that's all right.

STILES.

Keep yer mouth shut.

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MILLS.

All right.

STILES.

If you want to rise to the position of a hesteemed and respected butler, you'll have to use stickin'-plaster over that horifice. [MILLS *puts hand over mouth and coughs.*] You can go. [*Rises painfully.*]

MILLS

[*Hastening towards him.*] Shall I——

STILES.

No! No! No! I ain't 'elpless—not yet, and you are a leetle too fresh. Remember what I've told ye, and go. If you are needed, you'll be sent for. [*Exit* MILLS, L. STILES *hobbling about table.*] It do be strange how them young ones wants to crowd us old ones out. There ain't nobody could step into my shoes. I've sarved Master Richard and Miss Jane ever since they was leetle critters, beggin' of me to save 'em bits from the dinner-parties. Lord! what mischievous mites they was. [*Laughs.*] That was long before Master Richard come into the title, and now that he's my Lord of Deyncourt, would it become me to desart him? Never, while I've a leg to—ugh! [*sits abruptly*] stand on.

[*Enter* LADY JANE *from conservatory. She is a handsome woman of twenty-eight, dressed in a tailor-made gown, with mannish collar, cuffs and tie.*]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Stiles.

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STILES.

[*Rising abruptly and standing erect.*] My lady.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

If you are getting so decrepit that you can't stand up, you had better make way for a younger man.

STILES.

There you go, Miss Jane, a-forgettin' past sarvices.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Stiles, it seems to me that you are the one that forgets. Are they at luncheon?

STILES.

Yes, my lady.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

How many?

STILES.

Four on 'em.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

H'm [*looks at watch*], I will lunch here.

STILES.

But, Lady Jane ——

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Silence. I will lunch here. See to it directly.

[*Exit* R.]

STILES.

Oh, Lord! and coffee and cigars ordered for the gentlemen in this here room at once. Well, well, we ain't no match for the women in this house [*laughs*],

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an' the worst of it is, Lord Deyncourt thinks nobody can't tell him nothink about 'em.

[*Exit* L., *to dining-room. Enter* MRS. HARTLEY, R., *ushered in by* MILLS. *She is a plump little widow of forty, very pretty and talkative and a little over-dressed, using a lorgnette because she is near-sighted, and a fan because she is easily overheated.*]

MILLS.

Lady Jane was here a moment ago; I will speak to her.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Using lorgnette and seeing coffee.*] Haven't you made a mistake? This must be the wrong room.

MILLS.

Ho, no! There ain't no wrong rooms in this house. Lady Jane occupies 'em all in turn. She give me hexplicit orders to show her callers in here to-day. [*Exit* L.]

MRS. HARTLEY.

Dear, dear me. Jane goes a little too far. If Richard Aylward wasn't the most good-natured man in the world, he simply would not stand it. I believe on the whole he rather likes it. Gives him a chance to pose before the world as a man that nothing can annoy, and —— [*Enter* LADY JANE R.] Oh, here you are.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Ah, Mrs. Hartley? Glad to see you. [*Greetings.*]

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MRS. HARTLEY.

Jane, I have come here in great haste to tell you a bit of news and to ask your assistance. I did not wait for luncheon even.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Indeed? You will take luncheon with me, then?

MRS. HARTLEY.

What, here?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Yes, here. Why not?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Look there. [*Indicating table* R.]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Do coffee and cigars on the right prevent luncheon on the left?

MRS. HARTLEY.

But gentlemen ——

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

But ladies ——

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, Jane, you are incorrigible. Still, it's your own affair. I can stand it if you can.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Very well. Tell me your news, and then come to my room.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Taking chair* L.; JANE *sits beside her.*] Of course you know that Helen Castledown has thrown Gerald over.

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Oh, yes, that is the talk of the town. Good news, too, for Gerald. Poor match every way.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Yes, I suppose it was. He is too serious for her, and she—well, every one knows what she is.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Hold on, there, Mrs. Hartley, I rather like her, you know.

MRS. HARTLEY.

I'm not surprised. It is her independence that pleases you. Lady Castledown certainly does as she likes—with most of us.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Excepting Richard.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Hm! Has she ever tackled Richard?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Heaven forbid!

MRS. HARTLEY.

Well, why don't you ask me for my news?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I thought you had told it.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Using fan.*] Bless your heart! Am I a woman that would go without my luncheon and brave such heat as this to tell you a bit of news that has been hawked about all the clubs and drawing-rooms in

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London for three whole weeks? No, my dear. My news is absolutely fresh.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Let's have it, then, without delay.

MRS. HARTLEY.

You knew, of course, that my brother, Sir Edward Hammond, was dead.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Taking out her handkerchief.*] Yes, certainly, I knew that.

MRS. HARTLEY.

There, there, put up your handkerchief. We won't have any semblance of grief. Poor Edward was the most trying creature imaginable. One never knew what atrocity he would commit next. This beats everything that's gone before.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I suppose he couldn't help it.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Help it? Of course he could help it.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Did he kill himself?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Jane Aylward, what are you talking about? Edward commit suicide? He was too fond of living and bothering other people to do that.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Well, then, how could he help dying?

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MRS. HARTLEY.

I never said he could, but he needn't have left all his money to his wife's niece, Marjory Heathcote, and cut Gerald Hartley off with a beggarly allowance that wouldn't keep a mouse alive.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Has he done that?

MRS. HARTLEY.

He has done that, after adopting Gerald and bringing him up as his son and heir.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

That's a stiffish dose for Gerald, just now, too, when he is down on his luck, matrimonially. Did Helen Castledown know this—when she ——

MRS. HARTLEY.

Jilted him? I think not. At any rate, we'll give her the benefit of the doubt.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

By the way, Marjory Heathcote comes here to-day.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Marjory Heathcote—here? How is that?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

She is a connection of ours on her mother's side. Her mother died young and left her a mere baby. She came with her nurse and lived with us until her father married again. On her father's death, two years ago, Richard was appointed one of her guardians. She has been living with the other guardian, an uncle, a poor curate, down in Berkshire.

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MRS. HARTLEY.

Nice girl?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I dare say, as girls go. Haven't seen her myself for years. Pretty child, but allowed to vegetate, as she had no prospects.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Poor Edward has changed all that.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

She wrote that she wished to come to London to consult Richard on business.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Depend upon it, Jane, the business is in connection with this legacy, and Richard knows all about it.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Very likely.

MRS. HARTLEY.

And hasn't told you? How exasperating.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Mrs. Hartley, living with Richard is an education.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Well, how you two get on surpasses me. I should simply die of exasperation if he was my brother; but there, that is your affair. To return to our muttons—lambs, I should say.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Gerald and Marjory?

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MRS. HARTLEY.

Yes. Now, listen, Jane. I can see only one way out of this difficulty. Gerald must marry the girl, and you and I must arrange it.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

It strikes me, Mrs. Hartley, that you are jumping at conclusions.

MRS. HARTLEY.

I always jump. Never should arrive at any if I didn't.

[*Enter* STILES *with luncheon service for three; arranges it on table* L.]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Luncheon will be ready directly. Come with me. [*Crosses to* R.] Stiles, I am expecting a visitor shortly—a young lady. Send her to me if she comes before we return.

[*Exeunt* LADY JANE *and* MRS. HARTLEY, R.]

STILES.

[*Laying table.*] If this don't beat the Dutch! Well, well, times 'ave changed since I was young.

MILLS.

[*At door,* C.] This way, miss, the ladies is in here. [*Retires.*]

[*Enter* MARJORY *timidly. She is an extremely attractive girl of nineteen, with rather a childish manner, big, innocent blue eyes, and a tendency to pout. She is dressed in as picturesque a costume as is compatible with her having*

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traveled from the country on a hot summer's day.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Aside.*] No one here, and they knew I was coming. [*To* STILES, *who is busy at table,* L.] Oh, Mr. Stiles, don't you know me?

STILES.

[*Bowing.*] Beggin' yer pardon—ugh! Can't say as I do.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Going up to him, pulling his coat and speaking like a child.*] Dear Mr. Stiles, have you got a pain?

STILES.

Lord bless my soul! if it hain't little Miss Marjory growed up! I'm glad to see yer, miss, indeed I am, if I may be permitted to say so.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Of course you can say so. Haven't I sat on your knee many a time in the housekeeper's room?

STILES.

I—ahem—I wouldn't speak o' that afore Lady Jane, if I was you.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

But I was such a mite then.

STILES.

[*Chuckling.*] Half-past four. That's what you told cook.

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*With dignity.*] But I'm a young lady now, and I am to be presented—and—where are they all?

STILES.

The gentlemen are at luncheon, and Lady Jane, she just left horders that the new arrival, that must be you, miss, was to be showed to her room directly she arrived, and your maid ——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, I haven't any maid. My uncle brought me to the door, and left a message for Cousin Richard.

STILES.

Hm! Lord Deyncourt.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Yes, Lord Deyncourt, my Cousin Richard.

STILES.

Shall I show you to your room now?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Wait a moment, Mr. Stiles.

STILES.

I wouldn't say mister, if I was you, now that you are growed up.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

But you are so old, you know ——

STILES.

[*Very erect.*] H'm. There are older men, Miss Marjory.

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Are there, really! I never saw any.

STILES.

[*Stiffly.*] This way, miss.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, please, Stiles, don't get angry. You seem just as young as you did when I was a baby.

STILES.

[*Mollified.*] Thank you, miss.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Aside.*] He was as old as Methuselah then. [*To* STILES.] I want you to tell me something. I wouldn't ask, but I do so wish to know. Is Mr. Gerald Hartley lunching here to-day?

STILES.

Yes, miss, he's here. He's pretty generally found along with Lord Richard. [*Laughter heard in dining-room,* L.] Hark! that's him a-laughing.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Laughing? Stiles, are you sure that he is laughing? How can he?

STILES.

Lord, Miss Marjory. A man must be down on his luck indeed, when he can't laugh at one of our luncheons.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*To herself.*] I am glad he isn't completely crushed.

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STILES.

Perhaps, miss, he didn't care such a deal for the lady.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

The lady? What lady?

STILES.

Why, the lady as jilted him—Lady Castledown.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Lady Castledown jilted Gerald Hartley? When?

STILES.

That isn't for the likes of me to know, miss. But it's not so long since.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Aside.*] What sort of a man is he? Jilted and disinherited, and still able to laugh. [*Pause.*] Stiles, you and I used to be awfully good friends, didn't we?

STILES.

We was, miss, we was.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And you used to—to—let me do things, didn't you?

STILES.

If my memory don't fail me, miss, you was ginerally a-doin' of something.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Edging towards entrance to dining-room,* L.] Do you remember, when I was very, very small, how you used to let me peep at the dinner parties?

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STILES.

Lord, yes, Miss Marjory. You was a terrible child to tease in them days, and Mr. Richard he spoiled you a bit, beggin' yer ladyship's pardon.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Drawing curtain* L.] And you used to draw the curtain so.

STILES.

No, miss, I drawed it this way, an' you put yer little head under my arm so, and——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

We peeped.

STILES.

Just so, miss.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And I saw Cousin Richard.

STILES.

Yes, yes.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And he always had his best friend on his right. Who is the gentleman on his right to-day?

STILES.

[*Drawing curtain.*] Miss Marjory, you ain't a baby no longer, an' this ain't becomin' a young lady in your position.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Very erect.*] Stiles, answer my question. I command you.

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STILES.

[*Chuckling.*] If you was to stamp your little foot now, Lord, how you'd take me back.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Stiles.

STILES.

[*Sober.*] I beg yer pardon, miss. The gentleman is Mr. Gerald Hartley.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*With dignity.*] Thank you, Stiles. You may show me to my room. [*Bell rings.*]

STILES.

[*Hobbling to door* R. U. E.] I'm wanted, miss. I'll send Mills directly.

[*Exit* STILES R. U. E. *Enter* GERALD HARTLEY L. *He is a fine looking, clean shaven man of about thirty, with a serious manner. A member of Parliament, with still further political ambitions.*]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Aside.*] How he must hate me.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I beg pardon.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Turning and discovering* GERALD.] I said, "How he must hate me," and I meant you.

[*Looking intently at* GERALD.]

GERALD HARTLEY.

I hate you? I do not understand.

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Of course you don't. How could you?

GERALD HARTLEY.

It seems to me, begging your pardon, that you are talking nonsense.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, you won't think so when I tell you who I am.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I hardly see how that knowledge can convert nonsense into sense.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

You are Mr. Gerald Hartley, are you not?

GERALD HARTLEY.

As you have never seen me before, I don't know how you have arrived at that conclusion, but I am Gerald Hartley, at your service.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And I—am—Marjory Heathcote.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I suspected as much.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

How coolly you take it. I should think you would simply want to—to—murder me.

GERALD HARTLEY.

On the contrary, I think I shall rather like you. Of course I feel a little sore about being disinherited. It interferes with my prospects, and——

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, but it doesn't at all. I've come to London to give up everything.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Now, you are talking nonsense, pure and simple.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Indeed, I am not. You are Sir Edward's proper successor, and I don't want to be an heiress. I give the estate to you, and we shall be comfortable all round.

GERALD HARTLEY.

This is absurd. An estate isn't a toy that you can give away because you don't fancy it.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Fancy it? I positively hate it.

GERALD HARTLEY.

It is unfortunate, as you will have to make the best of it.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

There is no best to it. You simply must accept this legacy. Otherwise we shall be placed in a most painful situation.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Miss Heathcote, you alarm me.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Do you come here often?

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GERALD HARTLEY.

Pretty well. Deyncourt Terrace is one of my haunts.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Then the sooner this business is settled the better.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I do not understand.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

That is because you are a man, and men are so dense. Don't you know what every one says already?

GERALD HARTLEY.

What every one says? About what?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Why, you and me.

GERALD HARTLEY.

About you and me? I should hardly think that people would trouble themselves about us collectively.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, but they do. And you ought to—to—have sense enough to—to help me.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Really, Miss Heathcote, you alarm me. If you will state the case a little more clearly, I will see what I can do. What does every one say?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Well, if we have got to meet often, you may as well know the worst at once. I—I can't imagine anything more dreadful. They say—every one says, when they

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hear about Sir Edward's will, that—that you and I will have to marry.

GERALD HARTLEY.

The deuce they do.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

You needn't swear about it. It is bad enough without that.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I beg your pardon, I was taken by surprise. People have no right to—to say such things. As a man of honor, you see, it would be out of the question as far as I am concerned.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And I—I wouldn't marry you if there wasn't another man in the world.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Hm! Thank you.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

So now we can be friends, and we will get Cousin Richard to settle everything.

GERALD HARTLEY.

We can be friends, as you say, but I fail to see how anything is to be settled between us. The property is yours.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

I was afraid you would be disagreeable.

[*Enter* MILLS, R.]

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MILLS.

This way, miss, my lady's woman is waiting.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I hope, later, to be properly introduced. Until then ——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

You are far worse than I expected.

[*Exit, followed by* MILLS, R.]

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Meditating.*] Jilted by one woman, and told by a chit of nineteen that she wouldn't marry me if I was the only man on earth. Dick Aylward need lose no sleep over my matrimonial prospects. By the way, I wonder where the servants are? I shall have to fetch the pen and ink myself.

[*Exit* R. *Enter* MIXTER *and* CHATFIELD *from dining-room,* L. MIXTER *is a short, stout, clean-shaven, commonplace man of thirty-eight or forty, without polish, but dressed much more smartly than the other men.* CHATFIELD *is a handsome young fellow of twenty-six, with close-cropped, curly hair, which grows low on his forehead, a small moustache, large sleepy eyes, which he uses to great advantage, a lazy manner, but with a military bearing which indicates his profession.*]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Wonder where Hartley is? He's been a deuce of a while getting that ink.

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

Don't see him anywhere. I say, for a man that's down on his luck, he takes it easy.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

What, being jilted? S'pose he don't really care. Helen Castledown's a bad lot, anyway.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

How, bad? What do you mean?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Don't pull in harness. Likes her head. Apt to bolt.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, I see. Handsome?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Never seen her? Well, old fellow, you've something to live for. Handsome? She's a beauty down to the ground. Not a blemish. Couldn't mate her in London. Doubt if you could on the two continents.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

And our friend Hartley lets her throw him over without a groan. [*Crosses to* R. *of table* R.]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, you see they didn't hit it off together, and I s'pose 'twas mutual.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

H'm. I should like to meet the handsomest woman in London. [*Sits* R. *of table.*] S'pose, Chatfield, that I could get an introduction?

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Can't say. You see it would be out of the question to ask Hartley, and Lord Deyncourt is a bit stiffish. Don't like her myself, but still ——

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I say, Chatfield, what are you driving at?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, notwithstanding her faults, she is Lady Castledown, you know, and you ——

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Anything the matter with me?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, you must admit yourself that you are only a plain American citizen. [*Sits* L. *of table* R.]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, I see.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

No offense intended.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

None taken. Oh, no. I understand, then, that you and your friends refuse to present a plain American citizen to the handsomest woman in London with no reputation to speak of ——

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Sir!

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Beg pardon, I took your word for it,—because she happens to belong to the British aristocracy.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, come, don't go off like that. If you want an introduction, I dare say I can manage it.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Ain't you one of them—the aristocracy, I mean?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, well, younger sons don't count. We can do pretty much as we like. [*Enter* GERALD *with writing materials and places them on table* R. *Stands back of table.*] I say, Hartley, what's up?

[*Enter* STILES, L., *with luncheon; places it on table,* L.]

GERALD HARTLEY.

Stiles, look here, what are you about?

STILES.

Lady Jane hasn't had her luncheon yet.

GERALD HARTLEY.

And she takes it here?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

The deuce she does.

STILES.

Them's her orders, sir.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Whew!

[*Enter* LORD DEYNCOURT, L., *with paper in hand. Gentlemen rise. He is a tall, rather loosely built, extremely plain man of thirty-six, with a long moustache, and hair rather longer*

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than is usually worn, clad in a tweed traveling suit, not particularly well fitting. His movements are rather clumsy, and there is nothing to indicate that he is a person of rank. He has a pleasant voice, and speaks in slow, slightly drawling accents.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I say, fellows, our matrimonial discussion has materialized. I've got a scheme to lay before you. Stiles, bring the coffee. [*Approaches table*, L. STILES *hobbles towards door*, L.] Hold on a minute, Stiles. What's this?

STILES.

My lady's orders, sir. Luncheon for three.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Here and now?

STILES.

Them's her orders, sir. I made bold to remind her ladyship, sir, that you'd also give orders——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Get the coffee. It's all right. [*Exit* STILES L.]

[DEYNCOURT *goes to table* R., *sits back of table.* CHATFIELD *and* MIXTER *sit* L. *and* R. *respectively.* GERALD *crosses to table* L., *sits* R. *of it.*]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Aside to* MIXTER.] It would take more than Lady Jane to rattle Dick Aylward.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so. I agree with you.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Damn it, what do you know about it?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Took your word for it. See?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

We all agreed, just now, did we not, that marrying for love is about the most senseless think a man can do?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, that depends on circumstances, doesn't it?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, come, Tommy, don't hark back now. Of course marriage as an institution is a necessity, but what the deuce has love to do with it?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, you see, Deyncourt—it—so to speak—suggests it. You can't deny that.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I suppose, for instance, being bachelors of a suitable age, you have all been in love more or less.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Hm! Rather more than less.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Your own experience must answer that question, Lord Deyncourt.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You may leave me out.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Deyncourt doesn't count where the women are concerned. He is impervious to their charms.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so, I agree with you.

[CHATFIELD *glares at* MIXTER.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Gerald, you don't answer, but as we all know your recent experience ——

GERALD HARTLEY.

Suppose we leave my private affairs out, also.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

But we can't, you see; it is to save fellows like you from such experiences that I have formulated this scheme.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Oh, I say, Dick, what practical joke are you going to play on us now?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

There is no joke about it. I tell you it is in dead earnest. You all admit that you have been in love. No doubt the object of your devotion at that time was faultless. Would you marry her now? Answer me, Tommy?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, h'm, there have been so—so many. I've been in love off and on ever since I left the nursery, and, well, of course, I couldn't marry them all, you know.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

They've all angled for you, Tommy. You will admit that.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, yes, you're right there, and caught me most of them, too. But then, you see, they chucked me back into the water as soon as they tired of me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

For which you should be devoutly thankful.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, that depends, you know, on who does the chucking.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

That's so.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I say, Dick, what are you driving at?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Tommy has just demonstrated in a fishy manner that we are all at the mercy of women, and I have tried to show you that love makes an idiot of a man. Now if, when a man is in his right mind, presumably not in love, he would give his friends the necessary authority over him to control him when he is out of his right mind, presumably in love, marriage would not be such a failure as it seems at the present time.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Puzzled.*] Mind saying that over again, Deyncourt? I don't quite twig it.

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so, Captain Chatfield. I don't catch on, either.

GERALD HARTLEY.

It's fortunate, Dick, that you were not destined for the bar. Your reasoning is exceedingly obtuse. Perhaps you can explain yourself.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Of course. It is all clear to me, but I may have to appeal to your legal mind, Hartley, to make my deductions appear logical. Don't you see that when a man is in love, his first impulse is to rush off and propose marriage. The lady may be a most unsuitable person, but he doesn't realize that in his demented condition. Now, if his friends had control of him, they would naturally keep him in check until he cooled off, so to speak, and then the chances are that he would never propose at all.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, that's your little game.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Our remaining bachelors up to the present time seems to prove us capable of managing our own affairs.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Luck and chance, Gerald; nothing else. You've just escaped a most unsuitable marriage by an uncommonly narrow shave. You might not get off so easy a second time.

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GERALD HARTLEY.

There will be no second time.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I'll be hanged if I can see what all this amounts to.

[*Enter* STILES *with coffee, which he serves during conversation.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

It amounts to just this. We bachelors must make a stand against the women, and every great movement must be started by somebody. I propose to start, here and now, a society for the Protection of Bachelors. Gerald, will you write out this agreement which I have drawn up? Then we will all sign.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I doubt if signing any document would help me where the women are concerned. I'd come a cropper every time, if she were pretty and wanted to throw me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

This will save you.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Look here, Deyncourt, aren't you carrying this a little too far?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Not a bit of it.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I say. You'll put us up to the ropes before you ask us to sign?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so. I'm a little cautious about my signature.

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We Americans don't put our names to every paper that is placed before us.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Come, Dick, let's have your scheme. Read it out.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Of course we pledge ourselves to secrecy. Stiles, you are no longer needed. [*Exit* STILES, L.] This is the agreement which each of us will sign.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, so you are going to sign, also?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, yes, as a mere form. This is the idea. [*Reads.*] "I promise, upon my honor as a gentleman, that if from this time forth I should at any time form the intention of asking a lady to become my wife, I will at once call a meeting of this society to consider my intention and to make such inquiries as may be deemed necessary. I also promise, upon my honor as a gentleman, that if a majority of this society decides against the lady in question, I will, for the space of one year, hold no communication with her whatever, verbal or written, direct or indirect."

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

That finishes me. I've always had hopes of an elderly heiress in the end. But, great Scott! no woman, however old and passé, would stand absolute desertion for a whole year.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

But, my dear fellow, you don't understand. The

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elderly heiress is most suitable in your case, and we should doubtless all decide in her favor.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*With a groan.*] No doubt of that.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Come, Gerald, write this out in proper form. [*Looking at watch.*] I leave for the Continent in less than an hour, and we must use despatch.

[GERALD *writes.* STILES *and* MILLS *enter* L. *with luncheon.* MILLS *holds tray while* STILES *places luncheon on table* L. STILES *goes up to conservatory.* MILLS *takes tray out and returns with napkin over arm; waits at table* L.]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I say, we ought to have a president.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I propose Lord Deyncourt.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I second the motion. [*Continues to write.*]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Contrary minded? 'Tis a vote.

[*Shake hands with* DEYNCOURT. *Resume seats after business of shaking hands.*]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Do I understand that if, in point of fact, if any of us—ahem!

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Gets bowled over.

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so, bowled over is good; then if any of us gets bowled over, that person is to communicate the fact to the president of this society, and he will call a meeting at once, to—in short—to pass judgment on the lady?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You have grasped the situation, Mixter.

[*Enter ladies from conservatory*, MRS. HARTLEY, MARJORY *and* LADY JANE. STILES, *at conservatory door ushers them in.*]

STILES.

[*Bowing as ladies enter.*] Luncheon is served.

[MILLS *at table with napkin over his arm seats ladies, etc. Gentlemen rise.*]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Don't let us disturb you, gentlemen. We are entirely independent. Keep to your own side of the room, if you please.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Good-morning, Mrs. Hartley. Marjory? When did you come? Glad to see you, my dear.

[*Greets her.*]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Thank you, Cousin Richard, and I am glad to be here.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Gerald. [*Aside.*] Oh, by Jove, I forgot. [*To* GERALD.] The heiress. Do you mind being presented?

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GERALD HARTLEY.

On the contrary, I shall be most happy to make the acquaintance of——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Miss Marjory Heathcote—Mr. Gerald Hartley.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Marjory, luncheon is ready.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Aside to Richard.*] I say, Deyncourt, don't leave me out. She's deuced pretty.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Mr. Chatfield, Mr. Mixter, my cousin Miss Heathcote.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Marjory, sit down.

[*All seat themselves,* LADY JANE, *back of table* L., MARJORY, R., MRS. HARTLEY, L., STILES *and* MILLS *both wait. Gentlemen light cigarettes.* STILES *later crosses to table* R., *and pours coffee.*]

MRS. HARTLEY.

Gerald, come here. I've something to say to you.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Directly, aunt. I have a matter of business to attend to first.

MRS. HARTLEY.

That is so like my nephew, Miss Heathcote. He never lets pleasure interfere with his duty.

[MARJORY *coughs.*]

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

I hope, Marjory, that you don't mind a little smoke, because ——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, no, Cousin Richard [*coughs again*], I—I rather like it.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Holding cigarette.*] In the presence of ladies—really—you know. [*Exit* MILLS L., *for coffee.*]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Captain Chatfield, the presence of ladies does not affect the situation. When woman occupies her proper sphere, men will have no further need to apologize.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so. I agree with Lady Aylward.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Confound you, Mixter. Know what you are talking about?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Not the remotest idea. Always agree with the ladies.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Mrs. Hartley, does tobacco affect you?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Richard Aylward, don't appeal to me. I said I'd stay to luncheon and see Jane through, and I mean to do it—if—if I choke to death.

[*Enter* MILLS; *hands tray with coffee to* STILES.]

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Bravo! That's real feminine pluck. Particularly when you don't set yourself up as a woman with advanced ideas.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Heaven forbid. [STILES *pours coffee table* R.]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Stiles, the bread.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Stiles, fill my cup.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Stiles, the mayonnaise. [*Business with* STILES.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Jane, I particularly desire Stiles to wait on me. Mills is at your service.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

And if I prefer Stiles?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Your preference will, in this case, give way to mine.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Stiles, come here. [STILES *crosses to* LADY JANE.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Stiles! [STILES *hesitates between the tables.*] Stiles! [STILES *crosses to* DEYNCOURT.] I leave for Switzerland in forty minutes. Go pack your portmanteau. For the present, you will act as my valet.

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STILES.

Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] O, them mountings!

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Surely, Richard, you are not going to take that fossil abroad with you?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

That is my intention.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

How absurd! For what?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

To secure his services.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Richard Aylward, if you will allow an old friend to interfere, it seems to me, that—well—to put it plainly, you are carrying this joke a little too far. Poor Stiles is better off here with Jane.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Stiles, have you anything to say?

STILES.

STILES [C.] Nothin', my Lord, nothin'. I'll take my chances with the mountings.

[*Exit* L. CHATFIELD *and* MIXTER *come forward.*]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Look here, Captain Chatfield, I don't catch on. What's the row?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, nothing. Lady Jane gets the bits between her

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teeth occasionally, and then Deyncourt puts on the curb. When he can't get her past old Stiles, he removes him.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I see. Fine woman.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, Jane's all right. A bit strong minded. Got a weak spot, though.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Head or heart?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Can't say. Wants to marry me.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Whew!

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Sitting erect.*] That's done.

[DEYNCOURT *takes paper and looks it over. Gentlemen stand about table* R. GERALD *rises.*]

MRS. HARTLEY.

Jane, you have a most excellent cook.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Whatever I do, Mrs. Hartley, it is my intention to do it well. Woman's sphere is unbounded.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Jane hits the nail on the head.

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

Just so.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

This seems to be drawn up in good form. It only awaits signature. [*Hands pen to* GERALD].

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Backing towards ladies.*] I really—the more I think of it ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

What business have you to think at all? You agreed to sign.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Sighing.*] Oh, yes, we all agreed. Where's the pen?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Here. But we'll have Hartley's name first.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Cousin Jane, what are they doing? Do you suppose it has anything to do with me and my legacy?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Don't begin to bother your little head about the foolish vagaries of men.

MRS. HARTLEY.

But, really, now, I hope they won't inveigle Gerald into signing anything against his better judgment. His prospects are poor enough as it is.

[GERALD *crosses to ladies.*]

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Gerald, I am convinced this will be your only chance of salvation.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I say, Deyncourt, do you believe Lady Castledown could whistle him back now?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

If it would amuse her, yes.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

And throw him over again?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

If it would amuse her.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, she's a flirt down to the ground.

[*Exit* MILLS.]

MRS. HARTLEY.

I believe they are talking about Helen Castledown.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

It is a shame, when she isn't here to defend herself. [*Rising.*] Richard, I protest.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Jane, "keep to your own side of the room, if you please."

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Richard, the whole room is mine, when gentlemen choose to slander an absent woman.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Slander! Helen Castledown? Ha, ha, ha.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I say, Chatfield, she must be the very deuce of a woman.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, you see, she's so damned heartless. Throw a man over without the least compunction. I can forgive a woman for being wicked—ain't over and above good myself—but I'll be hanged if I can forgive one who has no heart.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I agree—[CHATFIELD *looks at* MIXTER *warningly*]—ahem!

LORD DEYNCOURT.

The lady in question deserves no mercy at our hands. She has only herself to blame. You will admit *that*, all of you. She started in fair enough. Everything in her favor, youth, beauty, wealth. She had hardly left the schoolroom when she threw herself away on Castledown. Everybody knew what he was, and everybody opposed the match. He—well—he drank himself to death in due time. It was not what you might call a happy marriage. During her brief widowhood she has flirted—mind, I do not exaggerate—when I say, she has flirted with *every man* who has come in her way, and who could *amuse* her. She——

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Interrupting.*] I think, Dick, we need not go into all that.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Naturally, as you were her last victim.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Well. Jane, even *you* will admit that Helen is a flirt.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I tell you it would be impossible to slander ——

MILLS. [*At* R., *announces.*] Lady Castledown.

[*Enter* LADY CASTLEDOWN, R., *from conservatory. She is a tall, beautiful woman of twenty-four, with a fine figure, irresistible eyes, and a fascinating manner that attracts all men to her without apparent effort on her part. She is dressed in a walking costume and a picture hat, which are creations in millinery and add as greatly as possible to her natural charms. All stand. Momentary embarrassment.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Do I intrude?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Greeting* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] On the contrary, your arrival is most opportune.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Thank you.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Ahem! [CHATFIELD *glares at* MIXTER.]

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Aside to* DEYNCOURT.] Richard!

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Lady Castledown does not need my assurance that her presence could never be an intrusion.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Lord Deyncourt's politeness can hardly veil sarcasm?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

That is for Lady Castledown to decide.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Jane, your brother is insufferable.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I often find him so.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Thank goodness, he is not my brother. Ah, Mrs. Hartley? [MRS. HARTLEY *draws herself up and looks coldly on* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] My dear Mrs. Hartley, if I have offended, pray accuse me. You and I can never hold out as enemies. We are both too good-natured.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Helen Castledown, if your own conscience doesn't accuse you, it is no use for me to speak.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Oh, come, my dear aunt; let bygones be bygones. Follow my example. [*Shakes hands with* LADY CASTLEDOWN.]

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Aside to* JANE.] Cousin Jane, are they still friends?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Overhearing.*] Friends? Gerald and I? Why of course. One can't afford to quarrel with every man one has refused to marry. Life would be too dreary. Jane, present me to this sceptical young lady.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Helen, this is our young cousin, Marjory Heathcote. Miss Heathcote, Lady Castledown.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Oh, the heiress. [*Taking her hand.*] This is interesting. My dear, we are the town's talk—you and I.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

I do not understand.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Of course you don't. You will later on. We shall run in double-harness, you and I, for the rest of this season, and be pointed at as the two women who have ruined the prospects of Mr. Gerald Hartley, the rising man of his age.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

But it isn't true. I hope to——

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Make it all right? Well, so do I.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Gerald, will you sign this document without further delay? [GERALD *goes to table and signs.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Captain Chatfield, I beg your pardon. I did not recognize you at first. We meet so seldom.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

That isn't my fault, you know.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Indeed! I was under the impression that it was. I receive on Thursdays——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Chatfield, it is your turn next.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Aside.*] Confound his scheme.

[*Goes to table and signs.* GERALD *returns to* MARJORY *and* MRS. HARTLEY.]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Looking from* MIXTER *to* DEYNCOURT.] Will Lord Deyncourt present his remaining guest?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Hesitating.*] Beg pardon.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Lord Deyncourt forgets himself. Gerald——

GERALD HARTLEY.

Beg pardon.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] They are hedging. [*Aloud.*] Mr. Chatfield? [*Glances towards* MIXTER.]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Will Lady Castledown allow me to present my friend, Mr. Mixter—Lady Castledown.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] I've got there. I usually do.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Mr. Mixter! Ah, the man from America, with a yacht? I am charmed.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Thank you, Lady Castledown, but please put it, the man from America with *the* yacht.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

As you please.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Which, let me add, is always at your ladyship's service.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Americans are very gallant. I have always found them far more interesting than Englishmen. Mr. Mixter, I receive on Thursdays.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Mixter, your signature, if you please.

[MIXTER *signs.*]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Helen, have you lunched?

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Thank you, yes. [MIXTER *offers pen to* DEYNCOURT. LADY CASTLEDOWN *crosses to table,* R.] May I have some coffee? [*The gentlemen try to serve her.*] And a cigarette?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Bowing.*] Allow me. [*Presents cigarettes.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Accepting cigarettes and taking chair offered by* CHATFIELD.] Jane, do you object?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Certainly not. Smoking is no longer man's prerogative.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*With a slight inclination towards* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Knowing my opinion of a woman who smokes cigarettes, Jane would undoubtedly indulge, if tobacco did not make her quite ill.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Captain Chatfield, a light, please. [*Lights cigarette.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Signing name.*] Gentlemen, you will observe that I sign my name without a misgiving.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

That's more than I can say.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Will my name help the cause? Give me the pen.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Folding the paper.*] Lady Castledown's name has already helped the cause.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Rises.*] Richard Aylward, you are in a fiendish mood to-day ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

On the contrary, I am feeling extremely good-natured. I have just been instrumental in saving three fellow mortals from future misery ——

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Take care, lest in your zeal you have barred them out of Paradise.

STILES.

[*Door* L.] The carriage is waiting, my Lord.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, Cousin Richard, you are not going now?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Richard is leaving for Switzerland, Helen.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Ah, and why does Lord Deyncourt turn his back on London at the height of the season?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Possibly to escape the charms of Lady Castledown.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Stiles, keep an eye on your master; he is dangerous.

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STILES.

I will, my lady, I will.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Remember, Richard, our annual ball comes due on the twenty-first. Your presence is desirable.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And Cousin Richard, my affairs are really pressing.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

A few weeks does not matter, Marjory. Gerald [GERALD *crosses to* R., *and shakes hands*], good-bye, old fellow.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Richard Aylward, I hope you are not running off to shirk your responsibilities, because ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

My dear Mrs. Hartley, if absenting myself from the ladies, is shirking responsibilities, I plead guilty. [*To the men.*] Remember the contract. Wire, if you need me.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Crossing to* L.] Jane, there is mischief in that man's whole bearing. Depend upon it. Your brother and his friends have been hatching some diabolical scheme.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Then we women must combine to blast it.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I'll bet on the women, every time. They'll come in ahead.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

That's so. I agree with you.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Thank goodness! for three weeks at least our lives and reputations are safe.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Holding up paper.*] Thank goodness, this paper will secure our peace of mind for all time. Au revoir, Lady Castledown.

[*Gentlemen,* L. DEYNCOURT, LADY CASTLEDOWN, C. *Ladies,* R.]

CURTAIN

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ACT TWO

CHECKMATED

SCENE.—*Same as Act I. Tables removed, seats distributed, etc.* GERALD, CHATFIELD *and* MIXTER *are discovered,* GERALD *walking back and forth in deep thought at back,* CHATFIELD *sitting* L., *in dejected attitude,* MIXTER *sitting* R., *in brown study.* GERALD *stands looking off towards the conservatory up* R., *as* CHATFIELD *speaks. Music from ball-room. Strains of waltz, "Dreaming of Love," from Princess Bonnie, during following conversation.*

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*To himself.*] This is a devilish predicament. Wonder where Deyncourt is? By Jove! I didn't think I'd come a cropper quite so soon. Nice thing, when you're really in love, first time in your life, object of your affections kind and gentle, ready to take the bit and pull in harness, nice thing to be brought up like this. [*Takes telegram from pocket and reads it, glancing furtively at* HARTLEY *and* MIXTER.] "Message received. Meet me in White room, Deyncourt Terrace, night of ball, supper hour. Will attend to details. Deyncourt." What the devil did he call a meeting here for, and why the devil doesn't he come?

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GERALD HARTLEY.

[*To himself.*] This is insufferable. To be obliged to lay bare the secret of one's heart before such men as these! Absolutely to ask permission of a Tommy Chatfield and a William Mixter to approach the girl I wish to make my wife! What a consummate ass I was to sign that paper.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*To himself.*] H'm! To think that I, a free-born American citizen, should get into such a box. Came over here to make a try at the British aristocracy. Well, I've got there. Don't suppose I'd have signed that blasted contract if it hadn't been drawn up by a British lord. If a common American born, ahem! had asked me to put my name to such a Tomfool document, I'd have told him to go to thunder. Well, they've got an American at last where he can't move without saying, "By your leave." She's such a clipper, too, and I've got her head to the wind, and ready to make port and now—I've got to heave her to and wait for orders. [*Looks at watch; music stops.*]

[*Enter* STILES, R. MIXTER *rises, crosses to* L. *to* CHATFIELD. GERALD *comes down* R.]

STILES.

Lord Deyncourt will be here directly, gentlemen, and he begs your pardon for keepin' of yer waitin'. We was late in arrivin'. [*Gentlemen sigh.* STILES *approaches* GERALD.] You will hexcuse me for askin', sir, but there ain't anything serious happened, has there, since we've been a-tourin'?

GERALD HARTLEY.

No, oh, no, Stiles. Nothing has happened yet.

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STILES.

Beg pardon, sir. [*Aside.*] Nobody ain't dead, after all.

[*Exit* L. *Enter* DEYNCOURT *with three telegrams in his hand,* R., *comes down* C.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Good-evening. [*To* HARTLEY *who meets him and shakes hands.*] How are you, old fellow? H'm! [*Looking from one to another.*] You have lost no time. I came directly I got the telegrams.

GERALD HARTLEY.
CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Together.*] Telegrams!

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Yes, telegrams! Didn't you each wire to me?

GERALD HARTLEY.
CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Together.*] Whew. Well, I'll be hanged.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Laughing.*] Upon my word, this is a capital joke.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Joke? Glad you think so.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

It looks to me like a serious matter.

GERALD HARTLEY.

At least, it is in my case.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Look here, Hartley, have you got any mortgage on serious intentions?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Beg pardon for laughing, my dear fellows. Couldn't help it, 'pon honor. The situation demands it. Did you suppose that any one of you had a corner in idiocy?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, come, Dick, don't stand there grinning in that damned unsympathetic manner. Call the meeting to order, and get us out of this scrape.

[*Crosses to extreme* R.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

It seems to me that you've all been in a deuce of a hurry to get into the scrape, and you may thank your stars that you have a chance of salvation. [*Offers chairs.* MIXTER *sits* L., CHATFIELD R., GERALD R. C., DEYNCOURT *moves about. At door.*] Stiles!

STILES.

[*Appearing at dining-room door.*] Yes, sir.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Are they at supper?

STILES.

They are, sir, and everything's oncommonly quiet.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I do not wish to be interrupted for fifteen minutes. See to it, Stiles.

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STILES.

I will, sir.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And, Stiles, do not announce my arrival until supper is over.

STILES.

All right, sir. [*Exit* STILES, L.]

[MILLS *appears at door* R., STILES *shows himself again at door* L., *business of drawing curtains at both doors. Servants remain outside.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Bringing down chair* C.] So you are all in love.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

It looks like it.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Seating himself.*] Then according to the rules of our society, you must each lay your case before it, and abide by its decision.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, go on.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And you must each promise to vote for the best interests of the parties concerned.

GERALD HARTLEY.

According to our lights ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

—— and to abide by the decision of the majority.

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

We agreed to do that when we signed.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Precisely. Now whose case shall we consider first? [*Silence.*] Hard lines, aren't they, Tommy?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I say, Deyncourt, there's no call for you to rub it in. You may get scotched yourself some day.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I doubt it.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Suppose we give Mixter the first show, as he is our guest.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I was about to propose Mixter.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I've no objections to being first, but I demand fair treatment.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Of course. Well, then, Mixter, we are led to infer from your calling a meeting that you wish to commit matrimony.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Aside.*] Sounds like breaking a commandment, put that way.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

The inference is about correct. I have met, here in London, the lady that I should like to make my wife.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

And, gaining permission from us to propose, do you think the lady would accept you?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I think that I have a good chance. She's a fine woman, and she accepts my attentions.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

That proves nothing.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

She knows a good boat when she sees it, she is perfectly aware of the value of money, and she doesn't dislike me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Hm! From what I know of the sex, I should say your chances were good.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Then mine must be deuced poor. All I've got to say for myself is—that—I'm over head and ears in love. Can't eat, nor sleep, and I've no prospects, and no money.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You forget your handsome face.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Don't add sarcasm to your other charms, Deyncourt.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Seriously, Tommy, there are a great many women in the world who would accept a man for his looks.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Hm! Ever proposed yourself?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

No-o. Never dared to risk it.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, Lady Castledown isn't that sort.

ALL.

Lady Castledown?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, ho!

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

What do you mean by oh, ho?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I beg pardon, but as my case was to be considered first, and Lady Castledown has led me to hope ——

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Lady Castledown!

LORD DEYNCOURT.

The deuce!

GERALD HARTLEY.

Oh, come, Mixter, that is out of the question.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

This grows interesting. Gerald, are you her victim a second time?

GERALD HARTLEY.

No, oh, no! In fact, Dick, I've lost all sense of

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honor. I'm as helplessly in love as poor Tommy, and the girl I wish to marry, the only girl in the world for me, is Marjory Heathcote, the heiress.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

So you have swallowed your pride. And Marjory?

GERALD HARTLEY.

I can't answer for her until I get leave to speak.
[*Rises and goes up* C., *despondently.*]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Crossing to* CHATFIELD, L. C.] Well, I don't suppose Lady Castledown can marry us both, but we needn't vote against each other. You give me your vote——

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I'll be damned if I will. [*Rises, crosses to* R.]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Crossing to* R. C.] Why, I'll give you mine in return—then we'll take our chances, see.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*To* GERALD *who comes down* L.] Look here, we must dispose of Mixter's case. S'pose Helen would for a moment consider his proposal?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Can't say. Her funds are low. She has been living extravagantly, and he is phenomenally wealthy; twenty-seven million is about his figure.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Crossing to* GERALD *and speaking aside.*] Oh, but—look at him! I say, Gerald, it would hardly be

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the thing for us to let her throw herself away on a little beggar like that.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Put it to vote.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Returning to* C.] Shall we, or shall we not, allow William Mixter to propose to Lady Helen Castledown? Answer, individually.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I vote against Mixter every time. It's too deuced presumptuous of him to think of it.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Well, I suppose she's brought it on herself. Undoubtedly she has encouraged him.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I must also vote against Mr. Mixter. I can't sanction so decided a mesalliance.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, come now. I like that. The alliance is all right, provided the lady doesn't object.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*To* MIXTER.] Confound it, man! Can't you see? You're not in a position to approach her. You haven't any grandfather.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*To* CHATFIELD.] O-h, that's the hitch. [*To others.*] Grandfather's all right. Designs boats. Never heard of him?

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Beg pardon, but we are shooting wide of the mark.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

So I should judge, time being short.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*To* MIXTER.] You're so devilish stupid.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I agree with you. However, you'll all admit that I didn't drag grandfather into this business. He'd make a better show in a yacht race. Make a try for the cup, and you'll appreciate the old man's talent.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, shut up, Mixter. You're out of it. Mr. President, will you put my case to vote?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

As Tommy so aptly puts it, Mixter is out of it. [MIXTER *disgusted, goes up stage;* CHATFIELD *comes* R. C.] Now who favors Captain Chatfield's suit? Gerald? [*A pause.*]

GERALD HARTLEY.

I'm sorry to oppose you, Chatfield, but as Lady Castledown's advisor—I have the honor of attending to her affairs—I must vote against you for financial reasons. It would be impossible for you two to live on your united incomes.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

You might leave that for us to decide.

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GERALD HARTLEY.

But, you see, you're in love, man.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And not capable of deciding with judgment.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Therefore I must vote against Captain Chatfield.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Comes down* R.] I follow Mr. Hartley's lead.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Give your reasons, Mixter.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Same as yours in my case.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I don't understand.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

"You're so devilish stupid," you see.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Look here, explain yourself, Mixter, or there'll be a row.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Gentlemen, I must call you to order.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

But I demand an explanation.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, that's all right. In the first place, you are my

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rival, and wouldn't give me a chance, and in the second place, I don't know your grandfather.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Damn it, man. My grandfather is an earl.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Is that so? Well, I don't know him personally, and you see he may not be a good earl.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Aside.*] Oh, hang it. This is enough to drive a man to drink.

[*Goes up stage.* DEYNCOURT *follows and brings him down.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I would give you my vote, Tommy, if it would do you any good, but you see it wouldn't. Next boy.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Beg pardon, Dick, but this isn't child's play. I object to the tone of these proceedings.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Hm! This is another pair of shoes.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so! Boot on the other leg.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Look here, Gerald, I've stood your friend pretty well for a good many years; I don't propose to go back on you now. I don't mind admitting that the

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whole idea of this scheme occurred to me in my perhaps over-zealous desire to save you from Lady Castledown.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

And I should like to know what reason you can give for all this hanged nonsense about "saving men from Lady Castledown."

LORD DEYNCOURT.

We discussed the lady in question at our last meeting, and you all agreed ——

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Interrupting.*] Oh, yes, we all agreed that she had her faults, but I'll be hanged if, when you come to know her, you don't fall in love with her failings.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Which goes to prove my original theory, that love makes an idiot of a man.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

By Jove, I'd like to see you come a cropper.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I never have yet, and although I admit that women are treacherous cattle to handle, I have no misgivings.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

"He laughs best, who laughs last."

GERALD HARTLEY.

I am patiently waiting.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Looking at watch.*] And time is nearly up. To return to Hartley's case. I hoped when I left England that, with Helen Castledown out of the race and our little Marjory to the fore, Gerald would recover his senses, would realize the girl's charms, would forget for the time that she was the heiress and would fall in love ——

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, ho!

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And what do *you* mean by oh, ho?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Quoting.*] "What the deuce has love to do with it!"

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Don't fling a man's words back like that, Tommy; it isn't exactly civil. Wait until I have finished, and then you can oh, ho till you are black in the face. I say that I hoped that Hartley would see his way to proposing marriage to my ward, Marjory Heathcote. It would be a most suitable marriage, would settle a family feud, would restore the rightful heir, and all that sort of thing. There can be no objections, and I hope you will all follow my lead and vote in favor of Gerald Hartley's suit.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

It strikes me you are taking a good deal for granted. How do you know that we approve of the young lady?

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

That's so.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Or that we are cock-sure that Hartley is the man to make her happy. He can be deuced disagreeable at times.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I agree with you.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Thought you would. Well, then, I vote against Hartley.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

And so do I.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Look here, this is a beastly way to use a man.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I hope you are not retaliating. We all agreed to be perfectly fair.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*At door* R., *speaking outside.*] Stiles, let me pass at once.

STILES.

[*Outside.*] But, my lady, I have most hexplicit orders.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Orders? Then I countermand them. I tell you I must see Lord Deyncourt at once.

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STILES.

But, my lord is engaged.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

That is impossible.

STILES.

Not at all, my lady.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Stiles, you are impertinent.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*To gentlemen.*] One moment, please. [*Goes to door* R; STILES *shows in doorway confused.*] Jane, what's the row?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I wish to see you at once, Richard.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Sorry not to oblige you.

LADY JANE ALYWARD.

[*Trying to force an entrance.*] Stiles, let me pass.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Stiles, let her ladyship pass at your peril.

LADY JANE ALYWARD.

This is outrageous. [*Going away.*] I shall return directly with reinforcements.

STILES.

[*Coming inside.*] Don't ask me to face more than one at a time, sir, at my age?

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

That will be all right, Stiles; now to your post. [*Exit* STILES, R. *To gentlemen.*] Our meeting is practically over. The majority in each case is against a proposal. You must submit to the year's test.

GERALD HARTLEY.

That means that I am not to communicate with, or to see Miss Heathcote for one year from to-day, and that I am not to explain anything or even to bid her good-bye. And I have led her to hope—Oh, that is abominable. [*Goes down* L.]

[MIXTER, R., DEYNCOURT, R. C., CHATFIELD, L. C., GERALD, L.]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

That may be on the cards, Hartley, but I call it deuced uncivil of Deyncourt to turn us out of his house like this, on the night of the last ball of the season, too. We've lost a good half of it already, waiting for him.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I couldn't help that, you know.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I have engaged the first waltz after supper with Helen Castledown, and I have led her to expect —— Good Heavens! what a position to put a fellow in.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Lady Castledown promised me a dance to-night, and I told her I had something of importance to say to her. She'll set me down for a chump.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Well, you have succeeded in getting yourselves into a mess. As it is no fault of mine, you can't expect me to get you out. However, as you have all gone so far, I think we must make a concession, and allow one last interview. A year from to-day I predict that you will all be heart-whole and thankful to me for originating this scheme.

STILES.

[*Door* L.] Lady Jane's a comin' back, and she looks that determined.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Stiles, let her pass.

MILLS.

[*Door* R.] Miss Marjory's a comin'.

STILES.

And Mrs. Hartley, she's a comin' too.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

All right. Now, my good fellows, if you will pass around through the conservatory, you will oblige me and divert suspicion.

[*Exeunt* CHATFIELD *and* MIXTER *hurriedly*.]

GERALD HARTLEY.

I suppose this is final. There is no help.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

None, at present. Sorry for you, old fellow. [*Exit* GERALD *dejectedly*. STILES *draws curtain* L. MILLS *draws curtain* R. *Enter simultaneously*, LADY JANE *and* MRS. HARTLEY L., MARJORY R.;

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DEYNCOURT *attempting to get off* R. *meets* MARJORY. *Aside.*] Trapped, by Jove.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[L.] Now, Richard, explain yourself.
[DEYNCOURT *comes down* C.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[R.] Yes, Cousin Richard, we want to know ——

MRS. HARTLEY.

Where is Gerald and what ——
[*Enter* LADY CASTLEDOWN *from conservatory.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Coming down between* MARJORY *and* DEYNCOURT.] Ah, Lord Deyncourt, so you have returned.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I have returned.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Oh, yes, he has returned, in the dead of night, secretly, and shut himself into this room with guarded doors, the house full of guests, and I wish to know what it means.

MRS. HARTLEY.

And Gerald is missing. [*Sits in chair* L.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And we've stolen away from the supper-room to demand an explanation.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And I have just arrived.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Indeed? We should congratulate ourselves that you have come at all. Why so late?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Tossing her head.*] And if I said that I timed myself in order that you and I should appear together?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I should say —— [*Aside.*] How the devil did she know what time I was expected?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Beg pardon?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I should say that I never was so honored before.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

But you wired yesterday that you should not return for the ball.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And we were so disappointed.

MRS. HARTLEY.

And Gerald promised to fill your place.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, he did, did he?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Aside.*] And he hasn't come at all.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Now, why are you here?

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

I must give a woman's reason; I changed my mind.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Sarcastically.*] That is so like you. And if I tell you that I met Gerald Hartley in the conservatory just now.

LADIES.

Met Gerald?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Yes, and that he looked remarkably unhappy——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Aside.*] The deuce.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

You will perhaps give a woman's reason for that too.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Doubtless I could, but seriously, ladies, I need refreshment. I have had no supper. You will excuse me. [*Offering arm to* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Lady Castledown, will you accompany me?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Thank you, no. I prefer to make my entrance with a more attractive man. Send Captain Chatfield to me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

As you please. [*Aside.*] We've saved Tommy. That scores one.

[*Exit* DEYNCOURT L., *four ladies across front*

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from R. *to* L., *thus:* MARJORY, LADY CASTLEDOWN, LADY JANE, MRS. HARTLEY.]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Now what does this mean?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Jane, I told you three weeks ago that Richard had some scheme afoot.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, dear, I hope it isn't going to injure Gerald.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Perhaps Stiles would know.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Happy thought! Call Stiles.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Calling off* L.] Stiles! I will question him.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

No, let me, and—please pretend not to hear.

[*Enter* STILES. LADY CASTLEDOWN *and* LADY JANE L. MRS. HARTLEY *crosses to* R. *to* MARJORY. STILES *comes down* C. MRS. HARTLEY *sits extreme* R.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Approaching* STILES, C.] Stiles, did you have a pleasant journey?

STILES.

Yes, miss, barrin' the furrin' inconveniences.

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And is your rheumatism better?

STILES.

Oh, yes, miss. I'm quite limber. [*Aside.*] Now what do they want?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

What made you come home so suddenly?

STILES.

Lord Deyncourt's orders, miss.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Well, but he sent word that he should not return for some weeks.

STILES.

I know, miss, but when them telegrams come, he ordered his portmanteau packed at once.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh!

STILES.

I was that worried, thinkin' some one was ill. There wasn't, was there?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, no. Everybody is well.

STILES.

Hm! If nothin's the matter, then why was them telegrams sent, and why did Lord Richard hurry home to shut himself up with them bachelders?

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Bachelors?

STILES.

Oh, Lord, what have I said?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Nothing, Stiles. You can go. And—Stiles, will you bring Mrs. Hartley an ice? You will find her in the conservatory.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Aside.*] Good Heavens, I never eat ices.

[*Rises. Exit* STILES, L.]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Laughing and crossing to* MARJORY.] "Them bachelders." We've got the key.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

And little else.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Please, Lady Castledown, tell us what you think?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I would rather wait until the end of the evening.

[*Music begins outside.*]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

The music is starting, we must return to the ball-room. [*Goes towards ball-room,* L.]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Stopping her.*] One moment, Jane. Richard's sudden return means mischief. We have no time to

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organize for mutual protection. We are helpless women [*laughing*], in the hands of designing men. Don't let them suspect it.

[*Enter couple from conservatory and pass through room. The lady bows to* MRS. HARTLEY *who looks at her through her lorgnette. Gentleman approaches from ballroom,* L., *as if looking for some one; sees* LADY JANE, *she takes his arm and goes off* L.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, please, Lady Castledown, what must I do?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Ask Mrs. Hartley.

[*Two or three gentlemen approach* LADY CASTLEDOWN *from* R. *and* L. *and talk.* MARJORY *turns to* MRS. HARTLEY.]

MRS. HARTLEY.

[L. F.] *Do,* child? [*Leads her down* R.] Come here, and I will tell you. Accept Gerald Hartley.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Accept Gerald Hartley?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Yes, at once.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside to* MARJORY.] That will score one against the conspirators.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

But he hasn't asked me.

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MRS. HARTLEY.

He will to-night, mark my words. [*Aside.*] Now let me find him. [*Going up to conservatory and using lorgnette; to* MARJORY.] Do you see Stiles in the conservatory with that ice?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Yes, Mrs. Hartley. Shall I come with you?

MRS. HARTLEY.

No, dear. [*Aside.*] If I must undertake Gerald and an ice at one and the same time, I prefer to be alone.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Across to* MRS. HARTLEY.] I know others that would.

[*Exit* MRS. HARTLEY *to conservatory.* MARJORY *is led away,* L., *by one of the gentlemen who presents dance order. Enter* CHATFIELD, R.]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*To* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Our waltz, is it not?

[*Gentlemen withdraw.* CHATFIELD *presents dance order.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

So you have come at last.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Sighing.*] Yes, I have come. [*Coming down* C.] Shall we dance?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

As you please. [*Looking at him intently.*] What is the matter with you?

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
I can't tell you.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.
Then shall we dance?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
Dancing seems a hollow mockery to-night.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.
Are you ill? Can I help you?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
Don't look at me like that or I shall blurt it all out.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.
Perhaps it would be better for you if you did.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
Perhaps. But I can't, you know.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.
Why not?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
Gave my promise I wouldn't. Word of honor.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.
To whom?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.
Can't even tell you that.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.
Then supposing you leave me.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

That is just what I am about to do. The only question with me lies between suicide and exile.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Has she been so cruel?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

She! Who?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

The unfeeling woman who has rejected you.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

She hasn't rejected me, because I haven't asked her.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Then why don't you ask her?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

That's just it; I can't, you know.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] This is a novel situation. [*To* CHATFIELD.] You are not losing your mind?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Can't say. Heart's gone, and seem to be breaking up generally.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Can I do anything for you?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Look here, Lady Castledown, I've got something to

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say to you, and I don't know how to say it. [*Aside.*] Lord, what a cad I feel.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Shall we go into the conservatory?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Alone! You and I? No, it wouldn't be safe.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I think I had better speak to Lord Deyncourt and have a physician summoned.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Confound Deyncourt!

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Why confound Deyncourt? Oh, I begin to see.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, I may as well out with it. I am going to Egypt.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

When?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Directly. To-morrow, next day. I can't tell, but I shall not see you again, and I must bid you good-bye, here, to-night.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

How long shall you be gone?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

One year, probably.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And you expect her to wait for you a whole year?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Whom?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

The lady you are afraid to ask.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Do you think she would?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

There are women that would. I wouldn't.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Don't say that.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

But it's the truth.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Nevertheless, I shall come back a year from to-day and ask her to marry me.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I hope she will refuse you.

[*Waltz ends. Enter* LORD DEYNCOURT, L., *and others.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*To* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Beg pardon.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Retreating.*] Gad, I'm done for.

[*Wanders away,* R., *to conservatory.*]

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*To* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] You are wanted in the ball-room. Jane sent me to fetch you.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I'm not in a mood for dancing to-night.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

That does not signify. One often has to sacrifice oneself in this life.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And if one does not choose ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Look here, Helen, what particular mischief are you up to?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Mischief? I never felt more serious in my life.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Did you refuse him? Poor beggar.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Looking intently at* DEYNCOURT.] Why should you pity him? [*Aside.*] He is laughing at me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I can't help it. He looks so unhappy. Your victims generally do.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I never harmed you at least. Why do you dislike me so much?

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

It isn't dislike, it's fear.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Looking at him sadly.*] Oh! [*Laughing.*] Make your mind easy, for *you* are perfectly safe.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

But you are so irresistible, you know.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Am I! Hm! I cannot imagine any circumstances under which you would be called upon to resist me. [*Music plays a two-step.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Nor I. Will you come?

[LADY CASTLEDOWN *takes his arm. Exeunt,* L. MARJORY *and* GERALD *have entered from conservatory in earnest conversation, and stand together,* L.]

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Looking uncomfortable.*] You do not understand.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, yes, I understand. You are going away.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Yes, to San Francisco, for a year.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

I thought you said Japan.

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GERALD HARTLEY.

Did I? Well, it's all the same, Japan, California, New Zealand. One place is much like another, if you go against your will and leave all that you care for behind.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

I suppose you mean the property.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Marjory—Miss Heathcote.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Or is it Lady Castledown?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Why do you so misunderstand me?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Then why don't you explain yourself?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Because I cannot.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Yesterday you were full of plans for the summer. You were to fish in Berkshire and shoot in Scotland. We were to meet each other continually. To-night you—wish to—to bid me good-bye for a whole year, and—what have I done? [*Half crying.*]

GERALD HARTLEY.

My dear child ——

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*With dignity.*] Don't call me that. I am a woman—and—you can go. There are other men.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Marjory, you break my heart.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

You can get it mended—in China. [*Enter* DEYNCOURT, LADY CASTLEDOWN, *and* MIXTER.] Cousin Richard, are you coming for me?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Beg pardon. [GERALD *withdraws.*] Our dance, is it not?

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Going off.*] Does she care? [*Exit* GERALD, L.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Cousin Richard, one moment please. Are you sure I cannot give the property to—that man?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

What has Gerald done to make you call him "that man"?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

He, oh, I can't tell you; but I shall never have another happy moment until—I pay him back.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And must it be in coin?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Yes, in good hard coin, that will humiliate his pride and make him bow down in shame. I hate him.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Aside.*] I don't half like this! [*To* MARJORY.] My dear girl, don't be precipitate. Take time to consider; a year, say ——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, yes, always a year.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Aside.*] What does she mean by that? [*To* MARJORY.] A year is not long, you know.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Isn't it? Perhaps not, at your age. At mine, it seems an eternity.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Hm! Well, as nothing can be done in regard to the property for one year, at least, you will have to wait. Shall we dance?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Taking his arm.*] As well do that as anything. [*Exeunt,* L.]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*To* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] This may seem a little abrupt, but we Americans generally come right to the point. Don't beat about the bush.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] Another victim. [*To* MIXTER.] Yes?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I am thinking of marrying.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Indeed? [*Aside.*] He evidently means business.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Consequently I shall return to America at once.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] The little beggar is trying to hedge. [*To* MIXTER.] Is she an American?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, no—no, indeed. In point of fact, she is a most fascinating Englishwoman, but I am so situated that —well—in fact—— [*Aside.*] Lord, how warm I am!

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

If she has accepted you, why do you leave England?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

But she hasn't accepted me, and I am obliged to go away at once, to-morrow, possibly, without asking her.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Does she know that you wish to marry her?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Well, I should hope so; I've tried to make it pretty plain to her.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And what excuse shall you give her for leaving so abruptly, without asking her?

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] I wish that blessed English Lord was in my place. [*To* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Well, you see, I shall tell her that I must devote one year to business.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

One year?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Yes, it will take about a year to—to find out how much I am worth.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

It would take me about fifteen minutes to find out how much I was worth.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

May I come back a year from to-day and tell you?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Tell me what?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

How—how much I am worth.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Oh, yes, you may tell me, but you can hardly expect me to be interested. I shall probably have forgotten your very existence by then. [*Music stops.*]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] Got it right in the neck that time. [*To* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Nevertheless I shall come.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Offering hand.*] Until then ——

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I am dismissed?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

For one year, yes. [*Exit* MIXTER *to conservatory. Music of last waltz.*] I think I understand Richard Deyncourt's little game. Ah! Here he comes.

[DEYNCOURT *enters from ball-room,* L.; *crosses to* LADY CASTLEDOWN.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

This is the last waltz, Helen. Will you dance? [*Offers arm.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Taking his arm.*] With pleasure.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You take my breath away.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Did you expect me to refuse?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You do not often accept.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Withdrawing arm.*] Sometimes, when taken unawares. Give me time for reflection—say, one year.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Aside.*] Does she suspect?

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And my answer might be different. [*Enter* MARJORY *to* LADY CASTLEDOWN, L., GERALD *following at a distance, pauses at back.*] Well, Marjory?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

The ball is ending. What do you think now?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Again offering arm to* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Will you come?

[*Enter* LADY JANE *and* CHATFIELD, R.; LADY JANE *advances to* C.; CHATFIELD *remains at back.*]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

For once I am baffled. Helen, can you explain?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Aside.*] I must get out of this. [*Goes up* C.]

[*Enter* MRS. HARTLEY *and* MIXTER *from conservatory.* MRS. HARTLEY *advances to* C., MIXTER *remains at back.*]

MRS. HARTLEY.

Helen Castledown, what do you make of it all?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Behold the guilty man; ask him.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Coming down* C.] Guilty? Of what?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Here is Captain Chatfield talking about suicide ——

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MRS. HARTLEY.

And poor, dear Mr. Mixter banished to America ——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

And Mr. Hartley looking for a country where broken hearts are mended ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And Lady Castledown asks me to explain?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Richard Deyncourt, before you plot with your bachelor friends against our sex, be sure you understand at least one woman.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

At present I only wish to dance with one woman. Will you come?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Not until I tell you that I believe the woman exists who will bring you on your knees at her feet. And when, a year from now, you lie prostrate before her, I hope that she will simply laugh at you. Come.

POSITIONS

MIXTER
CHATFIELD

LADY CASTLEDOWN AND DEYNCOURT

MRS. HARTLEY
MARJORY

GERALD
LADY JANE.

CURTAIN

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ACT III.

WHICH WINS?

SCENE.—*Shrubbery and garden at the Towers. Rustic benches, etc.* LADY JANE *discovered picking rose from bush up* C. *Comes down stage to seat* L. F., *during speech.*

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Why did Helen Castledown insist on my bringing Marjory here for the twenty-first? I had to break with the Merediths to do it. Just now, too, when the guards are in their old barracks close at hand, and Captain Chatfield is about to rejoin his regiment. [*Sits.*] I offered to send Marjory down without me. Helen would not listen to that. She said that my presence was of vast importance to her at this particular time.

[*Enter* MRS. HARTLEY, L.]

MRS HARTLEY.

Bless me, Jane, when did you arrive?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Rising.*] Half an hour ago, and you?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, I came down yesterday. Helen's orders. Now will you please tell me why we all do just as Helen bids? I am sure I ought not to be here to-

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day. Poor dear Lady Somers particularly wanted me this week. A most charming house party, but no, Lady Castledown orders and I obey.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Our cases are similar. I am due elsewhere but, as you see, I am here.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Do you think Helen has any surprise in store for us? What does the twenty-first signify?

[*They sit on bench*, L.]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I haven't the remotest idea.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Has Marjory?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I can't tell. Marjory is mysterious at times.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Does she ever say anything about Gerald?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I do not think that she has mentioned his name since the night of our annual ball.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Let me see, that was about a year ago. Well, I did my best. Everything was in train, the young people appeared to be head over ears in love, and then off rushed Gerald on that senseless and extravagant tour. Now, Jane, did that little goose refuse him, or did he give her the slip?

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I cannot tell. He writes to Helen Castledown.

MRS. HARTLEY.

What? Then she has him on the string again?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

It looks so.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Does Marjory know it?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Oh, yes.

MRS. HARTLEY.

And is on good terms with Helen?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Apparently.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Well, I've nothing more to say.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Perhaps when Gerald comes home, we shall understand the situation.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Well, I don't know, I never have understood a Hartley yet, and I never expect to. There was my poor, dear husband, it wasn't my fault that I didn't find out all about him. Jane Aylward, that man died a mystery to me, after I had spent fifteen years asking him questions which he never answered.

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Aside.*] Poor man. [*To* MRS. HARTLEY.] Mrs. Hartley, join our ranks. Adopt our advanced ideas in regard to woman's sphere. Then if you must have dealings with men, take the lead.

MRS. HARTLEY.

My dear Jane, I never could.

[*Enter* MARJORY, R., *with flowers and scissors.*]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Ah, Mrs. Hartley, you here, too? Isn't this lovely?

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Rising and greeting* MARJORY.] My dear child, I am glad to see you once more.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Thank you. I am cutting flowers for Lady Castledown. [*Cuts roses.*]

MRS. HARTLEY.

Does she expect other arrivals?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

She does not say.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Rising.*] Marjory, have you found out anything?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Coming down* C.] Only that Lady Castledown insists that this is an important day in her life, that she expects to pose as the champion of her sex, and that her friends must rally about her.

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Hm!

MRS. HARTLEY.

I'm sure we are rallying to the best of our ability, but how can we help her, if we don't know what we are here for.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

We can wait developments.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

And while we are waiting, lose other opportunities.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Slily.*] Now, Cousin Jane, you are thinking of the Scots Guards up North.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Marjory, I am ashamed of you.

[*Walking indignantly down* L. *Enter* LADY CASTLEDOWN, L. U. E., *comes down* C. MARJORY *and* MRS. HARTLEY, L., LADY CASTLEDOWN, C., LADY JANE, R.]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Oh, here you are. One can't blame you for lingering on such a day as this. Marjory, dear, they are waiting for the flowers, and, Jane, you must feel in need of rest after your long journey. Mrs. Hartley, will you kindly act as hostess for a few moments. I have one or two little matters to look after.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Certainly, Helen, I will do anything that I can, but I never like working in the dark.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

In the dark? Why everything is as clear as day.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Perhaps, to those that understand.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I cannot explain now. Only trust me, and stand by me.

MRS. HARTLEY.

That is all very well, Helen, but I should like to receive a definite order.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Very well, don't let the enemy escape.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Will there be any wounded?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Possibly.

MRS. HARTLEY.

I don't half like this. Come, Jane.

[*Exeunt* MRS. HARTLEY *and* LADY JANE *to house*, L.]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*To* MARJORY *who is going off.*] Marjory, one moment.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Coming back; to* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Yes?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

If Gerald Hartley should come here to-day [MARJORY *starts*], you will treat him kindly?

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*With dignity.*] If he comes, I will not see him.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Marjory, you are very young. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never place yourself in a false position for the sake of revenge. Many a girl has ruined her chance of happiness for life by so doing.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Taking* LADY CASTLEDOWN'S *hand.*] I am your slave and I will obey. [*Kisses her.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Good girl. Now run away. [*Exit* MARJORY *to house,* L. LADY CASTLEDOWN *sits on bench,* L.] Will they come? [*Taking envelope from her dress.*] Gerald, at least, is up to the mark. [*Reads telegram.*] "Shall arrive on the twenty-first. Make it possible for me to see Marjory at once. Gerald." [*Enter servant with two telegrams.* LADY CASTLEDOWN *opens them. Laughs.*] Captain Chatfield has kept *his* word. Asks to be received on the twenty-first. Hm! Will turn him over to Jane. William Mixter, the dear little man with a yacht, has returned to England and begs an interview. Must get Mrs. Hartley to find out how much he is worth. [*Rising.*] Now if I can put my hand on Richard Aylward. [*Enter* STILES, R.] Well, Stiles, where did you come from?

STILES.

From Lord Deyncourt, madam, with a letter which he hordered me to deliver to you in person.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Taking letter.*] Are you staying in the neighborhood? [*Opens letter.*]

STILES.

No, Lady Castledown, we are not what you might call stayin', we are a-passin' through.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Absently reading.*] Beg pardon?

STILES.

We are always a-passin' thro' at present, Lady Helen. We don't stay nowheres, Lord Deyncourt is that restless.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] Hm! Restless, is he? [*To* STILES.] Lord Deyncourt asks me to send him an answer by you. Is he near at hand?

STILES.

He is, ma'am.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

A verbal message will do. Tell him I am at leisure and will receive him here.

STILES.

Thank you kindly, Lady Castledown. [*Going off.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Stiles, what do you mean by that? Why should you thank me kindly for receiving Lord Deyncourt?

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STILES.

You will hexcuse me, Lady Helen, but I feel hanxious about my master.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Indeed? And why?

STILES.

He is that oneasy, a-movin' from pillar to post. I'm weary with a-packin' and a-unpackin' of his luggage.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I do not understand. You talk in riddles.

STILES.

If it's a riddle, Lady Helen, it seems to me oncommon easy to guess.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Then you know the answer?

STILES.

I'm an old man, Lady Helen, an' I've been in sarvice a-many years, and I ain't easy deceived. Lord Deyncourt is in love. That's the answer.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Indeed? Why do you tell me?

STILES.

Perhaps it's takin' a liberty, Lady Helen, but Mr. Richard, beggin's pardon, Lord Deyncourt an' myself, we've been oncommon good friends ever since he was a lad and I can't abide to see him took in.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Taken in?

STILES.

Yes, took in. He's that innocent where the women is concerned.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

You are a very wise old man, Stiles, why don't *you* give him a word of advice?

STILES.

He wouldn't take it comin' from me. Now if you ——

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Why do you ask me?

STILES.

I wasn't born yesterday, Lady Helen, an' it's allers been my 'abit to keep my eyes open. I've noticed that wherever we go, we're pretty sure to meet you.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] Naturally.

STILES.

And I thought that you might know the lady.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

The lady?

STILES.

Yes, the lady as is playin' the mischief with Lord Deyncourt's peace of mind.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Then you wish me to warn him of his danger?

STILES.

Oh, Lord, no, Lady Castledown.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

How can I help you?

STILES.

[*Looking at* LADY CASTLEDOWN *slily.*] You wouldn't be willin' to undertake Lord Richard yourself——

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

To what, Stiles?

STILES.

To—[*aside*] Lord, ain't I a-goin' it? [*to* LADY CASTLEDOWN] to take Lord Richard in hand yourself, an' save him from that schemin' woman, whoever she be?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] Shades of my rejected lovers, hear him! [*To* STILES.] You ask too much, Stiles. Your master must take his chance with the rest of them. You can go now.

STILES.

[*Hesitating.*] Your ladyship will pardon me for bein' so free?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Of course. You are privileged. Now go.

[*Exit* STILES, R.; *enter* MARJORY *laughing*, L. LADY CASTLEDOWN *watches* STILES *hobbling off.*]

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, Helen, such a joke. [*Pause.*] Why, is that Stiles?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

That is Stiles.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

How very extraordinary. Then Cousin Richard must be in the neighborhood?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

That goes without saying.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

But he started for the continent before we left London.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

He is probably en route.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

He takes a very devious route then.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Never mind him. What is the joke?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Solemnly.*] The siege has begun.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Then why have you abandoned your post?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Cousin Jane and Mrs. Hartley are holding the fort.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And keeping the enemy in check?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

For the present; but you are wanted.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Explain yourself, Marjory?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Captain Chatfield and Mr. Mixter have just arrived. They met at the door, asked to see you at once, glared at each other, and—there they are. [*Laughs.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Together?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Indeed, no. That would not be safe. Cousin Jane has the delectable Tommy in hand in the blue-room, and Mrs. Hartley is smoothing down the American in the pink.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Reflecting.*] They are in good hands. Go back, dear, and say that I will be at liberty directly.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

But, Helen [*laughing*], it would be a pity for me to disturb them.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Of course. Send a servant.

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Aside.*] Why does she linger in this shrubbery?
[*Goes off meditating.*]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Looking off,* R.] The enemy approaches. [*Enter* DEYNCOURT, *from* R.] Now for the tug of war. [*To* DEYNCOURT.] You arrive on the heels of your messenger, Lord Deyncourt.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Old Stiles? Yes, I met him at your gates. [*Offering hand.*] Have you no greeting for me?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Refusing to take his hand.*] I greet my guests. Not men who send servants in advance to demand interviews.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I do not understand your attitude towards me, Helen. It has become intolerable, and I am here today to have it explained. What have I done to offend you?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Have I said that I was offended?
[*Sits on bench,* L.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Not in words.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

How else, then?

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

By most persistent snubbing, at all times and in all places. And we have met rather often in the past year.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Was that my fault?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

That we have met? N-n-no. It has only happened so.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Aside.*] He evidently believes that. [*To* DEYNCOURT.] Well?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You and I used to be good friends.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

That was before you began to say unkind things behind my back.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Unkind things? I never said anything behind your back, but the truth.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

O, yes, you have.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

What things?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

You cannot deny that you have called me a flirt.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Isn't that truth?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I—amuse myself.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

At other people's expense.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Not always; the other people seem to enjoy themselves.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Up to a certain point, and then——

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Oh, if you are coming to that. Is it my fault that men find me attractive? I don't ask them to run after me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Not intentionally, perhaps.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Well, you have taken good care to warn your friends against me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I? I don't know what you mean.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Oh, yes, you do. [*Rising.*] Where is Mr. Mixter? Why did Captain Chatfield start so abruptly for Egypt, last year?

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

But they have come back. That is one reason I am here. To warn you.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

You have done your share of warning.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Do you know why they have returned?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I can guess.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Then I beg of you to be careful.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Why this sudden solicitude? I have managed my own affairs heretofore without assistance.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And at times have managed them very badly. For instance, why did you marry Castledown?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

For a title. That was what you said at the time.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I could see no other reason.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Sometimes, when a girl fails to win the man she cares for, she consoles herself by marrying the man she despises.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Starting.*] Then there *was* some one?

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

There usually is.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And now that you are free?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

He has become impossible.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And failing him?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

One man is as good as another. I shall probably marry [*looking intently at* DEYNCOURT] Mr. Mixter.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

That beastly little American? [*Aside.*] Not if I can help it.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Why not? Mr. Mixter may not be good form, it is true, but he is exceedingly amiable and very rich.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Helen, surely you will not throw yourself away a second time.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

If I choose. Who will prevent me?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

You? Take care, Richard Deyncourt. Don't lay yourself open to misconstruction. A man who flirts is despicable.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Good Lord, Helen, what are you driving at?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

How would she like to have you interfering in my affairs?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

She? Who?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

The woman you love.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Love? I? Good Heavens, what do you mean?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Oh, Dick, you are sly, but I have found you out.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Aside.*] She's found out more than I know myself.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Now go back to your lodgings, write to your bachelor friends, and get leave to approach the—lady.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

By Jove, they have betrayed me.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

No one has betrayed you. I have simply put two and two together. Women often do.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

But they don't always come to logical conclusions.

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I have in this case. And now [*going*] you will excuse me?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Alarmed.*] You are going?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I have an engagement.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I beg of you.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Don't beg of me, for I should refuse you.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Detaining her.*] You must listen to me. You are laboring under a mistake.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I shall be disengaged later.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Or engaged irrevocably.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Possibly. Captain Chatfield and Mr. Mixter are waiting at the house.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

The devil! And you have known it all along?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Of course. Good-bye.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

If you leave me now, Helen, like this, I swear I never will return.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Oh, yes, you will. Au revoir.

[*Exit* LADY CASTLEDOWN *to house laughing.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT

[*Sinks down on seat,* L.] Now, what does she mean? How does she know that I will return? [*Meditating.*] I am in love, am I? By Jove, old Stiles is right; I don't understand the women. [*Rises, walks about.*] So there was another man. Wonder who he could have been? Helen and I were great friends at the time she married, lived near each other, hunted together, in fact, were quite intimate. Queer I didn't know the fellow. He must have been a devilish fool to have let her marry old Castledown. Now there's Mixter. Somebody ought to prevent that. Don't see what the devil I can do. [*Enter* GERALD, R.]

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Slapping* DEYNCOURT *on the back.*] Hullo, old man.

LORD DEYNCOURT

Oh, it's you, Gerald? Glad to see you. When did you get back?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Now, this moment. I came directly through.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, were you in such a hurry to see Helen?

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GERALD HARTLEY.

Helen? Isn't Marjory here?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, I dare say.

GERALD HARTLEY.

What is the matter with you, man, you're not looking well.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

No-o? I believe I am a little knocked out. Going to the continent to recruit.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Oh, I see. By way of the Towers?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You are looking well, at all events.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Well, yes, I feel pretty fit. I suppose, Dick, you know that this is the twenty-first?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

The twenty-first?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Surely you haven't forgotten the date. Our year of probation is up, and nothing lies between Marjory and me.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You are very accurate in your dates.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I am in love.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

Look here, Hartley, I am afraid there may be a disappointment in store for you.

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Alarmed.*] What do you mean?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Well, I studied Marjory at the time you left her last year, and I don't—sorry to hurt your feelings, old man—but I don't really think that she cared.

GERALD HARTLEY.

I say, Dick, don't knock a man out like that before he's had his first innings. Now, Helen has led me to hope.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Helen?

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Looking at watch.*] Yes. She wired me to be in the shrubbery here at four-thirty. It is quite that now, so please get out, old fellow.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Nice way to treat your best friend, by Jove! I'll get out fast enough if the women are expected.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Oh, come, Dick, don't get waxy. You see when a man's in love ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, yes, when a man's in love. Good-bye.

[*Exit.*]

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GERALD HARTLEY.

What has come to old Dick? [*Slipping behind bush.*] I'll wait for Marjory here.

[*Enter* MARJORY, L.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

More roses. Helen is insatiable to-day.

[*Cuts flowers; starts when* GERALD *appears, but pretends not to be surprised and goes on cutting roses.*]

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Appearing.*] Miss Heathcote—Marjory.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

I beg pardon.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Miss Heathcote, surely you haven't forgotten me?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Mr. Hartley? Oh, how do you do? Are you staying in the neighborhood?

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Aside.*] Confound it. [*To* MARJORY.] Hardly. I was in San Francisco three weeks ago.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Indeed? Did you like California?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Like it? It was only a shade worse than Japan, or India, or ——

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

China? I remember you were going to look for something in that heathen country.

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Trying to take her hand.*] Marjory, will you let me explain? I have come back ——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Putting hands behind her.*] To arrange about the property?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Damn the property.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Laughing.*] You express my sentiments exactly. [*Gets behind bench.*]

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Going after her.*] Miss Heathcote, will you listen to me?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Coming round in front.*] Lady Helen is waiting for these roses. [*Starts up* C.; GERALD *follows her.*]

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Catching her.*] Stop; I will be heard.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

What have you got to say?
[*Looking at him and laughing.*]

GERALD HARTLEY.

[*Kissing her.*] Nothing.

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*Looking down.*] Why didn't you do that last year?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Because I was a fool.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

So Helen said.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Helen said I was a fool?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Yes, to join Cousin Richard's ridiculous society.

GERALD HARTLEY.

How did you know about that?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, we guessed. Men are so transparent.

GERALD HARTLEY.

What a wise little woman you have become. Then there is nothing for me to say?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

No, nothing more about bachelors.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Bachelors be hanged!

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Oh, no. What should we do for husbands?

GERALD HARTLEY.

Will you take this one for better or worse?

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

If he asks me?

GERALD HARTLEY.

But you said once ——

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Never mind what I said—once. I say now that you will get the estate after all.

GERALD HARTLEY.

Bother the estate. [*Kissing her.*]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Don't, Gerald, some one is coming.

GERALD HARTLEY.

By Jove it's Jane, and she's got Tommy Chatfield in tow. Where shall we go?

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

In here.

[*Exeunt into shrubbery up* C. *Sit on bench at back out of sight. Enter* LADY JANE *and* CHATFIELD, L.]

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Now, Captain Chatfield, explain yourself.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Explain myself? I couldn't, you know.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Look here, Tommy, I have always been your friend. Make a clean breast of it now, and I'll stand by you.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I don't know what you mean.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Yes, you do. First, tell me why you went to Egypt so suddenly last year?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Her Majesty's orders.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

But your regiment stayed here. You got exchanged.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Sometimes a fellow longs for active service.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Some fellows. Not your sort.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, I got more than I bargained for.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Was that why you came back?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, I say, Jane, I never was much at the Catechism.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

So much the worse for you. Will you tell me why you left Egypt?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Climate didn't agree with me. Sick leave.

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

You were a long time getting to England?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Ye-es. I came by way of Monte Carlo.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

How much do you owe?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Hang it, Jane, you do come to the point, don't you?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Are you going to tell me?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I wouldn't dare. It's a beastly sum.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I thought so.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Why should you think about it at all?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

That is what I am about to tell you.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

All right, drive on.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

You may be surprised.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I'm past that. Nothing will surprise me again.

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Oh, come, pull yourself together, Tommy. There's hope yet.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Not for me.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Are you so hard hit?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

In the pocket, yes.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I intend to pay your debts.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

The devil you do.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Why not? I have more money than I know what to do with.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

That may be, but, hang it, a gentleman can't accept money from a lady.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

A woman may loan money to a man. The question of sex doesn't enter into business relations.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

But I can't give you any security.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I'll take you.

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Oh, Lord!

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I told you I should surprise you.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

You've succeeded. It's so deuced sudden.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Don't answer yet. Take time to consider.

[*Walks away, and sits* L.]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Aside.*] By Jove! this is a facer. [*Walks up and down stage.*] Hits a man right between the eyes. What's the good of protective societies for the men, if the women take to proposing? Well, she's got the shekels and 'twill please the governor. He'd cut up rusty about those debts. [*Pause.*] There's absolutely nothing else for me to do. So here goes. I say, Jane.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Rising and coming back.*] Well?

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I'm afraid it's a deuced poor investment for you.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

I'll take the risk.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

I wonder why?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

That's my secret. Will you accept?

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CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

The money?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Yes.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

If you will accept me.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

That is settled then.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

[*Aside.*] Jove! she takes it cool. [*To* JANE.] I'm no end obliged, Jane, and seriously, I've no doubt you and I will pull uncommonly well in harness.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

If we don't, it won't be my fault.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

It's deuced good of you to take me in hand. I—I appreciate it. [*Taking her hand.*] I suppose I may —kiss you?

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

[*Withdrawing hand.*] Certainly not.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Customary thing.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

When I wish to be kissed, I will tell you.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Well, I'll be hanged.

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Now come and find Helen Castledown.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

If it's just the same to you, we will not drag Helen Castledown into our affairs.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Very well.

[*Exeunt into shrubbery,* R. *Enter* MIXTER *hurriedly, followed by* MRS. HARTLEY *from* L.]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*To himself; extreme* R.] The quicker I get back to America the better.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Extreme* L.; *to herself.*] Dear, dear me, why did Helen say in that dreadfully impressive manner, don't let the enemy escape? How can I keep hold of this extremely volatile man? He looks as if he might bolt at any moment.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Glancing back.*] Wonder what she's after. Must get out of her way. One woman is all I care to tackle on a day like this.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Sitting on bench,* L., *fanning herself.*] Mr. Mixter, don't you find England oppressive after America?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Very.

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MRS. HARTLEY.

If you would sit down, you wouldn't feel the heat so much.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Sitting down won't help my case. It isn't the climate that affects me.

MRS. HARTLEY.

O, excuse me, I ——

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Coming over.*] Look here, Mrs. Hartley, when a man has traveled three thousand miles on a matter of business, and finds that his time has been thrown away, he naturally would feel—the heat.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Perhaps it would cool you off to talk the matter over with a sympathetic friend.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so; I agree with you. But I have no sympathetic friend in England.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Aside.*] He seems more natural now. [*To* MIXTER.] How can you say that when I am here.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Sitting down.*] Really, Mrs. Hartley, it's very kind of you to take an interest in me.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Aside.*] Oh, Helen. [*To* MIXTER.] Not at all.

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Americans always attract me, and you seem a most interesting type.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] Type! I like that. [*To* MRS. HARTLEY.] Ever been in America?

MRS. HARTLEY.

No.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Like to go over?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Well, I don't know, it would be a great undertaking.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Afraid of being seasick?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, no, I rather like boats.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] That scores one in her favor.

MRS. HARTLEY.

I once went out on the Thames in a house-boat, and I found the motion very pleasant.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] Great Scott! [*To* MRS. HARTLEY.] You must be quite a sailor.

MRS. HARTLEY.

I felt so at the time.

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

Should be most happy to give you a real sail in my yacht. Got a new boat this year.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Indeed? Was the old one unsafe?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Laughing.*] Well, now that's funny. You see, Mrs. Hartley, while I was waiting for—in fact—for the opportunity to attend to that matter of business, I spent the time in building a cup-defender.

MRS. HARTLEY.

A what?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Cup-defender. Boat, you know, racer.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, a boat? Did you get it done?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, yes, and she's a clipper. Came over in her. Would you like to board her?

MRS. HARTLEY.

To what?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

To come aboard and try her.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, certainly. But, Mr. Mixter, you haven't told me what worried you.

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

Quite so. Well, I feel better now.

MRS. HARTLEY.

I thought you would, if you sat down.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

You see, Mrs. Hartley, I've been thinking of marrying for some time.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Uneasily.*] Yes?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I've looked for a craft all style and rigging heretofore.

MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Aside.*] How very peculiar he is.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

But now I've got on another tack. If I could find a good plain-rigged sloop, with a centre board, to keep her steady, I'd try to secure her at once.

MRS. HARTLEY.

I'm afraid I don't understand nautical terms.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

You'd soon learn.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Have you found what you want?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Well, I've got my eye on something.

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MRS. HARTLEY.

[*Aside.*] O dear, where can Helen be? I can't keep this enemy in check much longer. [*To* MIXTER.] I hope it—she will suit.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

I think she will do.

[*Enter* DEYNCOURT, R.]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Beg pardon.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Rising and walking towards* DEYNCOURT.] You're just the man I want, Lord Deyncourt. I feel like suing you for damages.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Me? What have I done?

[MRS. HARTLEY *fans herself and looks bored during this scene.*]

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Well, time is money over in America, and you've done me out of one year of my life.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I don't see how.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

By inveigling me into signing that confounded contract.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, then she has rejected you?

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WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, yes, she rejected me fast enough.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

But you weren't obliged to ask her; you needn't have come back.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

What, after I told her I should? We may not be polished as some, but a respectable American keeps his word. Not that she deserved it ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

What do you mean by that?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Well, she did encourage me last year, you see. However, I was fairly warned. I knew that she was a flirt, and ——

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Stop that, Mixter.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

What's up? I took your word for it, you know.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Last year is not this year, and who ever slanders Helen Castledown will have to settle with me.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] Another scalp for her belt. [*To* DEYNCOURT.] Sorry for you, Lord Deyncourt, if you're hit in that quarter, because it's no go.

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LORD DEYNCOURT.

I am not in need of advice.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

No? Well, I was only going to say that there's no chance for any of us, because there's another fellow.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Did she admit that to you?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

Oh, yes, old attachment, and all that. Hopeless, you know.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Any idea who the fellow is?

WILLIAM MIXTER.

No, but it isn't Chatfield. She made short work of him. [MRS. HARTLEY *rises and walks away*, L., *indignantly*.] Oh, I say, Mrs. Hartley, don't go.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hartley. [*Offers hand.*]

MRS. HARTLEY.

Well, Richard, have you concluded to speak to me at last?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I was preoccupied.

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, you are very excusable. I will find Helen; she seems to be the only person who is quite rational and self-possessed to-day.

[*Walking off meets* GERALD *and* MARJORY.]

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MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Mrs. Hartley.

GERALD HARTLEY.

My dear aunt —— [*Kisses her.*]

MRS. HARTLEY.

Gerald? Well, this is a surprise.

WILLIAM MIXTER.

[*Aside.*] It's evidently been plain sailing for him.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Well, old fellow!

GERALD HARTLEY.

I say, Dick, it's all right. She did care.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Glad for you, old chap. [*Shakes hands; to* MARJORY.] You are a nice little ward, Marjory [*kisses her*], but I am quite ready to make you over to Hartley.

[*Puts his arm about her, and then passes her over to* GERALD. *Enter* LADY JANE *and* CHATFIELD *from shrubbery,* R., *back.*]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

Hullo, Deyncourt. You've turned up just in time. If there are any blessings to spare, bestow a few upon us.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You and Jane?

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LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Are you surprised, Richard?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

No, oh, no, I'm past that.

LADY JANE AYLWARD.

Then say something.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I'm not much at making speeches, Jane.

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

You might give your consent.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Oh, you've got that fast enough. Not that it would matter to you, Jane. And you might do worse. Tommy is a good-natured chap, as men go and [*to* CHATFIELD] Jane's easy enough to live with, when you get used to her.

[*Enter* LADY CASTLEDOWN *from* L. DEYNCOURT R. C., GERALD *and* MARJORY R., CHATFIELD *and* LADY JANE L., MRS. HARTLEY *and* MIXTER *extreme* L.]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

How serious you all look. Has anything happened?

MRS. HARTLEY.

Oh, no, Helen, we are trying to keep cool.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

You will find it much more comfortable in the

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drawing-room, and tea is waiting. Mrs. Hartley, will you take Mr. Mixter inside?

[*Exeunt* MRS. HARTLEY *and* MIXTER, L.]

CAPT. THOMAS CHATFIELD.

It *is* deuced warm here.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Let Jane give you some tea, Captain Chatfield. You will find it quite refreshing.

[LADY JANE *crosses to* L., CHATFIELD *stands*, LADY JANE *passes, beckons, snaps fingers at him; he follows slowly; exeunt*, L.]

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

Shall I take Gerald in?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Yes, dear.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*To* GERALD.] Will you come?

GERALD HARTLEY.

To the end of the earth with you.

MARJORY HEATHCOTE.

[*To* LADY CASTLEDOWN.] Haven't we proved good allies?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Very. [*Exeunt* GERALD *and* MARJORY, L., GERALD'S *arm about her waist;* DEYNCOURT R., *and* LADY CASTLEDOWN L.] Well?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Are you satisfied?

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Not quite.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

What more do you want?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

That you should acknowledge your defeat.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

There is no need. We are beaten all along the line. This is my Waterloo.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Then surrender.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

To you?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Yes.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I did that long ago. I came back to tell you.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

At last?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I believe now, Helen, that I have loved you all my life.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And it has taken me one whole year to make you say so.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

You? Then you have tried?

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Most persistently.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Is there hope then?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Not the slightest.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Why have you taken so much trouble?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

To avenge the wrongs you have heaped upon our sex.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

I was only defending my own.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

And to laugh at you.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Then you are heartless.

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

I am heartless.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

And you will never change. It is no use to come back—next year?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

No.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Because of that other fellow ——

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LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Because of—him.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Then this is the end?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

Yes. Good-bye. [*Holds out her hand to him.*]

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Taking her hand.*] Good-bye, my dear.

[*About to kiss her hand then drops it and walks off slowly,* R.]

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

[*Watches him, starts, waits until he is disappearing then.*] Richard! [DEYNCOURT *pauses.*] Dick! [DEYNCOURT *turns.*] Have you never suspected?

LORD DEYNCOURT.

[*Returning.*] What?

LADY HELEN CASTLEDOWN.

That you—were the—other fellow.

LORD DEYNCOURT.

Helen! [*Opens his arms; embrace.*]

[*Orchestra plays strain of wedding march.*]

QUICK CURTAIN

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INTRODUCTION.

THIS entertainment is given by ten young ladies. A less number will do, but there should be at least seven to make it effective. The leader, sister Keziah, should be very tall; the others graduated down to sister Sophia at the end of the line, who is as tiny as possible. Sister Bethia and sister Maria may be found anywhere in line between the leader and Sophia. Sister Betsy stands next Sophia, sister Dorothy beside Keziah.

Costumes, plain dresses, black or in colors, as convenient. Large white aprons, white kerchiefs crossed on the breast, and very tall white peaked hats, all exactly alike. These hats can be made of white cardboard, should be two feet tall, with black bows on the front. Each sister carries an old-fashioned band-box; these also graduated from Keziah's, one of the largest size, down to Sophia's, a collar-box. Each sister has also a fan tied to her side, — Keziah's very tiny, Sophia's immense, — and a large pocket-handkerchief with a big letter *P* in one corner, in black or red. Sister Bethia wears blue glasses.

A plain stage or platform will serve, arranged with a row of seats at the front, graduated, like the sisters, from a high office stool to a small cricket. A curtain may be used if convenient. If not, the sisters enter before the audience, and retire at the close.

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THE PEAK SISTERS.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

CURTAIN rises and discovers the sisters standing in line at back of stage, shoulder to shoulder, and faces perfectly sober, each with her bandbox. On no account must any sister smile during the whole performance, except sister Sophia, who is supposed to be irrepressible. Pianist plays, "O dear! what can the matter be?" Sisters march in line to backs of seats, halt, half the number face to L. and follow Keziah, the other half to R. and follow Sophia, march around the seats until Keziah reaches one end and Sophia the other, halt in line before seats; all sit in time to music, with bandboxes on their laps. Every thing should be done throughout the entertainment with precision and in unison.

Sister Keziah, after a brief survey of the audience, rises, turns about, places bandbox on seat, comes forward and speaks, in a monotonous voice, with stiff gestures.

KEZIAH. *Ladies and gentlemen*: We are happy to meet you this evening. We have travelled night and day to accomplish that object, as we make it a point never to disappoint an audience. Our lives are devoted to the entertainment of our fellow-creatures; and at the summons of an enlightened community, like yours here, where true culture is appreciated, and gems of classic lore, scattered among you, find appropriate setting in minds intelligent —

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(*The sisters fan themselves in a moderate way.* SOPHIA *whisks out her fan, flutters it vigorously, and ejaculates in a piping voice, "O, my soul!"*)

KEZ. Sophia!

(SOPHIA *hides behind her fan.*)

KEZ. As I was saying before sister Sophia's interruption —

SOPHIA (*aside.*) She's got it all by heart.

KEZ. (*aside.*) Sophia, hold your tongue. — As I was saying, when summons come to us from audiences like this, we answer the call immediately, and let no obstacle intervene. From the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains, from the most seductive allurements of the capital of China —

SOPH. (*to audience*). Pek-in. See?

KEZ. (*casting a withering glance upon* SOPHIA). The Peak Sisters obey the call of duty, and hasten to furnish that entertainment which is so unique and so world-renowned. We hope you will give us a warm reception.

SOPH. We know what to do if you don't. (*Shakes her head at audience.*)

KEZ. Sophia, will you keep quiet? (*To audience.*) Perhaps I had better embrace this opportunity to apologize for Sophia's conduct. (SOPHIA *hides behind fan.*) She never has attained to that high plane of culture and propriety which we as a body have reached. (*Sisters fan themselves consciously, flirt handkerchiefs, simper, etc.*) Let her be a warning to those young girls who prefer the allurements of worldly joys to self-culture. Sophia never joined the Chautauqua Circle, she never attended the School of Philosophy at Concord, she never took examinations for Vassar or the Harvard Annex. She has flitted through life like a butterfly, and at times we feel absolutely ashamed of her. I engaged her for her fine soprano voice, and we hoped that constant association with *us* would improve her. So far it has not.

(SOPHIA *peeps over her fan, and giggles.*)

KEZ. Sophia, no unseemly levity. — To return to our subject. We hope for a *warm* reception; in case it is not awarded us,

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we have an antidote (*sisters all smack lips*) in our boxes. Ladies and gentlemen, we are happy to meet you; and, having made these brief remarks, we will proceed with our entertainment. Allow me to present to you the famous Peak Sisters.

(*Piano plays a series of chords, at which the sisters rise simultaneously, turn about, place boxes on seats, turn again to face audience, and bow. They should bow until the tops of the caps touch the floor, then facing* R. *and* L. *every other one bows at an angle toward the next, so that the tall caps cross each other towards the audience.*)

KEZ. Before giving you our first selection, which *is* a gem in its way, I feel that I should say a word concerning ourselves, collectively and individually. We, as a family, were reared in Alaska. When this enterprising country purchased that chilly region, our mother, a woman of great energy, but little culture, conceived the idea of taking her tender offspring away from the simple life of that primitive land, and of journeying through the States, giving these entertainments as we travelled. She spared no pains to educate us for this business. Poor soul! We sometimes blush, in this age of culture, to think of those exhibitions over which she presided, and which she insisted upon calling "shows." At last mother returned to Alaska, and her simple home-life, leaving *me*, her inexperienced but eldest daughter, in charge of these young and delicate girls.

(*Sisters simper behind fans.*)

SOPH. (*behind fan, to audience*). They are as *old* as the hills!

KEZ. We are not all *sisters*. Sophia (SOPHIA *jumps, and knocks her hat on one side*), of whom I have already spoken, we found in our travels, and took her with us. She was calling the folks to dinner, and her high soprano voice attracted our attention. It has a drawing power. — Sophia, set your cap straight, and make a bow! (SOPHIA *does as ordered.*) — Sister Bethia is a Boston girl. (BETHIA *bows.*) You shall hear from her later. Sister Betsy (*makes sign to* BETSY, *at same*

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time SOPHIA *and her other neighbor poke her with fans,* BETSY *bows*) — Sister Betsy has an affliction which one would think might disable her. Not at all. She performs her part with great precision and emphasis. Betsy is deaf and dumb. I need not particularize the others. Each speaks for herself. I will only refer to sister Dorothy. *She* has had a thorough musical education. As poor mother used to say, "She took vocal lessons in singin' at a preservatory;" and you will see the results. She has method and style, which perhaps the rest of us lack. However, we try to render our numbers with enthusiasm. We will now give our first selection.

Sister KEZIAH *gives signal to pianist, who plays the opening chord of the*

MUFFIN MAN.

KEZ. (*sings to Dorothy*).

Oh, do you know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man;
Oh, do you know the muffin man,
That lives in Drury Lane?

DOROTHY (*who has no voice at all, croaks*).

Oh, yes, I know the muffin man! etc.

BOTH (*sing*).

Two of us know the muffin man, etc.

DOR. (*to next*).

Do you know the muffin man?

NEXT (*replies*). Oh yes! etc.

THE THREE. Three of us know the muffin man, etc.

(*Continue to the end of the line, and all sing,* "*Ten of us know,*" *etc.* BETSY *sings with her lips, and makes no sound.* SOPHIA *bobs her head continually when she answers. At the end of song, sisters turn, take up boxes, turn again, and sit, in time to chords given by pianist. If applauded, rise, turn, deposit boxes, turn again, and bow, as at first, twice; turn, take up boxes, and sit.*

KEZ. (*speaks*). Our next selection is one of those tender cradle-songs which appeal to every mother's heart.

(*Gives signal to pianist. During prelude to song, sisters*

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place bandboxes in line before them on the floor, and form in line.)

SONG. — "*Rock-a-by, Baby.*"

(*All sing with appropriate gestures. At close of song, resume their seats.*)

KEZ. In my opening remarks, I referred to the lack of culture in one of our number. (*All sisters turn their eyes upon* SOPHIA, *who snickers.*) As a foil to Sophia, I engaged a sister from the seat of all culture, the modern Athens. I allude to Boston, Mass. Sister Bethia (*Sister* B. *coughs*) has proved herself an acquisition to our number. She will now give you a few lines descriptive of

THE IDEAL BOSTON GIRL.

BETHIA (*after bowing, recites*).

She thinks she has a mission
In the field of erudition,
And goes in for education with an energy intense.
She went through a female college,
And exhausted all its knowledge,
And nearly crazed the teachers by her mental vehemence.

In striving for more culture,
She is keener than a vulture,
And will never know contentment till she's conquered every fate,
And has grappled with the giants
In every field of science;
For the thornier the path she treads, the more it fascinates.

She believes in evolution,
And in every revolution
Which science has effected in the minds of those who think.
And though 'tis now above her,
There's a chance she may discover
That unrevealed connective tie that's called "the missing link."

In all matters literary
There was never yet a fairy
Who could put a girdle round the earth's great intellectual stores,
With such well-assured conviction,
As will brook no contradiction,
That to every secret chamber she has opened all the doors.

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She has moralized with Lowell,
And has "realized" with Howells,
And unlocked a fund of humor with Dr. Holmes's key.
And as she is no laggard,
She's caught on to Rider Haggard,
And devoured all the pages of the much entrancing "She."

She is up in Anglo-Saxon,
And can furnish all the facts on
Th' orthography so staggering, which reigned in Chaucer's time;
And can follow down the ages
Till she strikes the modern pages
That are lurid with the fervid light of Ella Wheeler's rhyme.

She is high in metaphysics,
And in that better physics
Which treats of blocks and pulleys and inertia and force;
And on the screw and lever
One would never — hardly ever —
Find a person who could give him a more practical discourse.

She can read both Greek and Latin,
French and German she is "pat in,"
While Spanish and Italian she has marshalled into line.
And with really more than man's grit,
She has conquered even Sanscrit;
And the Oriental languages made parts of her "combine."

Should she feel communicative,
She would talk to any native
In any part of Christendom in his own native tongue;
And could give him information
From the budding of creation,
Down to the very moment of the times as yet unsung.

She's the product of the century;
And if I thought to venture a
Remark about her usefulness in this enlightened year,
I should say, with all who knew her,
That I thought all praise was due her
For expanding and developing the bounds of "Woman's Sphere."

(*As* BETHIA *seats herself, all the sisters sigh in unison.*)

KEZ. The next chorus will need no introduction. It belongs to the "Early English" of the past centuries.

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(*Signals piano. Sisters rise.*)

KEZ. (*sings*). Who killed Cock Robin?
ALL. I, said the sparrow,
With my little arrow.
I killed Cock Robin!
KEZ. Who saw him die?
ALL. I, said the fly, etc.

(*At the close, all sit.*)

KEZ. (*speaks*). Possibly, friends, you have not expected instrumental music in this entertainment. And why should you? Knowing the difficulties which attend travelling with musical instruments, an intelligent audience would hardly expect the Peaks to overcome them. Friends, you do not yet understand the energy of these Peaks. We overcome *all* obstacles. To-night each sister is provided with a musical instrument whose dulcet tone will rival even the memory of those sweet strains from the famous violin of the great Ole Bull. With our usual foresight, we have chosen as an instrument an article that is serviceable in travelling, and saves using those provided at the hotels. It also insures our presenting a neat appearance before the public. (*All the sisters smooth their front hair.*) Sisters, produce your instruments!

(*Sisters kneel, open bandboxes, and take out large black combs which they proceed to cover with thin paper.*)

KEZ. (*while they are thus occupied*). Our musical selections are of the best. Wishing to present only classical music to our patrons, we have embraced every opportunity to listen to the Boston Symphony Orchestra under its famous leader Mr. Gericke, and here is the result.

KEZIAH *waves her fan as a baton, sisters rise, and, at signal, place combs to their lips, and play with great force and expression, noting crescendoes and diminuendoes,*

CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIRS.

(*At the close of this performance, the sisters put the combs back into the boxes, cover them up, and pile their boxes on top of*

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KEZIAH'S, *which has stood covered, as she conducts the others, and does not play. Sister* SOPHIA *gets flustered, can't reach the top, takes one of the stools, and mounts it, and makes much confusion.*)

KEZ. Sophia, Sophia, when *will* you learn decorum? In line, sisters, at once. I am ashamed of you. (*To audience.*) Our next number is a favorite song of ours. (*All sisters say,* "OH!" *silently.* SOPHIA *shouts,* "*O sister Keziah!*")

KEZIAH. I repeat, our favorite song, although Sophia absolutely refuses to join us, and stands there in silent protest while we render it. When we are through, she will insist upon singing the fragment of a song which she once heard, and which she says expresses her sentiments. We are obliged to let her have her way. I have heard that even Mapleson at times bows to the will of his first soprano. We will now proceed.

At signal from piano, sisters rise. During song, sister SOPHIA *makes silent protests, grotesque faces, etc. All sing,*

OLD MAID'S SONG.

There's fourscore and four of us, poor old maids,
There's fourscore and four of us, poor old maids,
There's fourscore and four of us.
What the dickens can be worse,
Without a penny in the purse?
Poor old maids!

Dressed in yellow, pink, and blue, poor old maids,
Dressed in yellow, pink, and blue, poor old maids.
Dressed in yellow, pink, and blue,
Nursing cats is all we do.
Poor old maids!

Now, if there's any in this room, poor old maids,
Now, if there's any in this room, poor old maids,
Now, if there's any in this room,
We hope they will be married soon,
And so enjoy life's honeymoon.
Poor old maids!

(*At the end of song, pianist immediately plays prelude to*

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SOPHIA'S *song. All the interludes made by the accompaniment the sisters sing, "tra-la-la," waving fans, and acting in pantomime.)*

SOPHIA (*sings*).

I'll have a nice piano,
  And won't I play and sing?
I'll have a thousand-dollar watch,
  A chain, and diamond ring.
I'll have a nice new dwelling
  Upon the avenue;
For I know a little fellow,
  And he's got the money, too.

Oh, don't I love my honey,
And h'aint he got the money!
  I'm as happy as a flower
That sips the falling dew;
  For I know a little fellow,
And he's got the money, too.

He takes me out a-riding
  Whenever he comes down;
He owns the nicest carriage
  And the fastest horse in town.
He tells me that he loves me.
  I listen. Wouldn't you?
For he is the nicest fellow,
  And he's got the money, too.

Oh, don't I love my honey, etc.

(*All sit and fan themselves.*)

KEZ. We have among our number a very practical sister; we found her on a farm in the western part of the State. She does not readily adopt the "osophies" and "ologies" which make life pleasant to the rest of us. I refer to sister Maria.

(MARIA *rises, and comes forward.*)

KEZ. She will give you *her* ideas on the tendency of the times in a brief sonnet. I am sorry to say that she and Bethia do *not* agree; and that she always, in a measure, flings these lines at our Boston girl.

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MARIA *bows, and recites,*

A RHYME OF THE TIME.

Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurky,
She didn't know chicken from turkey.
  High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
  And the reasons of things — why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why Shakspeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma;"
  And she went chipping rocks with a little black box,
And a small geological hammer.

She had views upon co-education,
And the principal needs of the nation;
  And her glasses were blue; and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
  And she painted on tiles in the sweetest of styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!

(*Sister* MARIA *seats herself.*)

KEZIAH. Our next selection is a bucolic, and needs no introduction.

Sisters rise. All sing,

SONG OF THE LITTLE PIG.

There was an old woman who had a little pig;
  Umph — umph — umph!
Didn't cost much, so 'twasn't very big.
  Umph — umph — umph!

This little pig did lots of harm;
  Umph — umph — umph!
Plaguy little thing, all about the farm.
  Umph — umph — umph!

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Little pig died for want of breath, etc.
Wasn't that an awful death, etc.

Old woman sobbed and moaned and sighed, etc.
Then she laid right down and died, etc.

Old man died on account of grief, etc.
Wasn't that a great relief? etc.

Here they all lie, the only three, etc.
Old man, old woman, and little piggee, etc.

Here they all lie upon the shelf, etc.
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself.
Umph — umph — umph!

(*Sisters seat themselves, and look at one another.*)

KEZ. Sisters, do you fancy a coldness and lack of enthusiasm here to-night? I think you are mistaken. We have never played before a more sympathetic audience, but (*turning to audience*) sympathy does not sustain the inner man. It is a cold night. In order to perform our arduous tasks, and bear the changes of this rigorous climate, we are sometimes obliged to have recourse to a slight stimulant which we carry with us in our boxes. (*All smack lips.*) I hope you do not object. We are very temperate people. To what society do we belong?

ALL (*shout in unison*). "Y. — W. — C. — T. — U!"

KEZ. That's right, — Young Women's Christian Temperance Union. Now get your boxes.

(*A great scramble for boxes ensues.* SOPHIA *upsets the pile, and confusion reigns. At last all are seated, and lift covers carefully. While the confusion lasts, pianist plays "Little Brown Jug."*)

KEZ. (*to audience*). If you will excuse us a moment, we will refresh ourselves.

(*Each sister produces an immense peppermint, and proceeds to devour it.* KEZIAH *takes a handkerchief from her box, upon which has been dropped a little oil of peppermint, flirts it about, and applies it to her nose.*)

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KEZ. Peppermints do *not* agree with me. I cannot eat them. However, as I have been through a course in the Boston Mind Cure with sister Bethia, this essence on my handkerchief will answer every purpose (*sniffs*). I am now refreshed with the *belief* that I have eaten a peppermint, and that it has agreed with me.

(*After eating peppermints,* KEZIAH *gives signal to piano sisters rise as at first, turn, place boxes on seats, turn again and bow twice.*)

KEZ. We hope you will enjoy this song, as our entertainment is drawing to a close.

SONG. — "*The Quilting Party.*"

(*If there is a good singer among the Peaks, she could here sing "When love is young," from "Erminie," all joining in "Tra-la-la." At the end of song, take up boxes, and sit.*)

KEZ. (*to audience*). We are very glad if you have enjoyed our entertainment. Whenever you wish to raise money again to paint the church, or to carpet the vestry, or to pay the minister, just send for us. We are always ready to come. Still there are times when we think of mother in the land of the Peaks, and almost wish that the United States had never purchased Alaska. We led a free and easy life there, — no cares and no culture. (*All sigh, and wipe their eyes with handkerchiefs.*) We will now sing mother's favorite air. (*Sisters rise at signal, holding boxes.*)

ALL (*sing*).

WAY DOWN UPON ALASKA RIVER.

(AIR: "*Old Folks at Home.*")

Way down upon the Alaska River,
  Far, far away,
There's where our hearts are turning ever,
  There's where the Peaks all stay.
There they ride on reindeer sledges,
  Wearing hats like these;
And there they coast along the edges,
  And do just what they please.

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Miles on miles from that far river,
Wanderers lone are we.
O mother, how our hearts turn ever,
Back to the Peaks' land and thee!

CURTAIN.

MUSIC.

The music used in this version of "The Peak Sisters" is almost too well known. For this reason, or for the far more unlikely one that the airs called for may be unfamiliar or unobtainable at the local music store, other tunes may be employed in place of those designated, to suit the taste or necessities of the performers. It is here intended merely to outline the entertainment; the coloring is left to those who get it up.

Most of the music called for may be obtained of the publishers of "The Peak Sisters," as follows:—

THE MUFFIN MAN. *Price, 30 cents.*

ROCK-A-BY, BABY. *Price, 40 cents.*

CLIMBING UP THE GOLDEN STAIRS. *Price, 40 cents.*

AND HE'S GOT HIS MONEY, TOO. *Price, 40 cents.*

QUILTING PARTY. *Students' Songs. Price, 50 cents.*

Of the other airs, some will be perfectly familiar to everyone, while others are so little likely to be known or to be found at the music stores, that they are printed on the following pages.

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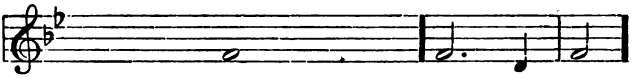
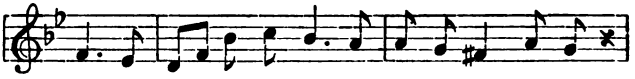
I KNOW A LITTLE FELLOW is published under the title of "And he's got his money, too," by G. S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio. The following airs are not easily accessible.

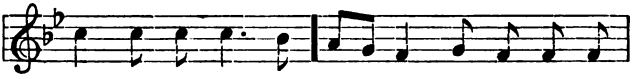
WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?



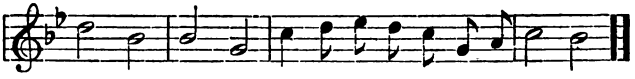
Who killed Cock Robin? I, said the sparrow, I killed Cock Robin, with a little bow and arrow,



And the birds in the air were sighing and sobbing,

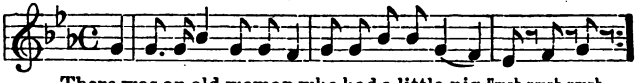


Mourn - ing the loss of poor Cock Rob - in, and they



all mourn, all mourn, join in the mourning for Cock Robin.

SONG OF THE LITTLE PIG.



There was an old woman who had a little pig, umph, umph, umph,

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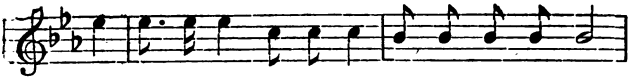
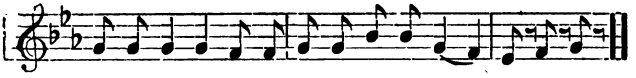
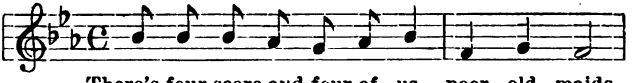


There was an old woman who had a lit - tle pig,

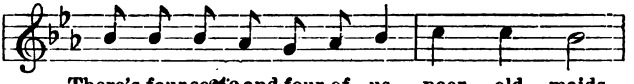


did'nt cost much 'cause he wasn't very big, Umph, umph, umph.

OLD MAIDS' SONG.



There's four score and four of us, poor old maids,



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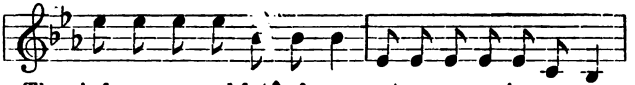
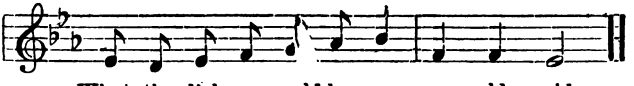


There's four score and four of us, not a penny in our purse,



What the dick-ens could be worse, poor old maids.

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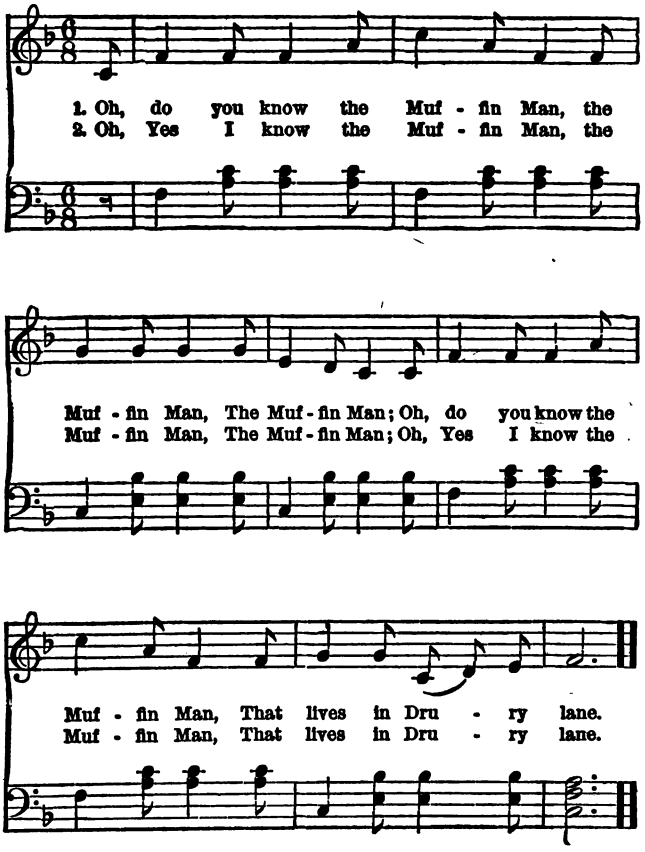
THE MUFFIN MAN.



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New Publications

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

A Comedy in Three Acts

By J. Hartley Manners

Eight males, four females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors, not difficult. Well suited for amateur performance. Plays a full evening. This admirable play, made popular for two seasons by Mr. J. E. Dodson's striking performance of its leading part, is offered for amateur performance at a royalty of ten dollars. All the parts are strong and exceptionally well contrasted. Of especial interest to Hebrew societies from its able and sympathetic presentment of a man of their race.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

The Cotswold Family	*The Jacobson Family*
SIR JOHN COTSWOLD, *baronet.*	SIR ISAAC JACOBSON, M. P.
MARGARET, *his wife.*	REBECCA, *his wife.*
ULRICA, *his daughter.*	ESTHER, *his daughter.*
CECIL, *his son.*	ADRIAN, *his son.*
VINING, *his servant.*	MAXIMILIAN, *his servant.*
CAPT. *the* HON. CLIVE TREVOR.	WALTER LEWIS, *musical agent.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

SCENE.—Morning room in Sir John Cotswold's house in the Cotswold Park Estate, Kensington, London.

ACT II

SCENE.—Drawing-room in Sir Isaac Jacobson's house. Next Door. The same afternoon.

ACT III

SCENE.—Same as Act I. Three days later.

MARRYING BELINDA

A Farce in One Act

By Grace Cooke Strong

Four males, four females. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. An easy and entertaining little play exactly suited for amateur acting in schools or elsewhere. Just the sort of thing half way between farce and comedy that is best liked. Well recommended.

Price, 15 cents

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New Plays

THE REBELLION OF MRS. BARCLAY

A Comedy of Domestic Life

In Two Acts

By May E. Countryman

Three male, six female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays one hour and three quarters. A clever and amusing comedy with a very popular cast; all the parts evenly good. There are many Mr. Barclays making their homes more or less uncomfortable all over this country, and Mrs. Barclay's method of curing her particular one will be sympathetically received. Good Irish comedy parts, male and female. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MORTON BARCLAY.
ROGER STUART, *a neighbor.*
DENNIS O'HARA.
ETHEL BARCLAY, *Morton's wife.*
RUTH CARTER, *Ethel's sister.*
MRS. BROWN, *Morton's sister.*
CORA, *her daughter.*
ELSIE STUART, *Roger's sister.*
MARY ANN O'CONNOR.

PA'S NEW HOUSEKEEPER

A Farce in One Act

By Charles S. Bird

Three male, two female characters. Modern costumes; scenery, a simple interior or none at all. Plays forty minutes. A roaring farce of the "Charley's Aunt" order, admirably suited for high-school performance. Jack Brown, visiting his chum, is tempted by his success in college theatricals to make up in the character of the new housekeeper, an attractive widow, who is expected but does not arrive. He takes in everybody and mixes things up generally. All the parts are first rate and the piece full of laughs and action. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A PRODIGAL SON

A Comedy in One Act

By Raymond M. Robinson

Two male, three female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A very original and amusing bit of fooling, easy to do and sure to please. The leading character is a tramp and full of opportunity. Well recommended.

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An Entertainment in Six Parts

By Willis N. Bugbee

For a large number of children of from six to twelve years of age. Offers a simple vaudeville show comprising an overture and six acts, each ten minutes long. Easy, bright and pretty. Strongly recommended.

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The Boston Tea-Party.
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New Plays

THE TWIG OF THORN

An Irish Fairy Play in Two Acts

By Marie Josephine Warren

Author of "The Elopement of Ellen," "Tommy's Wife," "Endymion," etc.

Six males, seven females. Costumes, Irish peasant; scene, an interior. Plays an hour and a half. A little play of strong dramatic interest and quite exceptional charm of style and imaginative power, ideally suited for school performance. A close and accurate study of Irish folk-lore in the manner of Yeats, closely rivaling him in truth of atmosphere and in poetic quality. Highly recommended both as drama and as literature.

Price, in cloth binding, 50 cents

THE SENTIMENTAL SARAHS

A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts

By Harold Hale

Author of "The Best Man," "A Tax on Bachelors," "The Blundering Mr. Brown," "The People's Money," etc.

Five males, five females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays one hour and forty minutes. A bright and amusing play with a very even cast of characters. Lots of incident and plenty of action. The leading parts are two sentimental old maids, but their adventures are merely funny and never mawkish. Professional stage rights reserved but free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

A ROW AT THE RUGGLES

A Comedy in One Act

By Harold Hale

Two males, five females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. A very vivacious and entertaining little piece telling a story of life during the honeymoon period, full of laughs and human interest. Easy, bright, up to date and generally to be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

UP AGAINST IT

A Farce in One Act

By Innis Gardner Osborn

Five males, three females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays twenty-five minutes. A rapid and laughable complication of the vaudeville order with a cast of very even opportunity. An admirable colored character part, a "tough" young man and a burlesque old maid; other parts straight. Easy and effective; can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

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New Plays

COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Author of "Our Wives," "A Regiment of Two," "Liberty Corners," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play of American country life well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for school performance. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JOSIAH DEAN, *an old farmer.*
MARTHA DEAN, *his wife.*
NATHANIEL DEAN, } *their children.*
PÓLLY DEAN, }
LORNA LANE, *a seamstress.*
OZIAS SCHUYLER, *the postmaster.*
PRUDENCE SCHUYLER, *his daughter.*
PETER PATCH, *the chore boy.*
HORATIO FINCH, *a country lawyer.*
ALVINA BERRY, *a neighbor.*
JAKE DIEMER, *the village barber.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Home of Josiah Dean. Summer.
ACT II.—The same. One year later.
ACT III.—The same. A month later.

THE ROSE AND THE RING

Adapted from Thackeray's Christmas Pantomime

By J. B. Greenough

Sixteen males, five females. Costumes, fantastic; scenery, one interior, two exteriors, all unimportant. Plays an hour and three-quarters. A wonderfully ingenious and effective stage version of this charming classic, ideally suited for school performance. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

COHEN'S DIVORCE

A Sketch in One Act

By G. M. Rosener

For two male characters, Hebrew and straight. Costumes, eccentric; any scenery will answer. Plays twenty minutes. Good character talk and very funny business; can be made very effective.

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LEAVE IT TO POLLY

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eleven female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays an hour and a half. Miss Priscilla Kitten, the principal, has to leave her school Hallowe'en night, having forbidden any Hallowe'en celebrations. The irrepressible Polly not only manages to evade this prohibition, but is even assisted in her revolt by the principal's sister, who is taken for another expected visitor, and who finally saves the situation. Very lively and amusing, and strongly recommended. Irish comedy part.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MISS PRISCILLA KITTEN, *principal.*
MISS BEDELIA KITTEN, *her sister.*
MISS OCTAVIA HARDING, *instructor.*
ANNIE, *the maid.*
MARION ESTERBROOK
HILDA MASON
LILLIAN MARTIN
INA SINCLAIR
VIVIAN WINTHROP
MARY ANN MEREDITH ("POLLY")
THE BURGLAR.

} *Juniors. Should be played by girls about fourteen or fifteen years old.*

RING-AROUND-A-ROSIE

A Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Two males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays forty-five minutes. Joe Phipps loses a lot of money on a horse named Katrina to Smith, the uncle of his fiancée, and in trying to get out of this scrape runs into a perfect cloud of Smiths and Katrinas, is thrown over by his lady love, and generally tangled up. His brother's wife finally straightens things out. Bright, laughable and of good tone. Can be recommended.

Price, 15 cents

PETER

A Farce in One Act

By Harry Osborne

One male, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Jenny captures a burglar in her house and finds that he has only come to steal her aunt's Angora cat that she hates. She is on the point of setting him free with the cat in a basket when her aunt appears. The burglar introduces himself as a cat fancier which so wins aunty that she sends her niece to get Peter, her Angora, to show him. While she is gone the burglar sells the aunt her own cat. A rapid bit of nonsense full of laughs and movement.

Price, 15 cents

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New Plays for Female Characters

LUCIA'S LOVER

A Farce in Three Acts

By Bertha Currier Porter

Eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and graceful piece, light in character, but sympathetic and amusing. Six contrasted types of girls at boarding-school are shown in a novel story. Lots of fun, but very refined. Easy to produce and can be strongly recommended.

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A GIRL IN A THOUSAND

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; scenes, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Very strong and sympathetic and of varied interest. Irish comedy; strong "witch" character; two very lively "kids"; all the parts good. Effective, easy to produce, and can be strongly recommended to young people as thoroughly wholesome in tone as well as amusing.

Price, 25 cents

A VIRGINIA HEROINE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Susie G. McGlone

Eleven female characters. Scenery, easy; costumes, modern. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Irish and negro comedy parts, and two character parts; most of the characters young. A very easy and interesting play for girls, well suited for school performance. Romantic interest with lots of comedy.

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HOW THE STORY GREW

An Entertainment for Women's Clubs, in One Act

By O. W. Gleason

Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant; may be given on a platform without any. Plays forty-five minutes. A very easy and amusing little piece, full of human nature and hitting off a well-known peculiarity of almost any community. Written for middle-aged women, and a sure hit with the audience.

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Novelties

SCENES IN A RESTAURANT

An Entertainment in One Act

By Jessie A. Kelley

Author of "Our Church Fair," "The Village Post-Office," "Miss Prim's Kindergarten," etc.

Fifteen males, ten females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays one hour. A humorous presentation of what happens every day in the average restaurant, hitting everybody right where they live. Sure to be popular. All parts good; lots of incident and chances for local hits. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

Mr. Jones, *head waiter.*
Jennie } *waitresses.*
Mary }
Mr. Rice, *a mean man.*
Mr. Foss, *who has a plan.*
Mrs. Brett.
Mrs. Dacey.
Mrs. Slack, *deaf, middle-aged, and stout.*
Miss Drew.
Mr. Rich } *actors.*
Mr. Jackson }
Reuben Grass, *from the country.*
Mandy Clover, *his best girl.*
Mrs. Smiley, *an indulgent mother.*
Maud, *her daughter; a spoiled child.*
Beggar.
Mr. Delaney } *drummers.*
Mr. Hazelton }
Mr. Hall, *a health crank.*
James, *his servant.*
Mr. Monroe, *a chronic kicker.*
Hiram Greenback, *from way back.*
Mary Ann, *his wife.*
Mr. Casey } *right from Ireland.*
Mr. Mahoney }

FUN IN A THEATRICAL OFFICE

A Vaudeville Entertainment

By Maravene Kennedy Thompson

Seven males, sixteen females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays a full evening. A complete vaudeville entertainment in itself or can be used as the frame for other specialties; a "go-as-you-please" show, very elastic and adaptable to all places and circumstances. A big hit in its original performance. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

Luke Loud, *a theatrical agent.*
Bat, *his office boy.*
Clara Vere De Vere, *his stenographer.*
Orchestra Carr, *his pianist.*

VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS

Gentlemen

Pietro De Bianaco.
George Washington Lincoln.
Jan Getupangitski.
Reuben Haskins.

Ladies

Mrs. Susan Suffreno Riser.
Mrs. Trailing Arbutus Flower, *and her thirteen children.*
Miss Anise Elderbloom.
Frisky Dewdrop.
Fluffy Flutter.
Madame Sylva.
Mrs. Bridget Casey.
Mrs. Rulethe Roost.
Two ladies *for sketch introduced.*
Mme. Carmencita.
"Peach" Ott.
Ruby Ott.
Goldie } *the Coquette Sisters.*
Birdie }
Queenie }

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New Plays

THE GOVERNMENT DETECTIVE

A Play in Four Acts

By Bernard Francis Moore

Author of "Belle the Typewriter Girl," "Brother Against Brother," "The Moonshiner's Daughter," etc.

Eight males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interior. Plays two hours. A highly spiced melodrama suitable for performance by young folks or by their elders who like plenty of excitement. Easy and thrilling, like all the plays by this author.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN WILBUR FOSTER, *a government detective; under the assumed name of Paul Gray, a retired banker.*
JOHN ARNOLD, *the captain of a secret band of criminals.*
MARTIN JACKSON, *a wealthy young man.*
ALEXANDER ADAMS, *warden of the Jefferson Prison.*
NICK MORTON, *Foster's assistant.*
JAMES ARMSTRONG, *a retired capitalist.*
EDWIN RAY, *his nephew.*
PETER, *a clerk at the prison.*
MRS. LAURA MARSTON, *a young widow and John's sister.*
CLARA ARMSTRONG, *James' daughter and heiress.*
EFFIE JACKSON, *Martin's sister.*
MARY, *a servant.*

A PECK OF TROUBLE

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Five females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. A capital little play for young girls in or out of school; clean, bright and easy to get up.

Price, 15 cents

MUCH TOO SUDDEN

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. Mrs. Alston is a fond mother who cannot see that her daughters have grown up until they and all the rest of the world are aware of it. Her awakening is very funny. Clean and bright. Recommended for schools.

Price, 15 cents

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TAKING THE CENSUS IN BINGVILLE

An Entertainment in One Act by Jessie A. Kelley. Fourteen males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays an hour and a half. One of the always popular go-as-you-please entertainments; just a lot of laughs strung on a very slender wire of story. Full of eccentric character bits and chances for local hits. A sure success for the laughter-loving. Recommended for church societies or intimate communities. *Price, 25 cents*

MISS PRIM'S KINDERGARTEN

An Entertainment in One Scene by Jessie A. Kelley. Ten males, eleven females. No scenery or curtain needed; costumes introduce grown people dressed as children. Plays an hour and a half. Full of laughs and a sure hit with the audience. All the parts very easy except the Teacher's, and as it is possible for her to use a book, the entertainment can be got up with exceptional ease and quickness. Can be recommended. *Price, 25 cents*

THE PACKING OF THE HOME MISSIONARY BARREL

An Entertainment in One Scene by Mrs. Henry A. Hallock. Ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays thirty minutes. One of those little satires of feminine ways that are so popular even with the ladies; very shrewd and effective, but perfectly good-natured. An assured success and very easy to get up. Strongly recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

A MODERN SEWING SOCIETY

An Entertainment in One Scene by O. W. Gleason. Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; no scenery required. May be easily presented on a bare platform. Plays forty-five minutes. A humorous picture of this much-abused institution, briskly and vivaciously written and full of "points." Its characters offer a wide variety of opportunity for local hits, and satire of local characters and institutions. *Price, 15 cents*

HOW THE CLUB WAS FORMED

An Entertainment in Three Scenes by Mrs. O. W. Gleason. Eighteen females. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant. Plays one and a half hours. A humorous skit on the Woman's Club suited for performance by either young or middle-aged women. Full of points and chances for local hits and thus a sure laugh-maker. Parts well distributed; can be recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

SCENES IN THE UNION DEPOT

A Humorous Entertainment in One Scene by Laura M. Parsons. Twenty-four males, eighteen females and eight children, but can be played by less if desired. Scenery, unimportant; costumes, modern. Full of humorous points and chances to introduce local hits. Plays from an hour up, according to specialties introduced. *Price, 25 cents*

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New Entertainments

OUR CHURCH FAIR

A Farcical Entertainment in Two Acts

By Jessie A. Kelley

Twelve females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays an hour and a quarter. A humorous picture of the planning of the annual church fair by the ladies of the sewing circle. Full of local hits and general human nature, and a sure laugh-producer in any community. Can be recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. ROBERTS, *who wants to be president.*
MRS. HENRY, *young, giddy, fond of novels.*
MRS. JACKSON, *the president of the society.*
MRS. BRETT, *on the dinner committee.*
MRS. LEWIS, *the minister's wife.*
MRS. LAWSON, *plump.*
MRS. BROWN, *anxious to get new church attendants.*
MRS. ADDISON, *very inquisitive.*
MRS. RIDGELY, *sensitive.*
MRS. OTIS, *on the dinner committee.*
MRS. THOMPSON, *decidedly close.*
MRS. DREW, *just married.*

THE RIVAL CHOIRS

An Entertainment in One Scene

By Sherman F. Johnson

Seven males, four females. Costumes eccentric; scenery unimportant. Plays one hour. A novelty in musical entertainments, introducing the old choir and the new in competition. A novel setting for a concert, offering an interesting contrast between the old music and the new. Lots of incidental fun, character and human nature. Sure to please. Originally produced in Meriden, Conn.

Price, 25 cents

A THIEF IN THE HOUSE

A Comedy in One Act

By R. M. Robinson

Six males, one playing a female character (colored). Costumes modern; scenery, an interior. Plays forty-five minutes. A first-class play for male characters only, of strong dramatic interest with plenty of comedy. A play that can be recommended, in spite of its lack of female characters, to any audience.

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New Plays

THE SAWDUST QUEEN

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Dana J. Stevens

Author of "Plain People," "Old Acre Folk," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. A play of circus life, very picturesque and effective and not difficult to get up. Unusually rich in character parts and comedy. Soubrette lead; ladies' parts especially strong. Can be recommended. Free for amateur performance. *Price, 25 cents.*

CHARACTERS

DEACON MATTHEW STERLING.
NED STERLING, *his son.*
MISS PRUDENCE PRUE,
MISS PATRICIA PROSSITT, } *three maiden ladies, his cousins.*
MISS PATIENCE PROUTY,
MR. SILAS HANKUM, *his solicitor.*
ADANIRUM GEORGE WASHINGTON HOBBES, *proprietor of "The Great Forever Circus."*
TONEY O'HARA, *an old clown.*
THE HERR PROFESSOR, *acrobat and flying trapèze man.*
HULDA SCHWARTZ, *strong lady and snake charmer.*
STARLIGHT, *the sawdust queen.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Inside the dressing tent of "The Great Forever Circus."

ACT II.—Three days later. The living room in the Sterling homestead.

ACT III.—Several days later. Inside the dressing tent again.

THE SUMMERVILLE BAZAR

An Entertainment in One Act

By Frank Towslee

Twenty-one males, thirty-one females are called for, but this number can be greatly reduced by "doubling" or by curtailing the length of the entertainment. No scenery required; costumes, modern. Plays about an hour with specialties introduced when called for. This is a humorous picture of a church sale, depending upon its characters and incidents, which are home thrusts in almost any community, for its success. It ends with a sale by auction which may be made a real one, if desired, to actually end up a fair. This entertainment will serve as an admirable frame for a vaudeville entertainment, being designed to introduce songs, dances or recitations at intervals in its action, but may be played wholly without them, as a straight entertainment, if it is preferred. *Price, 25 cents.*

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Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males. five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene. a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

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Prof. Baxter's Great Invention

BY

MARY B. HORNE

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A NEW PLAY FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS.

A Companion to "REBECCA'S TRIUMPH."

ANITA'S TRIAL;

Or, Our Girls in Camp.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY, author of "A Rice Pudding," "That Patrick," "Young Mr. Pritchard," etc.

Price, - - - - - - - - 25 cents.

This is a bright and sparkling comedy in three acts, for eleven female characters. Its story is entertaining, and its dialogue distinguished by this author's delicate humorous touch. One scene only is necessary for the three acts — a camp in the woods, easily arranged. The dresses are simple and picturesque camping costumes. The enormous success of "Rebecca's Triumph" has created a demand for this sort of piece, to meet which we confidently present "ANITA'S TRIAL," in which is solved, with no less success than in its predecessor, the difficult problem of constructing a play of strong human interest without the assistance of male characters.

THE CHRONOTHANATOLETRON;

OR, OLD TIMES MADE NEW.

An entertainment in one act for sixteen girls, written for the Class Day Exercises at Dana Hall School, Wellesley, Mass., by two members of the Class of '87 and first performed before members of the school and their friends, June 18, 1887, and later at Ellsworth, Maine, April 6, 1888.

Price, - - - - - - - - 25 cents.

THE PEAK SISTERS.

A humorous entertainment for young ladies. Arranged by MARY B. HORNE. Any number of ladies may take part, but seven only are necessary. No scenery; costumes very simple. This laughable trifle meets with invariable success wherever performed.

Price, - - - - - - - - 15 cents.

THE BOOK OF DRILLS.

PART I.

A group of entertainments for female characters for stage or floor performance, by MARY B. HORNE, the author of "The Peak Sisters," etc.

Price, - - - - - - - - 30 cents.

WALTER H. BAKER & CO., Publishers, 23 Winter St., Boston.

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GREAT INVENTION

AN UNCLASSIFIED ENTERTAINMENT
IN ONE ACT

BY MARY B. HORNE.

AUTHOR OF "THE PEAK SISTERS," "THE CARNIVAL OF DAYS,"
"THE BOOK OF DRILLS," ETC.

ORIGINALLY PERFORMED AT UNITARIAN BUILDING,
WATERTOWN, MASS., DEC. 26, 1890

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CHARACTERS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BAXTER . . . . . *Inventor.*
PETER CRAWFORD . . . . *Aged seventy-two, deaf and infirm.*
SAMUEL WOOLLEY . . . *Aged seventy, sprightly for his years.*
ROXANNA TUCKER . . . . . *Aged seventy-one, and dignified.*
DOROTHY TUCKER . . . . . *Aged sixty-eight, and frivolous.*
MARY ANN O'FLYNN . . . . *Uncertain age, servant to Baxter.*

COSTUMES.

BAXTER. Generally seedy appearance, but respectable. Excessively lean, with gray hair and beard.

CRAWFORD. Bald-headed and neat, but eccentric in clothes and manner; carries an ear-trumpet. After experiment, a boy's wig of frowsy hair, short trowsers and jacket, with a good supply of buttons. His ear-trumpet becomes a boy's tin horn.

WOOLLEY. Very elegant, elderly dude, eye-glasses, etc. After experiment, modern tennis costume.

ROXANNA TUCKER. Exceedingly strong minded and eccentric in clothes and manner. Gray curls. Bonnet and cape of ancient pattern.

DOROTHY TUCKER. A simple old lady with gray puffs, dressed in drab, bonnet, shawl and mantilla of same. After experiment, a girl of the period in tennis dress — gay colors.

MARY ANN. Rather slovenly, a typical stage servant, frowsy light hair in loose knot. After experiment, shorter dress, hair hanging loose, a regular hoyden in appearance.

NOTE. — The great invention is arranged at the back of the stage. It can easily be made by constructing a slight frame-work on which two curtains may be hung, with a space of about thre feet between. This space should be divided into four compart ments, each large enough to contain a chair. The curtains an partitions are made of dark cambric. The back curtain shoul have openings through which any cosmetics or other appliance may be handed to effect the transformations. The front curtai draws apart from the centre. At the right is a board about a foo wide or more, which can form one of the supports of the frame, cov ered with cambric. About three feet from the floor are four porce lain or glass knobs arranged so that they can be pulled out o pushed in. Overhead is a system of trolley wires, etc., no matter how ridiculous, with a rope at the left to be manipulated by Dr. Baxter. A clicking noise must be made when the current is turned on from the cellar, and kept up until it is turned off. A whirring, buzzing noise, made by rubbing a stiff brush over some rough surface, must be heard from the time the knobs are pulled out until they are pushed in, continuing faintly a few moments longer. The office should contain all sorts of things connected with electricity, and present a generally uncared-for appearance.

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PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION.

SCENE. — *Office at Dr. Baxter's house. Waiting rooms on* L.; *two doors. Street entrance* R. B.; *window* R. F. *The great invention behind curtains* B. *Door* L. B. *Folded screen, right of invention. Chair* R. F. *A few other chairs, a table, and a clock on mantel. Everything disorderly. Curtain rises on* MARY ANN, *holding large placard in her hand. Broom, dustpan, brush and duster lying about.*

MARY ANN. Sure thin, this looks well, an' I shpose it reads the same. Bad luck to the poor craters that's plased wid the foine sound of it an' thries yonder masheen. (*Turns placard towards audience.*) I'll place it in the front windy as the docther ordered, an' lave the rest to the good jidgment o' the passers by. (*Hangs placard in the window with the inscription towards the stage.*)

B. F. BAXTER'S
GREAT INVENTION.
YOUTH RESTORED BY ELECTRICITY.
Office Hours, 11 to 3. CALL.

There! Now I'll dust! (*Proceeds to dust chairs, talking all the time.*) Indade, an' it's a quare place I tuk this toime, an' I dunno what kapes me in it unless it's the dread that the evil spirits will carry off the masther if I laves him to his devices. Sure, last night his head niver touched the pilly, he was that ingaged in complatin' his diskiveries, an' no morsel passed his lips. Faith he's that thin and wasted in his body with inventin' that he looks near like the skilliton in the museum, and he's that disthracted in his moind, he don't hear wan word that's said to him, not if wan talks stiddy by the

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hour. I knaws, for I've thried it. There, sure, I've dusted clane, now I'll brush up a bit an' git ready for the — the — pashints. That's what masther calls 'em. Sure wictims is the betther word an' they'll think the same, poor craters, when they come out of yon conthrivance. I've been in it mesilf, an' that's what I'm maning by the quareness o' my sittiwation. Sure (*leaning on her broom*) when next I looks for a place, I asks the question asy like but firm, are yez in anny way extraordinary? Do yez invint or do yez write books or paint picters or do anny of them uncommon things, because I've lived with janiuses an' I don't like it. I was oncet wid a dintist, one o' the rale, high-class kind. Faith, he had me teeth in an' out o' me mout' till I don't know to this day which is me own an' which ones he planted in me head to thry would they take root. Sure an' they did, too, but it was that painful I give a wake's notice, an' thin I come to Masther Baxter. Dade an' he looked harmless enough. I niver apprehended that he'd be experimentin' —

BAXTER (*calling faintly*). Mary Ann.

MARY ANN (*at door*, L. B.). Sure, sir, did ye call?

BAXTER (*faintly; only intelligible word*). Breakfast?

MARY ANN. Now look at that! Brickfust at this toime o' day! Tin minutes to eleven, an' it a dryin' in the oven four hours by the clock! That's him! (*Exit*, L. B.; *faint knock*, R. *Door opens a little way, closes, opens again. Enter* DOROTHY TUCKER *timidly.*)

DOROTHY. This must be the place. The number is right for I set it down on my tablets. Besides I couldn't forget it. No. 240 Franklin Street, I know I thought two-forty sounded rather fast, but Franklin Street coming after was so respectable! Now I've got here there's no sign, or anything! O dear, I hope it's proper and I shant get into any scrape or anything. What would Roxanna say? May be that advertisement is a blind and they lure people in here to rob and murder! Oh, there is a notice in the window, I'll put on my near-sighted glasses and read it. (*Adjusts spectacles and reads placard aloud.*) It is all right! I'll wait till some one comes. (*Walks about.*) I shall never dare to sit down, I'm so afraid of electricity. It seems to me I feel a queer sensation already, prickly and — Oh! (*Enter* MARY ANN, L. B.; *picks up the dustpan, broom, etc.*)

DOR. Is — Dr. Baxter in?

MARY ANN. He is, mum.

DOR. Can I see him?

MARY ANN. Ye can, mum.

DOR. How soon?

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MARY ANN. When he's finished his brickfust.

DOR. Oh, I'm sorry I came so early. I thought his office hours were — (*glances at card*).

MARY ANN. Eliven — ye're right, mum.

DOR. Is the rest of it right?

MARY ANN. About the invintion? It is.

DOR. How do you know?

MARY ANN. I've thried it.

DOR. Oh, have you, indeed, and can you tell me about it? Because you see I may try it myself.

MARY ANN (*aside*). I'll shpake a word for the masther, poor soul, he nades it. (*To* DOROTHY.) Look at me now! Am I ould or am I young?

DOR. Well, I — er — er — I — couldn't say!

MARY ANN. Look at that now, an' me jist twinty-four. Now ye wouldn't think it, but whin I took service wid Docther Baxter a couple o' weeks since, I was gittin' quite ould like — say farty-five — an' wan day the Docther says kind o' timid like, "Mary Ann, would ye like to be young again?" Faith, an' I was angry wid him at first thinkin' he was pokin' fun at me; but whin he talked so sinsible about the sciences an' electricity bein' the light o' the world an' the fountain o' youth an' all that, I got over me anger an' felt it me juty to help the poor man in his diskiveries, so I got into yonder com-partment to plaze him an' he set the methers agoin' —

DOR. Motor, you mean, don't you?

MARY ANN. Well, mether or mother, whativer it was, he set it a buzzin' an' in no time I comes out a bloomin' young girl an' that giddy, I kicked up me heels an' danced an' Irish jig right foreninst the masther.

DOR. You did?

MARY ANN (*seriously*). I did that, an' thin I fell to wapin', for indade, mum, I was too young intirely, with such a dale before me in the way o' work an' swate-hearts, I felt discouraged at the outlook. Masther jist looked on, an' says, "Wonderful! Wonderful! My invention is a success? Why do you cry?" An' says I, "Oh, sir, I wanted to be twinty-four!"

DOR. Twenty-four?

MARY ANN. Yis, mum, twinty-four. That's a convanient age, an' whin a rispictable girl arrives there she'd betther remain at that age till she marries.

DOR. Oh, and what did Dr. Baxter say?

MARY ANN. Nothin' mum. 'Tis not his way. But he sits down an' studies like for a space, an' me a cuttin' up scandalous betune times. I let the fire go out, I broke siven-

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teen dishes, I shpilled the soup an' I drove the poor man distracted. Thin he rouses up a bit an' he says, "Mary Ann, I will try to reverse the process." Sure thin he puts me in agin, an' he turns me out the fine figger that ye see before ye.

DOR. How wonderful!

MARY ANN. Indade an' yer right, mum. Didn't the Cinsus man call wan day since, an' he says, "How old are ye?" "An' will I tell ye that?" says I. "No need," says he. "Why not?" says I. "Anny one could guess yer age," says he. "What is it?" says I. "Twinty-four," says he. Look at that now!

DOR. Mary Ann, it is truly wonderful. Were you afraid? Was it very painful?

MARY ANN. Painful? Well, I'll not say that it was. Faith I was that confused in me moind I couldn't tell rightly was it pain or pleasure, until I was well out of it, an' thin I felt jist illigint.

DOR. (*seizing* MARY ANN *by the arm*). Oh, I am so excited. Now, Mary Ann, just listen while I tell you what I have done. I have run away.

MARY ANN. Ye don't say so. Sure thin ye waited a bit before ye did it.

DOR. No, I didn't. I saw Dr. Baxter's notice in last night's paper, and I laid awake planning it, and here I am. You see I've got a sister who is so dignified and proper. She never lets me do anything.

MARY ANN. Look at that now, an' you so well along too.

DOR. Well, you see I've always been a giddy, frolicsome creature (MARY ANN *giggles*), and sister Roxanna has had to bring me up, and I don't doubt I have been a great trial to her. When I was quite young I had two lovers. Did you ever have a lover, Mary Ann?

MARY ANN. Indade, mum, do ye ax that an' me jist turned twinty-four?

DOR. Well, I didn't marry either of them. Roxanna wouldn't let me have one, and I didn't want the other, and so they went away quite broken-hearted and — and married somebody else.

MARY ANN. They mostly always do.

DOR. I've never seen either of them since, and now they are both widowers and have come back, and — widowers always like young girls, and — and so — I thought — I —

MARY ANN. I see, mum. Ye thought ye'd thry yon masheen an' then go for thim widdy-men. (*A knock, door* R.)

DOR. Sh — sh! Don't lisp it! I only came to inquire, and I don't want any one to know. Where can I go?

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MARY ANN (*indicating 1st door* L). Shtep this way, mum.

DOR. (*at door*). Is it perfectly safe? Is there any one in there? Are there any electric wires or anything? I'm all of a tremble. (*Another knock.*)

MARY ANN. Sure it's only the waiting-room, where ye prepares for the sacrifice. (*Another knock.*) If ye don't shtep lively we'll have pashient No. 2 here foreninst ye.

DOR. (*stepping in*). Oh, I wouldn't be caught for anything. Besides it may be Roxanna. (*Exit* L.)

MARY ANN. Now for number two. (MARY ANN *crosses to door* R.)

DOR. (*popping out her head*). You didn't tell me what I was to do!

MARY ANN. Sure ye take off yer — (*Enter* SAMUEL WOOLLEY. DOROTHY *shrieks and slams door.*)

WOOLLEY. Dr. Baxter in?

MARY ANN. He is.

WOOL. Is he engaged?

MARY ANN. He is, sor.

WOOL. Is — is he experimenting at present?

MARY ANN. He is. (*Aside.*) Wid his brickfust.

WOOL. I — I thought I heard a feminine shriek.

MARY ANN. Ye did, sor. 'Twas wan o' the pashints.

WOOL. Indeed! (*Shudders.*) Dr. Baxter's treatment must be heroic. Perhaps I — I had better call again. I —

MARY ANN. Sure, sor, there's no call to mind the female, she's harmless.

WOOL. Mind the female! It isn't that, it's the electricity I mind. I'm very fond of females. (*Putting up eyeglass.*) Indeed you are a fine figure of a girl yourself.

MARY ANN. I am that.

WOOL. (*turning himself about and walking off a few paces*). My good girl, do you find me at all attractive? In any way fascinating?

MARY ANN. Indade, thin, I can't say as I do. Ye're past the age that's takin' wid young girls.

WOOL. That's — that's just it, and Dr. Baxter pretends that — that he can restore youth?

MARY ANN. Sure, there's no pretindin' about it. 'Tis the livin' truth he tells.

WOOL. Indeed! But I — I am very fearful of the process. I — I really am not so — so old as I look. My faculties are — are all unimpaired. I — I can sing; I can dance. I suppose you wouldn't care to have me sing to you.

MARY ANN. Wouldn't I though. Thry it.

WOOL. I will sing you a song I used to sing many years ago! (*Sings in cracked voice.*)

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AIR. — "*The Dude who couldn't Dance.*"

"I took my darling Dolly down to Richmond to a hop,
I danced with her and treated her to cake and ginger pop,
She let me sqeeze her little hand, but she reserved her smiles
For that fellow I introduced her to, the Duke of Seven Dials.

"I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her smiles,
But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Duke of Seven Dials."

(*Dance to follow.* WOOLLEY *is seized with a stitch in his side;* DOROTHY *peeps out during song. At the end of the dance, speaks.*)

DOR. (*aside*). Sam Woolley's song! How my heart beats. Ugh! What a homely old man! (*Retires.*)

MARY ANN (*giggling*). Sure all ye nade to make ye atthractive is a turn in yon masheen.

WOOL. Do you really think so? Would you advise me to — to try it? I'm afraid —

MARY ANN (*interrupting*). Indade, thin, there's nothin' to fear. (*Aside.*) It's a lie I'm tellin'. (*To* WOOLLEY.) An' ye'll come out that young an' fascinatin' all the girls will want to marry you at oncet.

WOOL. My dear girl, I — I will try it. You quite brace me up. (*Knock, door* R.)

WOOL. (*starting*). Can — can you let me retire from the office for a few moments, I — I don't care to be — to be seen, you know. I'll go in here. (*Steps to* 1 *door* L.)

MARY ANN (*intercepting him*). No, ye don't! The lady's there sure. Shtep this way. (*Opens* 2 *door* L.) Ye may as well be gittin' ready for the experiment while (*knock*) I tinds the door an' shpakes to the Doctor. 'Twill save time.

WOOL. All right, my dear. (*At* 2 *door* L.) What shall I do to prepare?

MARY ANN (*at door,* R). Take off yer — (*Loud knock at door* R, *which opens. Enter* PETER CRAWFORD. *Exit* WOOLLEY, *same instant, slamming door* L.)

CRAWFORD (*very infirm and deaf*). Is Dr. Baxter in?

MARY ANN. He is.

CRAW. Is Dr. Baxter in? (*Offers ear-trumpet to* MARY ANN.)

MARY ANN (*retreating*). Sure, I've no use for it, sir, I don't play.

CRAW. Is Dr. Baxter in? Speak into this. I am deaf.

MARY ANN. Sure I've nothin' to say that's worth goin' t'rough that contrivance, an' I've told ye the Docther's in.

CRAW. I don't understand. I want to see the Doctor. Is he in?

MARY ANN (*nodding with great energy and shouting in tube*). He is.

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CRAW. (*jumping*). Not so loud, girl, it gives me a shock.

MARY ANN. Did I ever see the loikes o' him!

CRAW. I've come to consult the Doctor about my infirmities.

MARY ANN (*yelling in tube*). He'll remove 'em.

CRAW. Sh—sh! Not so loud. How? (MARY ANN *points to card, then to the invention.*) It's all true then? (MARY ANN *nods.*) Is it a painful process? (MARY ANN *shakes her head violently.*) What shall I do first? (MARY ANN *approaches chair.* PETER *sits on the edge.*)

MARY ANN (*aside*). Sure, thin, what'll I do wid him. 'Twill niver do to put him in wid the lady, an' that ould dude wid the eye-glass is very secret in his movements. Faith, I'll jist sit him behind the scrane an' let the Docther attind him. (MARY ANN *arranges screen at right of invention.*)

CRAW. How soon can I see Dr. Baxter?

MARY ANN (*in tube*). Directly, sor, jist shtep this way till I call him.

CRAW. (*at screen*). What shall I do to prepare? (MARY ANN *takes off coat in pantomine.* CRAWFORD *steps behind screen.*)

MARY ANN (*collecting broom, dustpan, etc.*). Sure I'm weary wid me marnin's work.

DOR. (*popping out her head*). Mary Ann, have they all gone? What shall I do after I've taken off—

WOOL. (*pops out head;* DOROTHY *shrieks and retires*). My good girl, you did not tell me what—

CRAW. (*pops out from screen;* WOOLLEY *retires*). What shall I do next? (DOROTHY *peeps out,* CRAWFORD *retires;* WOOLLEY *peeps out,* DOROTHY *retires, also* WOOLLEY.)

MARY ANN. Sure will me throubles iver cease? What is it they all want, a-poppin' out like thim Jack-in-the-boxes! (WOOLLEY *looks out.*)

DOR. (*making another attempt;* WOOLLEY *retires*). Mary Ann what—

CRAW. (*appears from behind screen without his coat.* DOROTHY *screams and retires*). What shall I put on?

MARY ANN (*in tube*). Common sinse, an' a retirin' disposition. (CRAWFORD *withdraws offended.*)

MARY ANN. Sure now wouldn't anny wan suppose thim ould fools (*indicating doors*) would have sinse enough to put on what lies foreninst 'em! * I'll not bother about thim. (*At*

* NOTE.—Dorothy, Woolley and Crawford during the following make change to their second dress, which will be covered up by the Doctor's insulating robe when they emerge to enter the Machine. In the Machine, or while they are supposed to be in it (for there is no reason why they should not pass out through the back curtain while the front is closed), this is discarded, and the make-up changed from old to young.

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door, B.) But the dif gentleman? Sure I'll lave him to the Docther, an' see will he make him understand about thim good conductors in chape flanning, an' thim bad conductors in good silk. (*Exit. Knock at door*, R. *Another knock. Repeated knocks; door opens. Enter* ROXANNA TUCKER.)

ROXANNA. Hm! Nobody here! There aint so many fools in the world as I supposed. (*Stands* C., *looking about. Enter* DR. BAXTER, B, *talking to himself.*)

DR. B. Now it has been proved that in any circuit the strength of the current is directly proportional to the electromotive force in the circuit, and — (*runs against* ROXANNA *who is turning to face him*). Oh, I beg your pardon, I did not observe you.

ROX. Hm! I see you didn't. I called —

DR. B. (*interrupting*). To inquire about my invention?

ROX. I did not. I came —

DR. B. To try it? I shall be most happy to experiment upon so fine a subject.

ROX. (*indignant*). What do you mean by that?

DR. B. I — I meant nothing uncomplimentary. Your age—

ROX. My age does not concern you. It is my own affair.

DR. B. I — I beg your pardon. In the interest of science your age concerns the whole world, — the scientific or electric world I should say.

ROX. Dr. Baxter, — I suppose you are the man who advertises that ridiculous invention? (*Indicating card.*)

DR. B. Madam, I am Dr. Baxter and I — I protest. Let me explain the nature of my invention and demonstrate the wonderful power of electricity.

ROX. Dr. Baxter, I will not listen. I hate and abominate electricity.

DR. B. But I assure I could soon interest you. I —

ROX. I tell you I wont listen. Do you suppose I'm going to hear a man talk on such a subject, when I can't stand a thunder shower. I always go down cellar.

DR. B. Very imprudent, madam, very. The earth is a powerful conductor.

ROX. That is my affair. Now if you don't keep quiet and let me explain what I came here for, I'll — I'll go down into your cellar.

DR. B. (*alarmed*). Among my dynamos? Never! Madam, I am silent.

ROX. It's about time. My name is Roxanna Tucker. I came to this office to look for my sister. Is she here? (DOROTHY *peeps out.*)

DR. B. (*looking about*). I — I do not see her. No — she is not.

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ROX. Has she been here?

DR. B. No—not to my knowledge. It is early yet. (DOROTHY *retires.*)

ROX. Early? What do you call late?

DR. B. I have just finished my breakfast and—

ROX. Sakes alive, man! What time do you get up?

DR. B. Madam, I—I don't know. I work day and night. I—

ROX. I don't doubt it. Fiddlin' round with inventions and injurin' your health.

DR. B. But science—

ROX. Fiddlesticks! I came for my sister. She has run away. She's a giddy thing. Always was. I brought her up.

DR. B. I beg your pardon—is she young?

ROX. Her age does not concern you either. She runs after every new thing, and I was sure I should find her here. You are sure she has not called yet?

DR. B. No one has called this morning. If so, my servant would have notified me.

ROX. Then I must look further. I shall go to the Christian Scientists, and the Dress Reform Rooms. I shall try the Indian Mission and Browning Club. If I don't find her I shall come back. She is sure to come here sometime to-day. Good-morning!

DR. B. Good—(*Exit* ROXANNA, R.) morning! A—a very remarkable woman. I—I wish I could induce her to try my invention. She would be a fine subject. (*Sits.*) It is strange no one has called. It shows the indifference of mankind to progress. A discovery like this placed before the public to-day and not an individual ready to test it. (*Sighs.*)

WOOL. (*peeping out*). Ugh, Dr. Baxter! I—I will retire.

DR. B. As I was saying when that remarkable woman ran against me, the strength of the current is directly proportional to the electro-motive force in the circuit, and inversely proportional to its resistance consequently—(*eye wanders*) consequently—(*sees card*). Oh! Ah! I see why the patients have not called. Mary Ann is very absent minded. I must remonstrate with her. (*Calls at door*, B.) Mary Ann? Mary Ann?

MARY ANN. Yis, sor.

DR. B. Will you come here?

MARY ANN. I will directly, sor.

DR. B. (*sits*). Consequently the energy expended—(*enter* MARY ANN) is equal to the product of—

MARY ANN. Did ye call, sor?

DR. B. (*starting*). I? No, I don't think I called.

MARY ANN (*aside*). That's him! (*To* DR. BAXTER.) All right, sor, I'll return to me work. (*Goes to door*, B.)

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DR. B. Stop a moment, Mary Ann. Let me see. There was something that I wished to speak about. Oh, yes. The placard. Mary Ann, will you please turn it around? You are growing very absent minded, I fear.

MARY ANN (*turning card*). Absent minded. Sure thin what is he himself?

DR. B. Probably your carelessness accounts for my having no patients this morning.

MARY ANN. No pashents! And have ye put thim three ould freaks through the masheen and calls 'em nobody?

DR. B. Mary Ann, I do not understand. No one has called as yet!

MARY ANN. Hear that now, an' me a tindin' the door till me fate is weary, an' got 'em all in the dressin'-rooms, an' behint screens an' ev'rywhere!

DR. B. What have you got behind screens and everywhere?

MARY ANN. An' fwhat would I have, sure? Pashents! Ould men an' ould women!

DR. B. And you did not tell me?

MARY ANN. Faith, an' I couldn't find ye. So I thought I'd be clanin' up a bit an' gittin' the dinner, against ye returned.

DR. B. You should have found me. Where are the patients?

MARY ANN. Sure they're in there, an' there, an' there (*indicating rooms* L. *and screen*), an' they don't anny wan on 'em want anny ither of 'em to see the wan or the ither. What'll ye do?

DR. B. Let me think.

MARY ANN. Will I put the pertaters on while yer thinkin'? (DR. B. *draws curtains of invention and discloses four compartments.*)

MARY ANN. I'll give him tin minutes to make it out. (*Exit door*, R.)

DR. B. (*at* R. *of machine*). If I place one in this end, and draw the curtain so — (*goes to* L.) and one in this end, and draw the curtain so, I can —

CRAW. (*enters from screen partly disrobed*). Dr. Baxter?

DR. B. I — hm! excuse me, I — yes, I am Dr. Baxter!

CRAW. I called to inquire about your invention.

DR. B. I — I shall be very happy to explain it.

CRAW. I am very deaf. (*Offers ear trumpet.*)

DR. B. (*in trumpet*). Perhaps you had better try it.

CRAW. Do you warrant it safe and inexpensive?

DR. B. (*in tube*). Perfectly safe, sir, and the expense only

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nominal. I will provide garments. Mary Ann! (*Looking about.*) My servant must have stepped out. (*Goes to door* B., CRAWFORD *following; calls.*) Mary Ann!

MARY ANN. I'm comin', sor.

CRAW. Is it painful?

DR. B. Not at all. (*Enter* MARY ANN.)

CRAW. Is it a long process?

DR. B. No—Oh, no!

MARY ANN (*aside*). Sure thin the dif gintlemen broke up his meditations or I'd a got me pertaters a bilin'.

DR. B. Mary Ann, will you bring this gentleman the garments necessary for the experiment. Also the—the—

MARY ANN. The gossimeres! I will. (*Exit* B.)

CRAW. (*holding up trumpet*). What has she gone after? Will you explain?

DR. B. (*in tube*). We remove all silk garments, also those made of any fine fabric, as we find by experiment that coarse American wool is the best conductor, and—

CRAW. (*anxiously*). I hope you are not in favor of the McKinley Bill?

DR. B. (*in tube*). I beg your pardon. I never heard of the McKinley Bill. I am not a politician.

CRAW. Bless my soul! (*Enter* MARY ANN *with garments;** *nods wisely.*)

DR. B. The electric current comes into contact with the flannel, and to insure its being concentrated (MARY ANN *places one garment behind screen*) upon the individual, he or she is covered with a rubber garment.

MARY ANN (*touching* DR. B.). All's ready, sor. (*To* CRAWFORD.) Shtep this way, sor. (*Shows* CRAWFORD *to screen.*)

DR. B. I will go to the cellar directly and turn on the current.

MARY Ann. An' I'll git 'em in the boxes. Will I?

DR. B. Certainly, certainly. (*Exit* B.)

MARY ANN (*with waterproof on arm knocks at* 2 *door* L.). All's ready, sor.

WOOL. (*faintly*). Yes, yes, my dear, but I—I feel very shaky.

MARY ANN (*handing in waterproof and black silk cap*). Sure, now, put this around ye, an' place the cap upon yer head, an' brace up, Think o' the fascinations ye'll possess, to say nothin' o' the smoiles o' the female sex.

WOOL. (*outside*). My dear girl, I know—I know—but I have a—a very strange feeling.

* NOTE.— Gossamer waterproofs are just the thing for insulating robes, or anything else that will cover the person entirely.

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MARY ANN. I did mesilf!

WOOL. (*coming out*). You did? And you don't think there is any danger? (*He is well covered with waterproof and cap.*)

MARY ANN. Not the laste bit, savin' to yer infirmities. Ye'll come out skippin'.

WOOL. Where shall I go?

MARY ANN (*indicating compartment*). Right in here.

WOOL. Shall I sit or stand?

MARY ANN (*aside*). Did I ever hear the loike! (*To* WOOLLEY.) Sure, what is the sate for but to sit upon?

WOOL. Is it charged?

MARY ANN. Faith, an' how do I know. Ye must settle that wid the Docther, but I'm thinkin' he takes cash down. He nades it.

WOOL. You don't understand. I — I cannot place myself upon that chair until I know whether the electricity —

MARY ANN. Is on or off? Is that what ye mane. 'Tis off. The Docther is this minute in the cellar amongst thim dynamoses a turnin' of it on.

WOOL. Then I will wait.

MARY ANN. Sure it wont affect the chair at all, till the Docther returns an' touches thim knobs. Now sit down asy an' don't be scared. It'll be over in the wink of an eye. (WOOLLEY *sits after several attempts.* MARY ANN *draws curtain.*)

MARY ANN (*sighs*). One in. Now I'll tackle the lady. (MARY ANN *is about to knock on* 1 *door* L., *when* PETER CRAWFORD *appears from behind screen in waterproof with black silk cap on head.*)

CRAW. I am ready.

MARY ANN (*aside*). Ye're lively thin for an ould man. (*To* PETER CRAWFORD.) Shtep this way.

CRAW. What did you say? (MARY ANN *points to compartment* R.) Shall I go in? (MARY ANN *nods.*) Shall I sit down? (MARY ANN *nods.*) Is the electricity turned on? MARY ANN *shakes her head.*) All right. (*Sits on edge of chair.*)

MARY ANN. Sure, an' was I deaf an' dumb I'd take service wid the loikes o' him immejate. We'd get on foine. (*Draws on curtain, knocks on door* L.)

DOR. (*half opening door*). O, Mary Ann, do come in! Is everything ready? Am I all right? What have you got that waterproof for? Oh, I so excited!

MARY ANN (*handing in waterproof*). Put this about ye, an' come out at oncet, for the Docther'll be here directly.

DOR. O, Mary Ann, I never shall dare to try it, I'm so timid and scarey.

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MARY ANN. Sure, ye'll not be goin' back on all me preparations!

DOR. No, Mary Ann, I'll be as bold as a lion. (*Enter* DOROTHY *with black silk handkerchief in her hand.*)

MARY ANN. Sure, an' it's a plasther o' Paris lion, ye'll resemble.

DOR. (*holding up handkerchief*). What is this for, Mary Ann?

MARY ANN. Sure, mum, 'tis to kape in the 'lectricty. (*Ties it over* DOROTHY'S *head.*) This way, mum. (*Indicates chair* L.)

DOR. Must I sit on that chair?

MARY ANN. Indade, yes, an' no time to lose. (*Clicking noise heard.*) Sure don't ye hear thim currents on the wires? (*A faint groan,* L., *slight noise,* R.)

DOR. Mary Ann, is there any one in there? (*Indicating* L.)

MARY ANN. There is.

DOR. Who?

MARY ANN. A pashent.

DOR. Male or female?

MARY ANN. Male to be sure.

DOR. Is there any one in there? (*Indicating* R.)

MARY ANN. There is.

DOR. Who?

MARY ANN. Anither pashent.

DOR. Male or female?

MARY ANN (*aside*). Fwhat is she dhriving at? (*To* DOROTHY.) Male, mum.

DOR. That settles it, Mary Ann. I never will go into that machine alone with two men. It wouldn't be proper.

MARY ANN. Sure, mum, at your age!

DOR. Mary Ann, Roxanna would kill me. She always sits in the room when I have gentleman callers. No, I must give it all up. Oh, I am so disappointed. (*Begins to cry. Enter* DR. BAXTER.)

DR. B. Following out these principles I could regulate the force of the current so as to — (*sees* DOROTHY) Hm! I beg pardon, is — is anything the matter, Madam? Have you met with a loss?

MARY ANN. Whisht, sor! Don't be askin' thim sinseless questions. She's wan o' the pashents, an' she's afraid to get into the invention along with two male men.

DR. B. (*aside to* MARY ANN). Does — does she want more?

MARY ANN. Sure, sor, ye have no sinse at all. She don't want anny!

DR. B. But — I — we — can't help there being men you know.

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MARY ANN. Faith an' did I say we could? It's women she wants.

DR. B. (*To* DOROTHY). My dear Madam, I will try to — to supply the demand.

DOR. It's no use. I must give it all up, and I did so want to be the first to try the great invention.

DR. B. Calm yourself, madam. I will arrange everything satisfactorily.

DOR. No, don't urge me. My sister would never let me.

DR. B. We will ask your sister to try it with you.

DOR. Dr. Baxter, you don't know my sister.

DR. B. No, I am sorry to say that I do not. But really madam, you had better overcome your scruples.

DOR. Dr. Baxter, I refuse to sit upon that chair without a female companion!

DR. B. Oh — a female companion! That difficulty is easily overcome.

MARY ANN (*anxiously*). Is it thin?

DR. B. Mary Ann, you will occupy the other chair.

MARY ANN. Begorra, thin, I will not. (*Backing up* R.)

DOR. O, Mary Ann, do! You know you said it wasn't painful or anything.

MARY ANN (*aside*). Oh, thim lies!

DR. B. Mary Ann, in the interest of science you will sit upon that chair.

MARY ANN (*wringing her hands*). Sure, sor, ye'll not insist upon it, an' me just settled in me age an' plased wid it.

DR. B. (*aside to* MARY ANN). I will give you extra pay.

MARY ANN. Sure, divil a cint I've received from ye thus far!

DR. B. I will — pay you in full to-night.

MARY ANN. It's not the money I'm carin' about, but it's thim buzzin' feelin's an' the consequences.

DR. B. I — I — Mary Ann — I — implore you to do this for me and for humanity.

MARY ANN. Sure, sor, if ye goes on like that ye'll milt me intirely.

DOR. (*who has been examining chairs, etc.*). I knew you would relent.

MARY ANN (*solemnly*). Sure, sor, if ye compels me, I've no choice but to submit. But I gives ye a wake's notice from the time ye place me upon that chair. An' I manes it. (*Exit* MARY ANN *first door* L.)

DR. B. Madam, will you please be seated. My servant will be here directly. She is a good, reliable girl.

DOR. I — I feel very — I — Oh, dear! I can't sit down on that dreadful chair. I — I might die — you know.

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DR. B. Madam, I am not an electro-cutionist. I assure you there is no danger. (*Leads* DOROTHY *to chair. After several attempts she sits. Curtain is drawn. Knock on door* R. *Enter* ROXANNA.)

ROX. I told you I should come again. I have not found my sister.

DR. B. A most remarkable woman!

ROX. What did you say?

DR. B. I—really I was not aware that I—said—anything!

ROX. Don't beat about the bush. You said something about a remarkable woman. To whom did you refer?

DR. B. Really, madam, if I—made such a remark—it must have referred to you—for I consider you a most remarkable woman.

ROX. Why?

DR. B. I—really I don't know that I can explain—but you impress me as such.

ROX. Nonsense! Keep your impressions to yourself and help me find my sister.

DR. B. I—can't help you find your sister because I don't know where she is—and I can't keep my impressions to myself, where you are concerned, because you seem to me so—superior here. (*Indicating head.*) So capable of managing. Never forgetful or absent minded.

ROX. No, I never was absent minded in my life. (*Aside.*) Poor soul, he looks as if he needed some one to look after him. Good morning!

DR. B. (*laying his hand on her arm*). Madam, Miss Tucker, I beg of you to wait and witness my experiment. Everything is ready. (*Enter* MARY ANN *in waterproof.*)

MARY ANN. Faith, an' its anither pashent he has. I'll slip away unbeknownst to him.

ROX. (*seeing* MARY ANN). Dr. Baxter, who is that woman?

DR. B. (*turning about*). Woman? I'm sure I don't know.

MARY ANN (*aside*). Look at that now!

ROX. Dr. Baxter,—I am ashamed of you!

DR. B. (*examining* MARY ANN). This woman is—er—

MARY ANN. Sure, now, it's no discredit to him, mum, not to know his own servant girl, when he's makin' her over continual, till she don't rightly know herself.

ROX. (*aside*). He certainly needs some sensible woman to look after him.

DR. B. This girl is Mary Ann, my servant, and she is about to allow me to experiment upon her age.

ROX. She had much better get your dinner.

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MARY ANN. Sure, mum, I was thinkin' that same mesilf.

DR. B. Everything is ready. Mary Ann, take your place. (MARY ANN *sits in cabinet. Curtain is drawn.* DR. BAXTER *takes place* L. *of invention; seizes rope.* ROXANNA *places herself extreme* R. F.; *holds hands over her ears.* DR. BAXTER *looks at knobs* R.)

DR. B. Mary Ann, will you — dear — dear me! This is appalling! Mary Ann is my assistant, and I have placed her where she can be of no service to me whatever. (*Gets cane and tries to touch knobs.*) Miss Tucker, you could not be persuaded, I suppose, to aid me by — by just touching those buttons on the right of my invention?

ROX. Never! I will have nothing to do with such nonsense!

DR. B. A — a very remarkable woman!

ROX. There it is again. I tell you I am not a remarkable woman, and I will not meddle with your electric contrivances.

DR. B. (*pleading*). But think of my disappointment! Look at me! I have labored for months, sometimes without food or sleep, to perfect this invention, and now when everything is ready, I must fail because one of the most remarkable women of the age refuses to help me.

ROX. (*relenting*). If it comes to that I suppose I can accommodate you, but I shall not touch any buttons or knobs or anything in this place without — a — rubber — mitten!

DR. B. But, madam, you don't understand. There is no need — the buttons are insulated — the —

ROX. Get the mitten, or I leave!

DR. B. Certainly, certainly. (*Produces mitten, after a protracted search. The mittens hang on the wall* L.)

ROX. It's the wrong one! I never was left handed. (DR. BAXTER *produces another.*)

ROX. (*putting it on*). Now what shall I do?

DR. B. I shall stand here and regulate the current. When I raise my left hand you will pull out each button. When I lower my hand you will push them in. Ready. (ROXANNA *does as ordered. A whirring sound follows, and she stands petrified at the result.*)

DOR. (*utters several little shrieks and exclaims*). Oh, my soul! (CRAWFORD *gives several deep groans.*)

MARY ANN. Oh, wurra, wurra! me head! me head!

WOOL. Oh, ah! indeed! Ugh! (*The noise of the electricity and the groans and shrieks of the patients continue, until* DR. BAXTER *lowers hand.* ROXANNA *pushes in three knobs, and sinks into chair* R.)

ROX. Mercy on us! (*Pause. The noise ceases gradually.* DR. BAXTER *and* ROXANNA *listen.*)

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WOOL. (*sings:* AIR "*Glee,*" *from Mikado*).

"Oh, so happy!
Laughing ha, ha! chaffing ha, ha!
Nectar quaffing, ha, ha, ha!
Ever joyous, ever gay,
Youth restored to us this day!
(*Others join.*) Ever joyous, ever gay,
Youth restored to us this day!"

DR. B. Wonderful, wonderful! Now, Miss Tucker, I will draw the curtains and show you —

ROX. (*interrupting*). If you aint the biggest fraud on this earth, you must be a genius! (DR. BAXTER *draws curtains slowly disclosing* DOROTHY *and* WOOLLEY, *who come forward laughing, followed by* MARY ANN. DOROTHY *and* WOOLLEY *in tennis suits.* MARY ANN *in short dress, hair hanging, and general appearance of a girl of fifteen.* ROXANNA *stands paralyzed.*)

ROX. Sakes alive!

DR. B. Wonderful? wonderful!

DOR. Sam Woolley, as I live!

WOOL. (*shaking hands with* DOROTHY). Dolly Tucker, as I'm a sinner!

DR. B. (*repeating*). Wonderful! wonderful!

WOOL. I should say so! Happy to meet you, Dr Baxter! (*Shakes hands.*)

MARY ANN. Aint he jist illigunt?

WOOL. Your invention is quite unique. Let me congratulate you. My name is Woolley, Samuel Woolley.

DR. B. I — I am very glad you think my experiment a — a success.

WOOL. Oh — as to that, my age never troubled me. I was always extremely youthful in feelings and appearance.

MARY ANN. Hear that now! An' him a minchin' around like an ould fool tin minutes ago.

DOR. Dr. Baxter, I must tell you how pleased I am. (*Shakes hands.*) My name is Tucker, Miss Dorothy Tucker.

DR. B. (*anxiously*). Tucker?

DOR. (*discovering* ROXANNA). Roxanna, as I live. O, Sam! (*Clings to* WOOLLEY.)

DR. B. Miss — Tucker! I am surprised!

ROX. Dr. Baxter — don't make any pretenses to me! This is a deep laid plot between you and that guilty couple. You have undone my work of forty years. That silly, giggling girl is my sister, and that empty headed dandy is the man she wanted to marry in preference to good, steady Peter Crawford. I gave him his walking ticket before — before — the Mexican War.

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MARY ANN. Sure, thin, don't she mane the Rivolution?

DR. B. (*approaching* ROXANNA). Madam, Miss Tucker?

ROX. Don't Miss Tucker me! And don't come any nearer. Stop and contemplate your morning's work.

DR. B. But, Miss Tucker, you pulled out the buttons yourself.

ROX. That is like a man to try to sneak out of it. Do you suppose I would have touched your buttons if I had imagined there was anything in that — that devil's contrivance, but a ridiculous Irish girl?

MARY ANN. Whist, now, be asy, or we'll be afther combinin' an' placin' yerself in yon conthrivance! Sure ye'd turn out as giddy as the rest of us. (*Rolls up sleeves and starts for* ROXANNA.)

ROX. (*retreating*). Heaven forbid! Dr. Baxter, I am disappointed in you!

DR. B. My joy is turned to sorrow. I — I will turn off the electricity. (*Exit* L. B. DOROTHY *and* WOOLLEY *have been flirting.*)

ROX. Dorothy, come home.

DOR. Indeed, then, Roxanna, I will not!

ROX. Dorothy!

WOOL. Oh, come now, Roxy, cheese it!

ROX. Samuel Woolley, you are an impertinent upstart.

MARY ANN (*clapping her hands*). Let her go, Gallagher!

ROX. (*dropping into chair* R.). Am I dreaming, or am I insane?

MARY ANN (*approaching* WOOLLEY). Sure thin, Misther, whiles th' ould lady is a collectin' of her sinses shposin' ye thry that song agin'. Here's a slip of a girl as may appreciate it, now ye're presintable loike.

DOR. Samuel Woolley, don't you dare to sing to that forward girl.

MARY ANN. Whisht now, it wont be first time your widdy man has —

DOR. (*clapping hand over* MARY ANN'S *mouth*). O Mary Ann, be quiet. Sam do sing. We should so like to hear you. (*Clicking noise ceases.* MARY ANN R., WOOLLEY C., DOROTHY L.)

WOOL. Anything to please two such charming girls. (*Sings.*)

THE DUDE WHO COULDN'T DANCE.
(*O. Ditson & Co., Boston.*)

"I took my charming Dolly to the Junior Promenade,
I waltzed with her and treated her to cake and lemonade,
I whispered sweet and tender words when'er I got a chance,
But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Dude who couldn't dance.

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I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her glance,
But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Dude who couldn't dance.
(*Dance.*)

"I thought I would be foxy and monopolize her quite,
For I didn't want another man to dance with her that night.
So I introduced her to a chap who could not waltz or lance,
Egad! she threw me over for that Dude who couldn't dance.
I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her glance,
But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Dude who couldn't dance.
(*Dance.*)

"And now I'm bound to wander over ev'ry sea and land,
A Gatling gun upon my back, a bomb in either hand.
I'm bound to search thro' Ireland, thro' England and thro' France,
And when I find I'll massacre the Dude who couldn't dance.
I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her glance,
But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Dude who couldn't dance."

(*At close of song he kisses* DOROTHY'S *hand.* MARY ANN *has turned her attention to* ROXANNA.)

MARY ANN. Faith, mum, look at the poor crater! She's turned to stone inthirely. Come on, miss. Lave the dude to himself a bit, his consaite'll hould him up, and thry will we limber her at all, at all.

DOR. (*placing hand on* ROXANNA'S *right shoulder*). Come, Roxy, dear, don't be so stiff when your ownty, donty sister is so happy!

MARY ANN (*placing hand on* ROXY'S *left shoulder*). Faith, thin, it's crule ye are, niver to rejice at the great diskiveries o' the Docther, an' him amournin' over yer onkindness in the cellar itself, amongst his methers and his mothors!

WOOL. (*placing arm about* DOROTHY *and leaning over* ROXANNA'S *right shoulder*). Aw, then, Roxy, give us your blessing.

MARY ANN. Faith, an' I feel it a comin' on.

DOR. (*seizing* MARY ANN'S *disengaged hand*). O MARY Ann, what do you feel coming on?

MARY ANN. Niver ye moind, but look at the ould lady.

DOR. Roxanna Tucker, what makes you jump so? (WOOLLEY *retreats* L.)

ROX. I — I can't help it. I — I believe its the electricity getting into me. I — don't see — how it is possible! I've got on my rubbers.

WOOL. (*aside*). The two girls have joined hands and completed the circuit. They are letting off all the extra electricity into the old lady. There'll be some fun in a minute.

MARY ANN. Indade, thin, me fate's getting the better o' me!

WOOL. Go in, Mary Ann, I'll back you.

MARY ANN. Sure if Masther ketches me!

DOR. I never felt so giddy in all my life!

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ROX. Sam Woolley, take off my rubbers! (WOOLLEY *complies laughing.* ROXANNA, *led by the two girls, comes forward.* MARY ANN *dances with a wild accompaniment by* ROXANNA *and* DOROTHY. *Music, "The Irish Jubilee."** WOOLLEY *beats time and encourages the dance.* ROXANNA *becomes exhausted and drops into chair* R. DOROTHY *soon follows and sinks into chair* L. MARY ANN *faces* WOOLLEY *and they dance an Irish jig. Enter* DR. BAXTER, L. B., *and stands amazed.* MARY ANN *stops abruptly and looks very innocent.* WOOLLEY *saunters to* DOROTHY'S *side.* DR. BAXTER *approaches* ROXANNA. *A loud crying heard on* R. *of machine.*)

ROX. Oh, what is that! Oh, mercy on us!

MARY ANN. Whisht, now, who's murdered?

WOOL. Ugh, my blood is curdled!

DR. B. What is that noise?

MARY ANN. Och, Dr. Baxter, 'tis faint I am wid the fear!

CRAW. (*crying*). I want to get out! I want to get out!

MARY ANN (*looking about*). Sure, thin, where's the dif gentleman?

DR. B. (*coming forward*). There must be some mistake. Mary Ann, how many patients were there?

MARY ANN (*counting on her fingers*). There was the ould dude, that's wan; the ould lady, who was goin' in for the widdy men, that's two; mesilf, that's three; an' the dif gentlemen wid the thrumpet he was invitin' ache wan he met to play upon, that's foor.

CRAW. (*blows trumpet, then shouts*). Let me out!

DR. B. I — I am petrified with — with alarm!

MARY ANN. Sure, it's the dif gintleman, an' he's not dead, only a bit over done from bein' left in too long.

DR. B. (*examining knobs*). Miss Tucker, you only pushed in three buttons. The electricity was on a — a — very long time!

CRAW. Le' me out! I say, le' me out!

WOOL. His voice sounds quite youthful.

ROX. Dr. Baxter, you need a guardian.

* NOTE. — "The Irish Jubilee," by Lawlor and Thornton, "The Irish Spree," or any other Irish song with music appropriate for the dance can be introduced here. The following dialogue will serve to introduce song: —

MARY ANN (*stopping abruptly at* DR. BAXTER'S *entrance*). Sure, are there anny wurrds to it?

WOOL. Words? To what?

MARY ANN. To the jig, to be sure!

WOOL. Oh, yes, there are words to it.

MARY ANN. How many?

WOOL. Oh, a few!

MARY ANN. Sing 'em till I thry how many there'll be.

WOOL. Keep quiet then. (*Song introduced.*)

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DR. B. (*tenderly*). Will you undertake that office?

CRAW. Le' me out, I say!

ROX. Dr. Baxter, business first and pleasure afterward. Let that creature out. (DR. BAXTER *pulls curtain and* MARY ANN *leads* PETER CRAWFORD, *a blubbering school boy to the front.* MARY ANN *is convulsed.*)

CRAW. I — I want to see mother! You aint got no business shutting me up. I'll tell father and he'll lick you.

ROX. Well, of all things! It's little Peter Crawford just as he looked sixty years ago!

CRAW. You shut up!

DOR. He always was horrid!

CRAW. No, I aint horrid either.

ROX. He ought to have his ears boxed!

CRAW. (*makes faces at* ROXANNA). Say, I'm goin' to marry her (*indicating* DOROTHY) when I git big enough.

MARY ANN. Och, hear the little spalpeen! Sure now wan would niver think them batteries could do the like o' that, an' him a rispictable dif gintleman the mornin'.

CRAW. (*to* ROXY). Say, old lady, can't I marry her some day?

DOR. No, Peter, you are too young for me. I am engaged to Mr. Woolley.

CRAW. Git out! I can lick him now!

MARY ANN. Whisht, now! Hould yer tongue like a good bye.

ROX. Dr. Baxter, what are you going to do?

DR. B. I — I — don't know! Miss Tucker, Roxanna — take me and my invention and I will be guided by you.

ROX. I never intended to marry, but circumstances someer cases and —

. You will be mine?

I will —

Sam Woolley, do you hear that?

(*to* DOROTHY). Great Scott! Roxanna's off her

ANN. It's glad I am I give the warnin'!

With conditions!

I trust you implicity. I am incapable.

ROX. Benjamin Baxter, don't depreciate your own stock. You've got genius. I've got head.

DR. B. True, true!

ROX. You have made foolish mistakes this morning. Sam Woolley and Dorothy —

WOOL. DOR. (*interrupting*). Oh, we're all right!

DR. B. We will dismiss the lovers.

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ROX. Very well. Peter Crawford —

CRAW. I'm goin' home to mother!

ROX. No, you are not. (*Aside.*) She's been dead forty-seven years. (*To* BAXTER.) Benjamin, that child has got to be taken care of — you and I must adopt him.

CRAW. (*crying*). I don't want to be adopted!

ROX. Yes, you do. Mary Ann —

MARY ANN. Ye need not to throuble about Mary Ann. She give a wake's notice before iver she sat upon yon chair.

ROX. Mary Ann, you will remain with us, and I will endeavor to make a reliable servant of you.

MARY ANN. Faith, an' ye've got a job before ye. (*To* PETER CRAWFORD.) Cheer up, me lad, there's years o' pleasure foreninst us. (*Takes down placard.*)

DR. B. (*taking* ROXANNA'S *hand*). My dear, you are a most remarkable woman.

DOR. Roxanna always was a great manager!

WOOL. Head like a tack. (MARY ANN *hangs placard about* PETER CRAWFORD'S *neck so that he can just see over it.*)

ROX. Henceforth this office will be conducted strictly upon business principles. After to-day we absolutely refuse to marry or adopt any of our patients.

CRAW. MARY ANN. DR. B. ROX. WOL. DOR.

CURTAIN.

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THE MAGISTRATE.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Twelve male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. The merits of this excellent and amusing piece, one of the most popular of its author's plays, are well attested by long and repeated runs in the principal American theatres. It is of the highest class of dramatic writing, and is uproariously funny, and at the same time unexceptionable in tone. Its entire suitability for amateur performance has been shown by hundreds of such productions from manuscript during the past three years. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH.

A Drama in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters; scenery, all interiors. This is a "problem" play continuing the series to which "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" belong, and while strongly dramatic, and intensely interesting is not suited for amateur performance. It is recommended for Reading Clubs. (1895.)

THE PROFLIGATE.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. This is a piece of serious interest, powerfully dramatic in movement, and tragic in its event. An admirable play, but not suited for amateur performance. (1892.)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors, easily arranged. This ingenious and laughable farce was played by Miss Rosina Vokes during her last season in America with great success. Its plot is amusing, its action rapid and full of incident, its dialogue brilliant, and its scheme of character especially rich in quaint and humorous types. The Hon. Vere Queckett and Peggy are especially strong. The piece is in all respects suitable for amateurs. (1894.)

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. This well-known and powerful play is not well suited for amateur performance. It is offered to Mr. Pinero's admirers among the reading public in answer to the demand which its wide discussion as an acted play has created. (1894.)

Also in Cloth, $1.00.

SWEET LAVENDER.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and four female characters. Scene, a single interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern and fashionable. This well known and popular piece is admirably suited to amateur players, by whom it has been often given during the last few years. Its story is strongly sympathetic, and its comedy interest abundant and strong. (1893.)

THE TIMES.

A Comedy in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Six male and seven female characters. Scene, a single elegant interior; costumes, modern and fashionable. An entertaining piece, of strong dramatic interest and admirable satirical humor. (1892.)

THE WEAKER SEX.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, not difficult. This very amusing comedy was a popular feature of the repertoire of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in this country. It presents a plot of strong dramatic interest, and its incidental satire of "Woman's Rights" employs some admirably humorous characters, and inspires many very clever lines. Its leading characters are unusually even in strength and prominence, which makes it a very satisfactory piece for amateurs. (1894.)

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NEW OPERETTAS FOR CHILDREN.

EDITH'S DREAM.

An Operetta for Children.

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Music by EUGÈNE FEZANDIÉ, Jr.

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AUTHOR OF "THE PEAK SISTERS," "THE GREAT MORAL DIME SHOW," "PLANTATION BITTERS," "PROFESSOR BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION," "THE CARNIVAL OF DAYS," "THE BOOK OF DRILLS," ETC.

As first performed at the Unitarian Building, Watertown, Mass., Friday evening, Feb. 2d, 1894.

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CHARACTERS.

MEHITABLE PLUNKETT	*The teacher.*
SQUIRE BELLINGHAM	*The musical director.*
JULIUS CÆSAR	*His colored servant.*

PUPILS OF THE SCHOOL.

(*First Treble.*)

SYLVIA NIGHTINGALE.
PRUDENCE PETTIJOHN.
PATTY DALRYMPLE.
DOLLY ENDICOTT.

(*Second Treble.*)

NANCY JANE MORRIS.
SALLY ANN CAREW.
PENELOPE WHITE.
PATIENCE STYLES.

(*Unclassified.*)

BETSEY MARTIN.

(*Tenors.*)

JEREMIAH GREEN.
SANDY MCPHERSON.
JOB PETTIGREW.
HADAC COMSTOCK.

(*Basses.*)

ZACHARY WHITCOMB.
JEFFERSON JONES.
MARTIN LUTHER JOYCE.
BENJAMIN F. BROWN.

(*Unclassified.*)

MOSES SIMPKINS.

N.B. — Singers may be added to the parts *ad libitum*. Such names as the following may be given to them and placed upon the roll: Sophia Stickney, Arabella Clark, Phœbe Esterbrook, Deborah Hornblower, Josiah White, Micah Dyer, etc.

CYNTHIA BIGELOW *plays the Harpsichord.*

SCENE. — Old-fashioned schoolroom.
TIME. — Early part of the 19th century.

Time of presentation, about one and one-half hours.

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COSTUMES.

As DAME PLUNKETT is supposed to keep her singing-school early in the nineteenth century, the costumes may be quite incongruous, some clinging to Continental times, and others affecting what were then newer fashions. The men or boys should wear knee-breeches, which, with a swallow-tail coat and long buff, pink, or any bright-colored vest, and lace ruffles, always makes a picturesque costume. MOSES SIMPKINS can be gotten up as an overgrown boy, with short jacket, broad collar, knee-breeches, and broad-brimmed hat. JOB PETTIGREW wears a blue frock with long boots, slouch hat, and long hair. The SQUIRE, as the great man of the town, and also musical director and critic, should be gotten up regardless. Black velvet and lace ruffles are very effective.

DAME PLUNKETT wears a black dress, a muslin kerchief, and high cap, or turban; her hair is arranged in little corkscrew curls. The girls can wear anything in short waists, — bright colors and genuine old fashions. Powdered hair, patches of black court-plaster, and pretty fans and reticules add to the effect. BETSEY MARTIN is made rather ridiculous in short dress, large apron, and sunbonnet; and DOLLY ENDICOTT is dressed as a young girl. SYLVIA NIGHTINGALE and others who have solos may be strikingly costumed. The bonnets offer a chance for great originality in shape and trimming. JULIUS CÆSAR wears blue-and-white striped trowsers and vest, with green coat, brass buttons, and large necktie.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE success of this entertainment depends largely upon the people chosen to represent the parts. If citizens well-known in a community can be persuaded to come to singing-school and assist, their presence, costume, and general bearing, as well as their singing, will greatly add to the result. There is always some man in town who cannot "turn a tune," and to him should be allotted the part of MOSES SIMPKINS; while BETSEY MARTIN may be his counterpart among the ladies. As the singing should be good, the part of the SQUIRE should be taken by some one who understands training a chorus. If a piano can be placed upon the stage or platform, CYNTHIA BIGELOW should be dressed in costume, should enter with the pupils after the bell is rung, and should make her courtesy to DAME PLUNKETT with the rest. She can then sit with the others until reference is made to her, when she goes to the piano. In seating pupils, place second treble on front bench in this order from L. to R.: PATIENCE STYLES, PENELOPE WHITE, SALLY ANN CAREW, NANCY JANE MORRIS. Then comes the aisle, and first trebles: DOLLY ENDICOTT, SYLVIA NIGHTINGALE, PATTY DALRYMPLE, PRUDENCE PETTIJOHN. Basses back of second treble: BENJAMIN BROWN, JEFFERSON JONES, ZACHARY WHITCOMB, MARTIN LUTHER JOYCE. Then across the aisle, BETSEY MARTIN and extra trebles. Next row of benches, extra basses, with MOSES SIMPKINS next to aisle. Then SANDY MCPHERSON, JEREMIAH GREEN, JOB PETTIGREW, and HADAC COMSTOCK, tenors, back of the sopranos. This gives a chance for any business that may be introduced. When DOLLY ENDICOTT rises to speak, MARTIN LUTHER can easily pull her hair, and MOSES can always get across the aisle to BETSEY in full view of the audience. MARTIN LUTHER and others have a good supply of extremely large lozenges, which they circulate about, and any by-play may be introduced, indicative of school-days, but not too loud, to detract from the performance. CÆSAR may use violin or banjo; if neither is available, let him sing. The music must be adapted to the demands of the audience and to the ability of the singers. That suggested was used with success. Duets, quartets, and solos may be introduced, but it is advisable to keep to old ballads and tunes. The conversation between the SQUIRE and the school-ma'am can be varied according to any changes in programme. "FATHER KEMP'S OLD FOLKS' CONCERT TUNES," *Price*, 60 *cents*, contains everything requisite for this kind of entertainment.

This and the following music can be obtained of the publishers at prices annexed:—

"DOWN IN A FLOWERY VALE" (*Ditson's Octavo Choruses, No.* 4811), *Price*, 5 *cents*.

"IN THE STARLIGHT" (Duet by Glover), *Price*, 50 *cents*.

"BONNIE DUNDEE," *Price*, 30 *cents*.

"WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBORO' TOWN," in FATHER KEMP, will do as well. "BONNIE DUNDEE" is not available.

This entertainment can be given with or without a curtain, as desired.

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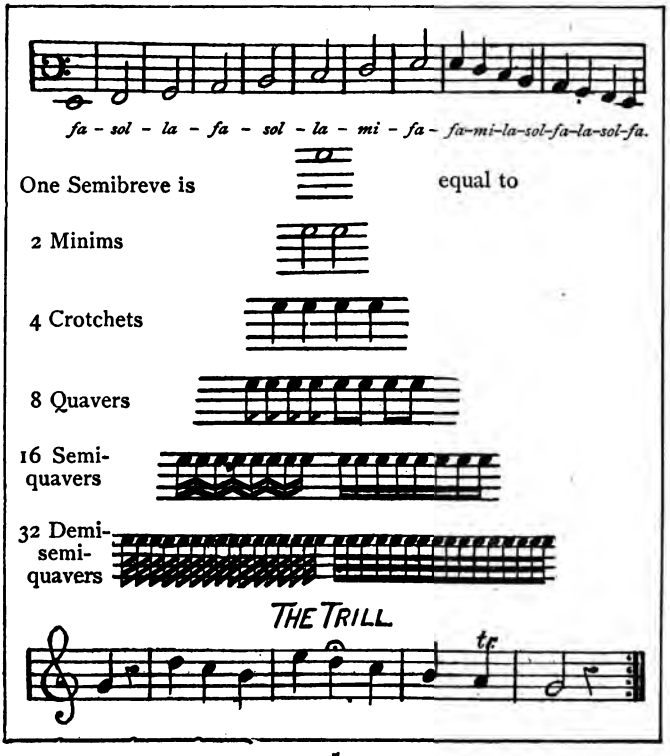
DAME PLUNKETT'S SINGING-SCHOOL.

SCENE. — *Old-fashioned school-room, with benches arranged* L. *to* C., *on a slight angle towards* C., *with an aisle between from* B. *to* F. *Space allowed for solos or quartets. Table* R. *with two chairs, also low bench* R. F. *for* CÆSAR. *High stool* R. B. *Blackboard on wall* R. B. *with scale, notes, etc., written out as below. Door* C. *A stick for pointer; a pitch-pipe or tuning-fork. Piano to be used as orchestra.* (N.B. — *Piano can be placed on stage back of the singers,* L.B., *if convenient.*)

BLACKBOARD.



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(PRUDENCE PETTIJOHN *and* NANCY JANE MORRIS *discovered standing* C. *talking together while they remove their bonnets and prepare for singing-school.*)

PRUDENCE. It's no use beatin' about the bush, our concert is a-goin' to slump if Dame Plunkett leads!

NANCY JANE. Nonsense, Prudence Pettijohn! She's larned us all the tunes, and as for leadin', I guess she's equal to it!

PRUDENCE. Oh, I s'pose she'll get through all right; but a man *looks* so much better!

NANCY JANE. Sakes alive, Prudence, everybody ain't so keen after the men as you are.

PRUDENCE. Ain't you ashamed o' yourself, Nancy Jane Morris, makin' such a bold statement? I'm real offended with ye.

(*Enter* JEFFERSON JONES *and* ZACHARY WHITCOMB.)

ZACHARY. Good-evenin', gals.

JEFFERSON (*bowing*). Good-evening, young ladies. And pray what is the momentous subject under discussion?

NANCY JANE. Oh, go long, Jeff Jones, with yer momentous subjects.

ZACH. That is Jefferson's mode of speech, Nancy. It don't mean anything.

NANCY JANE (*to* ZACH). What is he drivin' at anyhow?

ZACH. Why, he wants to know what you an' Prudence are talkin' about.

NANCY JANE. Why didn't he say so, then? Wal, Jeff Jones, Prudence an' me, we were talkin' about the great concert, an' she thinks Dame Plunkett can't lead off the singin'.

JEFFERSON. Indeed?

ZACH. Why not?

NANCY JANE (*giggling*). Wal, Prudence, she wants a *man*—

PRUDENCE. Indeed, now, Zachary Whitcomb, I never said no such thing.

JEFFERSON JONES. Miss Pettijohn never need express such a desire. Here is a man (*with an elaborate bow*) always at her service. (PRUDENCE *courtesies.*)

NANCY JANE (*poking* ZACH.). My stars! Does he mean anything now?

ZACH. Jefferson Jones always means ter keep on the right side of the gals. (*Goes back to hang up his hat. Enter* DOLLY ENDICOTT.) Hallo, Dolly Endicott! what's the matter?

DOLLY (*out of breath, swinging her bonnet by one string, and coming down* F.). Oh, I say! Here's news for ye. I've run all the way to tell it first.

(*Enter* PENELOPE WHITE, JOB PETTIGREW, *and* MARTIN LUTHER JOYCE.)

MARTIN L. Dolly's led us a pretty chase.

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PENELOPE. I jest had to drag Job Pettigrew along.

JOB PETTIGREW. I ain't never goin' to hurry, onless I know what for.

PRUDENCE *and* NANCY. Why don't you tell us the news, Dolly?

DOLLY. Wal, jest listen, all of ye. (*Very solemnly.*) Squire Bellingham's a-comin' here to-night to train us up in the hymns and tunes for the big concert.

GIRLS. O Dolly Endicott, we don't believe it!

JEFFERSON. Will the Squire so condescend?

DOLLY. It's true as the gospel!

JOB. It will behoove us to mind our P's and Q's.

ZACH. Right you are, Job Pettigrew. We'll keep an eye on Martin Luther.

(MARTIN LUTHER *laughs and hangs up his hat.*)

NANCY JANE. Well, Prudence, you'll get your *man* after all.

PRUDENCE. You needn't be so sarcastic, Nancy Jane Morris. You'll all agree that, however Squire Bellingham leads, he sartainly will *look* better than Dame Plunkett.

(DAME PLUNKETT *appears at door* B.)

JEFFERSON. And looks count for something.

DAME P. (*entering*). Not in *my* singin'-school, young man. (*Places bandbox on table. Young men bow, girls courtesy, and proceed to dispose of hats, wraps, etc.* DAME PLUNKETT *takes off bonnet, produces cap from bandbox, which she puts on, and otherwise makes her toilet, while the conversation continues.*)

JOB (*aside to* PENELOPE). Dame Plunkett ain't much to look it, is she, now?

DAME P. Handsome is, as handsome does, Job Pettigrew.

(JOB *claps his hand over his mouth and retires* B.)

DOLLY (*aside to* MARTIN LUTHER). Guess the Squire'll think she's a frump.

DAME P. Little gal, don't mutter. It's bad manners, an' it thickens up the voice. Little gals that wants to be great singers don't mumble. They jest lets out all the sound that's pent up in their phalanxes.

JEFFERSON. Good Heavens! Mistress Plunkett. If Dolly Endicott should let forth all that's pent up in her diaphragm, the roof would rise from this schoolhouse.

DAME P. (*setting her cap on her head*). Young man, it will be time enough for you to offer your opinion when it's asked. (*Hangs up her bonnet, puts bandbox under the table, and seats herself.*)

(*Enter* MOSES SIMPKINS *and* BETSEY MARTIN.)

MOSES (*pulling forelock*). Good-evenin' to yer, Mistress Plunkett.

BETSEY (*dropping courtesy*). Good-evenin', Mistress Plunkett.

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PRUDENCE (*aside to* JEFF.). Now, what *do* you s'pose *she* comes here for? She can't sing no more'n a *cow*.

JEFFERSON. Possibly she can contrive to moo a little on the second tribble.

DAME P. Jefferson Jones, if you intend to bring this select singin'-school down to the level o' the brute creation, take heed that there ain't more'n one donkey a-brayin' on the bass. (*All giggle.*) Betsey Martin ain't no oppery singer, but she'll surprise ye yet. Hang up yer bunnet, child, and don't mind their chaff. You're jest as good as any on 'em.

(*Enter* SYLVIA NIGHTINGALE, *followed by* JEREMIAH GREEN.)

ZACH. (*aside to* NANCY JANE). Here come the warblers.

NANCY. O Zach, you are desperate witty.

DAME P. (*to* SYLVIA, *who makes a deep courtesy*). Good-evenin', Miss Nightingale. Are you in good v'ice to-night?

SYLVIA. Fairly good, Mistress Plunkett. I have a little mite of a cold — but —

DAME P. (*interrupting*). Sylvia Nightingale, don't begin that nonsense at your age. If you've got a cold, folks'll find it out soon enough when you begin ter sing. There won't be no occasion for you to say anything about it. (SYLVIA *retires to* B., *to dispose of bonnet and wrap.*)

DAME P. (*to* JEREMIAH GREEN, *who bows*). Good-evenin', Jeremiah Green. (*Enter* SANDY MCPHERSON; *stands door* C.) Who is that standin' in the doorway?

JEREMIAH. That's a young feller that follered me down — said he wanted ter come ter your singin'-school.

DAME P. (*to* SANDY). Come here, lad. Who are ye?

SANDY (*coming forward awkwardly and pulling forelock*). Dinna ye ken Sandy McPherson?

DAME P. H'm, Scotch! Well, ye're welcome's fur's I know, if you can sing! I hain't got any prejudice agin furriners, if they can rise and fall the scale.

SANDY. Thank ye kindly, marm, an' when ye need a hand at the tenors, Sandy'll be there. (*Hangs up his hat. Enter* PATTY DALRYMPLE, SALLY ANN CAREW, *and* BENJAMIN BROWN.)

PATTY (*with courtesy*). Good-evenin'. Mistress Plunkett.

MISTRESS P. Good-evenin', Patty. Glad to see yer out.

SALLY ANN. Good-evenin', Miss Plunkett.

MISTRESS P. Good-evenin', Sally Ann; go hang up yer things. It's gittin' late! Good-evenin', Benjamin. (BENJAMIN *bows, then hangs up hat and greets others.*)

DOLLY E. (*who has been standing near door* C., *watching pupils enter*). Say, Mistress Plunkett, Squire Bellingham's mulatto boy, Cæsar, is a-comin' up the road with his fiddle. Be you a-goin' to let him in?

GIRLS. Of course not, Dolly Endicott!

BOYS. A nigger in *our* singin'-school! Let him try it!

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DAME P. Highty-tighty! You're all too ready o' speech.

SYLVIA. Mistress Plunkett, my parents wouldn't never let me stay one minute in this school if colored folks is allowed to come into it.

DAME P. Sylvia Nightingale, don't waste your breath a-tellin' of me what your parents say and don't say. This school is Dame Plunkett's affair, an' she don't allow no meddlin' from outside. (CÆSAR *appears at door* C.; *hesitates.*) Take your seats, all on ye. (*Scholars seat themselves.*)

DAME P. Julius Cæsar, come in, an' don't stand a-loiterin' on the doorsill.

(CÆSAR *comes forward with his fiddle in his hand.*)

CÆSAR. Please, Miss Mehitable, Mas'r Bellingham, he say I was ter come along down wid de fiddle, an' ter tell yer dat ef you'd put de young folks frew de notes an' kind o' lick 'em inter shape, he'd be along as soon as de selectman's meetin' was ober, an' train 'em up for de concert.

DAME P. (*drawing herself up*). Squire Bellingham is mighty condescendin'. Are them his exact words?

CÆSAR. I ain't plumb sure 'bout de exact words, Miss Mehitable, but dem's de exact sentiments ob Mas'r Bellingham, an' he say, "Cæsar, boy, take yer fiddle along, an' make yerself useful," an' so I brung it, an' I can pitch de chunes, an'—

DAME P. (*interrupting*). You can tell your master that Dame Plunkett's got a pitch-pipe, and thank him—

MOSES. Oh, I say, Miss Plunkett, Cæsar can sing like a house a-fire.

SALLY ANN CAREW. Hold yer tongue, Moses Simpkins, or she'll let him stay.

DAME P. (*looking over her spectacles*). Julius Cæsar, can you sing?

CÆSAR. A leetle, Miss Mehitable. Mas'r Bellingham larned me.

DAME P. Go hang up your hat. We need all the voices we can git, to offset Moses Simpkins an' Betsey Martin. Zachary, ring the bell for them that's loiterin'. It's time to begin.

(ZACHARY *rings bell. Enter* PATIENCE STYLES, HADAC COMSTOCK, *and others, who may be introduced. Each one goes in turn to* MISTRESS PLUNKETT, *makes a courtesy or bow, and says, "Good-evening;" to which she replies, calling the pupil by name. Then they pass on to* R., *and then to back of stage, where they remove bonnets, hats, etc., and hang them on pegs. Take seats.* CÆSAR *attempts to sit with the others, but they crowd him out, push him away, and refuse to allow him to sit near them.*)

DAME P. (*rapping on desk for order*). Silence, all on ye! Take yer seats! Julius Cæsar, you come here an' sit by me. I ain't never seen anything yet, black or white, that *I* was afraid to

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sit side of. (CÆSAR *sits on bench* R. F.) Now, attention! Don't let me see any foolin'. This is a serious business, larnin' to sing. There's a great deal more to it than folks ginerally imagines. Now, I s'pose before I come to this town you was all a-singin' by ear.

MOSES. No, marm. I wa'n't, 'cause my folks say I ain't got any ear.

DAME P. That's bad, Moses. A good ear is a great help.

BETSEY. Please, marm, I've got real good ears, an' I can't sing neither way, — by note nor by ear.

DAME P. Never mind, Betsey Martin, don't git discouraged. I'm here to larn ye *all* ter sing. Now I'll call the roll. (DAME PLUNKETT *unrolls a long strip of paper and reads the names; each scholar rising when his name is called and answering "Here" or "Present.")*

DAME P. Now we'll begin with the rudiments. What is the staff?

BETSEY (*rising abruptly*). Bread!

DAME P. (*looking severely at* BETSEY). Betsey Martin, how do you make that out?

BETSEY (*hanging her head*). Please, marm, I've heard tell as how bread was the staff o' life.

DAME P. It may be, but I ain't never heard as 'twas the staff o' music.

BENJ. BROWN (*rising*). Please, marm, the staff consists of five horizontal lines.

DAME P. Benjamin F. Brown has got the right answer. And on them lines, an' above an' below 'em, all the music in the world is wrote. Think o' that! Now, how do we write music?

JEFFERSON JONES (*rising*). By placing notes on the staff.

DAME P. The most sensible thing you've said to-night, Jefferson Jones. What kind o' notes? (*Each scholar stands when speaking.*)

PRUDENCE. Semi-breves an' minims —

NANCY JANE. An crotchets —

PATTY (*timidly*). An' quavers.

DAME P. That's right, Patty. Speak up. Nobody's a-goin' to hurt ye.

SALLY ANN CAREW. There's semi-quavers, too.

DAME P. You're right, Sally Ann.

DOLLY E. An' demi-semi-quavers. Oh! (*With a shriek.*)

DAME P. Dolly Endicott, I'm surprised at ye!

DOLLY. I couldn't help it. Somebody pulled my hair. I think 'twas Martin Luther.

DAME P. Martin Luther, let the gals alone. Now, how can we tell when a note's a semi-breve?

MOSES (*very loud*). When its holler!

DAME P. Moses Simpkins, don't you holler at me like that.

SYLVIA. A semi-breve's an open note.

SALLY ANN. And a minims got a stem.

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DOLLY E. And a crotchet's a black note, like Cæsar, with a stem. (*All giggle*; CÆSAR *rolls his eyes and doubles up.*)

DAME P. Dolly Endicott, you may sit down. Sandy McPherson, how can you tell a quaver when you see it?

SANDY. I ken it weel, by the hook on its handle.

DAME P. Very good.

MOSES. *I* know them notes with two hooks.

DAME P. What are they?

MOSES. I forget the names of 'em, but I know 'em when I see 'em.

CÆSAR. Dem's semi-quabers.

MOSES. That's 'em. *He* knows.

BETSEY. An' I know them notes with three hooks, when I see 'em, an' when I don't see 'em, an' I call 'em demi-semi-quavers.

DAME P. There, now! Didn't I tell ye Betsey Martin was jest as good as any on' ye? Now all together. (DAME PLUNKETT *points to notes on blackboard; all turn about and recite in unison.*) One semi-breve is equal to—

Two minims,
Four crotchets,
Eight quavers,
Sixteen semi-quavers, and
Thirty-two demi semi-quavers.

DAME P. Very good. Now we'll rise and fall the scale. Sylvia Nightingale, step out here, and show us the most correct method o' raisin' the notes.

(SYLVIA *comes forward in a very conscious manner.*)

DAME P. Here, I'll give ye the pitch. (*Blows in pitch-pipe.*) Now. (*Sings.*) Fa—sol—la.

SYLVIA. I beg your pardon, Mistress Plunkett, but I wasn't taught that way. *I* sing do—re—mi—fa.

DAME P. No you don't, not in Dame Plunkett's school. I don't allow no new-fangled idees when I teach. Sakes alive! what's goin' to become o' the great science o' music, if every little whipper-snapper of a musician that comes along is a-goin' to upset the notes? Now sing with me. (*Sing together.*) Fa—sol—la—fa—sol—la—mi—fa; fa—mi—la—sol—fa—la—sol—fa. Very good. You're high tribble, an' no mistake.

SYLVIA. I'm always called a *soprano!*

DAME P. Be you? I ain't no objections to what other folks call you, s' long as I call you first tribble. (SYLVIA *takes her seat.*) Patty Dalrymple, I don't feel quite satisfied about your voice. You'd better step out an' raise the scale. (PATTY *comes forward, bobs a courtesy, and sings scale; same business with pitch-pipe, etc.*) That's right, Patty. You'll have a good high trebble when you git a leetle more courage. Penelope White, let's hear you rise and fall the scale. Come right out here. (PENELOPE *courtesies, then sings in deep alto voice.* DAME PLUNKETT *stops singing and listens.*)

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H'm. You're second tribble. No mistake about that. How in the world did you get in with the first tribbles? Some one amongst the tenors that you wanted to git side of? There's jist as good-looking beaus amongst the basses. Go sit with the second tribbles, where ye belong. Betsey Martin? (*All laugh.*)

DAME P. What be ye laughin' at?

MOSES. Julius Cæsar!

DAME P. (*looking at* CÆSAR). I don't see's there's anything to laugh at in Cæsar. He appears to me to be full as sensible as any on ye. As for Betsey, I ain't a-goin' to have her laughed at one mite. (BETSEY *has come forward.*) Now, Betsey, make yer manners, child! (BETSEY *courtesies.*)

(DAME P. *gives pitch:* BETSEY *tries to sing "Fa — sol — la."*)

DAME P. No, no, Betsey; now try again. (CÆSAR *picks the notes on the fiddle;* DAME P. *sings;* BETSEY *tries again, but does not vary the tune until she gets to la, when* MARTIN LUTHER JOYCE *hits her in the back of the neck with a lozenge, and she gives a shriek. All laugh;* CÆSAR *convulsed.*)

DAME P. *and* BETSEY (*together*). Fa—sol—la—fa—sol—LA!

DAME P. There, Betsey, that's better. You raised that note most an octave too high. There's hopes of ye yet. Go sit down. Now (*severely*), Martin Luther Joyce, let's see if you're as good at hittin' the notes with yer voice as ye are at hittin' the gals with lozengers.

MARTIN (*timidly*). I don't wanter rise an' fall the scale all alone.

DAME P. Dear, dear me! It's a pity ye are so timid. I don't notice any hangin' back where the gals are consarned. Jefferson Jones, Zachary Whitcomb, and Benjamin Brown, will you come forrard an' help Martin Luther sing his scale?

(*They come forward, bow to* DAME PLUNKETT, *and sing the scale after she has given them the pitch.*)

DAME P. Fair to middlin'. Jefferson Jones is sharp as a meat-ax, an' Benjamin Brown's as flat as a flounder; howsomeever, we'll live in hopes that the rest'll drown ye out. Take yer seats. Jeremiah Green, you step here an' sing your scale. (JEREMIAH *sings in high tenor.*) H'm, I thought so. High tenor, an' you in among the basses. Jeremiah Green, there's jest as pretty gals in the first tribbles as in the second. (*Girls laugh.*) Before you choose another gal — seat, I mean, will you tell me the nater of a trill?

JEREMIAH. A trill, marm, is placed over a note, and shows that it must be shaken.

DAME P. And when is it used?

JERE. A shake, marm, is an ornament, an' it must not be used in psalm tunes.

DAME P. You may show us how to shake a note.

JERE. I feel too bashful.

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DAME P. Marcy sakes, Jeremiah! I didn't know you was so easy scared. Cæsar, you play that strain o' music that's wrote out on the blackboard, an' Jeremiah and I'll shake the note.

(CÆSAR *plays strain;* DAME P. *and* JEREMIAH *hum until they come to the trill, when they sing the note out very loud, trilling by tapping throats with forefinger.*)

DAME P. That will do, Jeremiah. Mind you sit with the tenors. (JEREMIAH *takes seat.*) Now, young folks, we've larned *all* the first rudiments o' music, an' we'll begin to sing. Betsey Martin, what are you cryin' about?

BETSEY (*sobbing*). Martin Luther, he won't give me no lozengers, 'n' Cæsar, he's a-winkin' at me, 'n' Moses Simpkins, he's pinched me, 'n' everybody's a-plaguin' of me.

DAME P. I shall be obleeged ter close up this singin'-school if you don't let Betsey Martin alone. I'm ashamed of ye. Martin Luther, bring them lozengers to me.

(MARTIN LUTHER *does not move.*)

JEFFERSON (*rising*). It would behoove Mistress Plunkett to call upon the young ladies to produce those sweet reminders of affection.

DAME P. Mistress Plunkett will remind Jefferson Jones that he ain't called upon to offer his opinion on any of the consarns of this school. (JEFFERSON *sits down abruptly.*)

CÆSAR. Please, Miss Mehitable, dat ar Martin Luther, he done gib all dem lozengers to de gals, an' dat ar's jest what dis chil was a-winkin' at.

DAME P. That settles the lozenger question. Now, Moses Simpkins, you come here. Ain't you ashamed o' yourself, a-pinchin' a nice leetle gal like Betsey Martin? You'll have ter rise an' fall the whole scale to pay for that. Now sing. Make your bow first. (MOSES *bows.*)

(*As* MOSES *is utterly unable to vary his tone, the process is very amusing.*)

DAME P. (*blowing pitch-pipe*). Now, here's the pitch. (*Sings.*) Fa — sol —

MOSES. Fa — sol —

DAME P. Now, Moses, try again; fa — sol — la —

MOSES. Fa — sol — la —

DAME P. Up — up, Moses! Can't ye get a leetle higher?

MOSES. Fa — sol — la — fa —

DAME P. (*interrupting*). Moses Simpkins, it's no kind o' use. It does beat me why your folks send you here. It's a desp'rate waste o' good money. There, go an' set on that high stool, where you'll be out o' mischief. (MOSES *mounts stool.*)

DAME P. Now, if ye are all prepared to behave yerselves, an' to let Betsey Martin alone, we'll begin to sing. I want ye to try a

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psalm tune afore the Squire gets here. Take yer books, an' turn to page twenty-six. (*Reads.*)

> "That awful day will surely come,
> Th' appinted hour makes haste,
> When I must stand before my judge
> And pass the solemn test."

DAME P. Rise. (*Scholars stand.*) Cynthia Bigelow, take yer place at the harpsichord. Now give us the chord. (*To scholars.*) *Sound!* (*All sound.*) Now *sing!* (*All sing;* DAME P. *beats time.*)

No. 1. "WINDSOR." . . . . . *Father Kemp.*

DAME P. Very good. Tenors a leetle weak. I shall have to sing with them next time. Betsey Martin, what are you cryin' about *now?*

BETSEY. I was a-thinkin' about that *awful day.*

DAME P. There, now! I've told ye Betsey Martin wa'n't no fool. She's got a *mind*, if she hain't got much of a voice.

MOSES. I guess her mind won't bust her head. (*All laugh.*)

DAME P. Moses Simpkins, you need a good trouncin'.

DOLLY E. Say, Mistress Plunkett, the Squire's a-comin'.

DAME P. (*rapping on desk*). Silence, all on ye! Mind yer manners. Squire Bellingham's a-comin'. (SQUIRE BELLINGHAM *appears at door* C.; *knocks with cane.*) Zachary, show the Squire in.

(ZACHARY WHITCOMB *goes to door; bows. Enter* SQUIRE BELLINGHAM, *passes down aisle to front. Scholars all rise and remain standing.* DAME PLUNKETT *makes a deep courtesy;* SQUIRE B. *a profound bow.* CÆSAR *also stands.*)

DAME P. Good-evening, Squire Bellingham. You honor us by your presence.

SQUIRE B. Pardon me, Mistress Plunkett, you honor me by permitting this visit. And how are your charming pupils progressing? Pray be seated. (*Waving his hand to pupils, who resume seats.*)

DAME P. They are most tunefully inclined, sir, owin' to my trainin'. (*Aside.*) H'm, licked into shape!

SQUIRE B. That is cheerful news.

DAME P. And they are now awaitin' a few finishin' touches from the hand of a master.

SQUIRE B. Madam, you flatter me. Cæsar, take my stick.

(CÆSAR *takes the* SQUIRE'S *hat and cane. The* SQUIRE *places some papers on the table. Notices* MOSES.)

SQUIRE B. And who is this young man? (*Indicating* MOSES.) Ah, Moses Simpkins? And why are you sitting aloft, my boy? (MOSES *hangs his head.*)

CÆSAR (*to* SQUIRE). Miss Mehitable, she put him up dar to

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see could he ketch dem high notes any better dan he could down below.

SQUIRE B. Cæsar, keep your place.

(CÆSAR *retires* R. B., *where he deposits the* SQUIRE'S *hat and cane.*)

DAME P. (*to* SQUIRE). Moses Simpkins is a good boy, Squire Bellingham, ginerally speakin', but his talents don't lead in a musical direction. Moses, you can take your seat. (MOSES *returns to seat with the others.*)

SQUIRE B. (*seating himself*). And now, madam, shall we proceed?

DAME P. (*courtesying*). Sartinly, Squire; an' it will give us the greatest pleasure if you'll take full charge of the order of tunes for our great concert.

SQUIRE B. Again you honor me, Mistress Plunkett. (*Taking papers from table.*) I have jotted down a list here, madam, which I hope will meet your approval. (*Rising, hands paper to* DAME PLUNKETT. *To scholars.*) Young people, you may take your books. Mistress Plunkett, are the parts properly assigned?

DAME P. Most sartinly, Squire Bellingham. The tribbles an' tenors are on this side (*indicating* R.), an' the second tribble an' basses on *that*. (*Indicating* L. *Aside.*) Sakes alive! I hope they'll keep on the key, an' that Benjamin Brown don't flat.

SQUIRE B. (*to pupils*). You may turn first to page nineteen. (*To* DAME PLUNKETT.) Madam, allow me. (*Places chair* R. F. *for* DAME PLUNKETT; CÆSAR *moves table to* R., *then retires to* B., *where he stands, either joining in the singing or playing the air on his fiddle.*) Now, my young friends, are you ready? (*All rise.*) Cæsar, give us the pitch.

DAME P. (*offering pitch-pipe*). Squire Bellingham, *my* pupils are used to startin' the pitch after this 'ere *pitch-pipe*.

SQUIRE B. Madam, your word is law, but —

DAME P. Lord, Squire, if you don't like the pipe, there's Cynthia Bigelow, she'll be glad enough to give ye the chord. They've engaged her to play the symphony on the harpsichord for the great concert, an' so she's come down to-night to help. Cynthia, did you hear? Page nineteen. (CYNTHIA *gives chord.*)

SQUIRE B. All sound! (SQUIRE B. *beats time. All sing.*)

No. 2. "INVITATION" . . . . . *Father Kemp.*

SQUIRE B. Madam, your pupils are a credit to your trainin'.

DAME P. H'm! there's room for improvement.

SQUIRE B. You are too modest. What do you think of introducin' a ballad now?

DAME P. Wal, Squire, I dunno. There's Hadac Comstock. He knows a good old tune. Betwixt you an' me, he don't know but *one*, an' I kinder think we ought ter ask him to sing. His folks are real respectable.

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SQUIRE B. Certainly, marm. Ask him by all means.

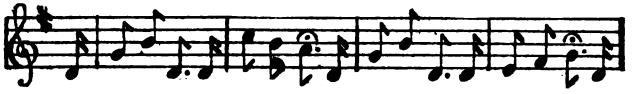
DAME P. Hadac, will you step out here an' sing "On Springfield Mountain"?

(HADAC *comes forward awkwardly.*)

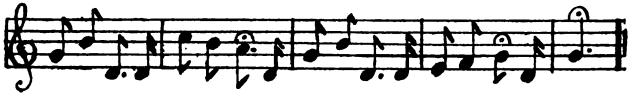
DAME P. Don't be skeered, Hadac. Squire Bellingham, this is a true tale.

(HADAC *sings, the school joining in the refrain.*)

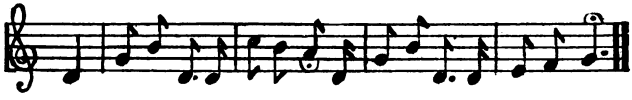
No. 3. "ON SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN."



On Springfield Mountain there did dwell A likely youth, 'twas known full well, Lef-



tenant Murray's only son, About the age of twenty o - o - ne.



Ri - tu - di - nu - ri - tu - di - nay Ri - tu - di - nu - ri - tu - di - nay.

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A likely youth, 'twas known full well —
Leftenant Murray's only son,
About the age of twenty-o-o-one —

(*Refrain.*) Ri — tu — di — nu — ri — tu — di — nay —
Ri — tu — di — nu — ri — tu — di — nay!

One Friday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow
A bout or two, and then did feel
A pesky sarpint bite his he-e-el!

(*Refrain.*) Ri — tu, etc.

Soon as he felt the deadly wound,
He threw his scythe upon the ground;
Straightway for home was his intent,
Crying aloud still as he we-e-ent.

(*Refrain.*) Ri — tu, etc.

The neighbors round his voice did hear,
But none to him did thus appear,
Thinking for workmen he did call,
And so alone this man did fa-a-ll!

(*Refrain.*) Ri — tu, etc.

His careful father, as he went,
Seeking his son was his intent,
And soon his only son he found
Cold as a stone upon the grou-on-ound!

(*Refrain.*) Ri — tu, etc.

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'Twas in seventeen hundred and sixty-one
That this sad accident was done;
May this be warning unto all
To be prepared when God doth ca-a-ll!
(*Refrain.*) Ri tu, etc.

(HADAC *bows and returns to seat.*)

DAME P. (*wiping her eyes*). It's sad, ain't it, Squire?

SQUIRE B. Very, madam.

DAME P. I always feel moved because of his bein' an only son; and then I'm so timid about sarpents.

SQUIRE B. Let us turn to something else, by all means. What do you think of trying "Sound the Loud Timbrel" next?

DAME P. I ain't any objections as I know of.

SQUIRE B. (*to pupils*). Page thirty-eight.

DAME P. (*to* SQUIRE). What part do you think I better take, Squire? I'm used ter singin' on the weakest side, an' it seems ter me the tenors need help about as much as any of 'em.

SQUIRE B. Really, madam, can you carry any part?

DAME P. Land, yes. That's how I teach. Sometimes I change from one to the other in the same tune. Howsomever I ginerally draw the line at the bass. It sorter rasps my throat! (SQUIRE *bows.*)

SQUIRE (*to pupils*). Are you ready? Sound.

No. 4. "SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL." *Father Kemp.*

(*At close* SQUIRE B. *seats himself beside* DAME P.)

DAME P. How did that go?

SQUIRE B. Very well indeed. Now, madam (*showing paper*), can you suggest two young maidens who could properly carry the parts in this 'ere duet?

DAME P. There's Sylvia Nightingale. (*Meditating.*) Oh, yes, an' Nancy Jane Morris, *she* can take the second tribble.

SQUIRE B. Very well. Will Miss Nightingale and Miss Morris rise.

DAME P. Come right out here in front.

(SYLVIA *and* NANCY JANE *sing.*)

No. 5. DUET, "IN THE STARLIGHT" . . *Stephen Glover.*

(*At close,* SQUIRE B. *shakes hands with* DAME P. *by way of congratulation.*)

SQUIRE B. (*rising*). With your permission, madam, we will now turn to page fifty-seven, and try "Jerusalem, My Glorious Home." Sound.

No. 6. "JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME." *Father Kemp.*

(*At close,* SQUIRE *bows and seats himself beside* DAME P.)

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SQUIRE B. Madam, your labors are crowned with remarkable success.

DAME P. Law, Squire, you make me feel real bashful. I ain't done nothin' but my duty. (DOLLY *giggles.*) Dolly Endicott, I'm surprised at ye! Squire Bellingham, what do you think about askin that Scotch boy, Sandy McPherson, to sing a piece all by himself? I ain't much acquainted with him, but I've heerd tell that he's got quite a voice.

SQUIRE B. Ask him, by all means.

DAME P. Sandy McPherson, do you know any song that would do for our concert?

MOSES. He knows piles of 'em.

DAME P. Moses! Sandy, rise up in yer seat and sing us one o' them songs. (SANDY *rises.*) You'd better come out here. (SANDY *comes forward and sings.*)

No. 7. SOLO, "BONNIE DUNDEE."

DAME P. Sings well, don't he?

SQUIRE B. Very well indeed. Now (*rising*), young people, you turn to page thirteen. Sound. (*All sing.*)

No. 8. "GREENWICH" . . . . . *Father Kemp.*

(SQUIRE *turns at close of hymn and is about to speak to* DAME P., *when she is attracted by signs of distress in* BETSEY MARTIN.)

DAME P. Why, Betsey, child, what's the matter? Don't ye feel well?

BETSEY. I'm dreadful *dry.*

DAME P. Wal, I dunno's I wonder much, after that tune. Moses, you an' Martin Luther can go out an' fetch in some water. P'raps there's others that *feel* as dry as Betsey Martin, only they don't make so much fuss about it.

(SQUIRE B. *seats himself,* MOSES *and* MARTIN *bring in two large wooden pails of water, with long-handled tin dippers.* BETSEY *tries to get the first drink.* MARTIN *passes water to* SQUIRE B. *He refuses.*)

DAME P. I'm real sorry, Squire, that I can't offer ye anything better, but this 'ere's a temperance school.

SQUIRE. B. Thank ye kindly, ma'am. I will take the will for the deed. In point of fact, I don't feel in need of any refreshment to-night.

DAME. P. Well, I dunno. Singin's dreadful dry work. (*Takes a drink of water.*) Thank ye, Moses.

SQUIRE B. Not when it's conducted by so talented a lady as Mistress Plunkett.

DAME P. (*embarrassed*). Take care, Moses, that you don't slop over. There, that will do. Put away them pails and take yer seats.

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SQUIRE B. Shall we go on now?

DAME P. Wal, it seems ter me the most sensible thing to do. I guess, Squire, with you to lead 'em, we might try "Strike the Cymbal."

SQUIRE B. And whom do you recommend for the solo parts?

DAME P. There's Prudence Pettijohn, she allus likes to git a part, and Jeremiah Green's ginerally on hand when you need a tenor.

SQUIRE B. Very well. (*To scholars.*) You will please turn to page thirty-four, and I shall depend upon Miss Pettijohn and Jeremiah Green to carry the solos. Are you ready? Sound.

No. 9. "STRIKE THE CYMBAL" . . *Father Kemp.*

SQUIRE B. (*sitting down*). That is another jewel in your crown, madam.

DAME P. Land, Squire, I don't take no credit to *myself* when *you* lead 'em; you've got a powerful way with you that seems ter carry 'em right along.

SQUIRE B. H'm — yes. Perhaps so. I generally get my own way, whether it is in leading a choir or —

DAME P. (*interrupting*). What do you think we better try next?

SQUIRE B. (*turning leaves of book*). Let me see. Do they know this?

DAME P. That's a prime favorite, Squire, and about the only thing where Job Pettigrew makes any sort of an appearance.

SQUIRE (*rising*) Page eighty-two.

DAME P. Stand up, Job Pettigrew. Don't be shy. Come right down front an' do your best.

(JOB *sings; all join in chorus.*)

No. 10. "COUSIN JEDEDIAH" . . . *Father Kemp.*

SQUIRE B. That was well done, Mistress Plunkett. But to my mind it's a leetle frivolous.

DAME P. Law, Squire, if that's the way you feel, s'posin' you have 'em try "Sherburn"?

SQUIRE B. (*bows to* DAME P. *To pupils*). You may turn to page twenty. Sound!

No. 11. "SHERBURN" . . . . . *Father Kemp.*

(SQUIRE B. *turns to confer with* DAME P.)

MOSES. I say, Miss Plunkett, them tunes make my head ache. Can't Julius Cæsar play somethin' on his fiddle?

DAME P. Moses Simpkins, won't you never larn to keep quiet?

MOSES. All the rest on 'em want to hear him, only they don't dare ter say so.

DAME P. Squire Bellingham, I hope you'll excuse Moses Simpkins's forrardness.

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SQUIRE B. Sartainly, ma'am, sartainly. And if it will give the lad any pleasure to hear my boy play, why, let him play by all means. Cæsar, come here. (CÆSAR *comes forward and bows.*) Give them a good old tune on your fiddle. (*Seats himself.*)

No. 11. VIOLIN SOLO, "OLD FOLKS AT HOME." *Foster.*

(N. B. — CÆSAR *plays the air on the violin with piano accompaniment Repeats chorus, all humming the air softly, while violin takes it an octave above.*)

DAME P. (*to scholars*). Now, I guess you're all glad Dame Plunkett let Julius Cæsar stay. We're much obleeged to ye, my boy.

SQUIRE B. That will do, Cæsar. Madam, I have found a duet here that pleases me. Perhaps if you will allow Dolly Endicott and Martin Luther Joyce to come forward, they will sing it for us. You and I will constitute an appreciative audience.

DAME P. Sartainly, Squire, sartainly. (*Aside.*) Sakes alive! What can the song be about? Dolly Endicott come here, and Martin Luther, do try an' be sensible an' sing as well as ye know how.

(DOLLY *and* MARTIN *come forward.*)

No 13. "DOST THOU LOVE ME, SISTER RUTH?" *Father Kemp.*

SQUIRE B. What do you think o' that, Mistress Plunkett?

DAME P. (*shyly*). It's real kind o' funny, Squire — but — it appears to me we'd better be gettin' along with the rest o' the concert. Now, what do you think o' their tryin' the "Yankee Sleigh-ride"? It's a pretty tune, an' Sylvia can take her part, I guess, even if she has got a leetle mite of a cold.

SQUIRE B. By all means, let's have it. But — the bells?

DAME P. Land, Squire, you can't ketch me nappin'! There's a string o' bells out in the wood-box. I keep 'em there in case o' fire.

SQUIRE B. Cæsar, go fetch the bells. (*To pupils.*) Turn to page ninety.

DAME P. Now, Sylvia, do your best.

(CÆSAR *returns with string of sleigh-bells, which he jingles in time to music.*)

No. 14. "YANKEE SLEIGH-RIDE" . *Father Kemp.*

SQUIRE B. And now, madam, will you allow your pupils to try a chorus, which I have secured at no little trouble for this occasion?

DAME P. I ain't no objection to their *tryin'* it, but I don't feel at all sure they'll get it right the first time. Not onless I sing *all* the parts to once, an' that's a leetle more than even *I* am ekal to.

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SQUIRE B. Well, well, ma'am, don't *borrow* trouble.

DAME P. *Borrow* trouble! Lord, Squire, you jest try teachin' a singin'-school, an' you'll git all the trouble you want without *borrowin'* any.

SQUIRE B. Cæsar, come here. You may give out the parts.

(CÆSAR *distributes parts;* SQUIRE *offers one to* DAME P.)

DAME P. (*humming*). M-m-m! Looks pretty. Kind of a love ditty?

SQUIRE B. (*bowing*). A leetle in that line, madam. Music naterally leads to —

DAME P. (*bashfully*). Hadn't we better begin?

SQUIRE B. If you so desire. (*To pupils.*) Attention! Sound!

No. 15. "DOWN IN THE FLOWERY VALE."

(*No.* 4811. — *Ditson & Co's Octavo Choruses.*)

DAME P. Well, Squire, they did better'n I thought they would. (*There has been by-play between* MOSES *and* BETSEY. BETSEY *laughs out.*) Betsey Martin, ain't you ashamed o' yourself?

BETSEY. I couldn't help it. Moses said something real funny.

DAME P. Moses, what did you say?

MOSES. I don't want to tell.

BETSEY. I jest as lieve tell's not.

MOSES. Betsey Martin, you shut up.

BETSEY. He said (*giggling*) somethin' 'bout you an' Squire Bellingham. (*All giggle.*)

DAME P. Betsey Martin, I'm mortified to death. Moses Simpkins, take your hat an' go home.

SQUIRE B. Mistress Plunkett, I beg of you, don't be severe with the lad for his little joke. It does not offend me in the least. Any occasion that is the means of coupling my name with that of Mistress Plunkett gives me extreme pleasure. Our partnership —

DAME P. (*interrupting*). Squire Bellingham, if you've got anything of a private nater to say to me, don't you think you'd better wait till school's out?

SQUIRE B. (*bowing*). As you please, madam.

DAME P. And now we'll eend up as quick as possible. Moses, sit down. (*To* SQUIRE.) Shall we sing our closin' hymn?

SQUIRE B. Let me first say to these young people, that I consider them a credit to their charming teacher.

DAME P. Cynthia Bigelow, strike the chord for "Greenville."

SQUIRE B. All sound. (SQUIRE *beats time.*)

No. 16. "GREENVILLE."

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness."

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DAME P. You can all go. School's out.

(*Scholars scatter about schoolroom putting on bonnets and hats and pairing off in couples, young men asking to see the girls home in dumb show.* PATTY DALRYMPLE *brings* DAME PLUNKETT'S *bonnet and shawl.* DAME PLUNKETT *and* SQUIRE, C., MOSES *and* BETSEY, R., CÆSAR *extreme* R., *with* SQUIRE'S *hat and cane,* DOLLY ENDICOTT *and* MARTIN LUTHER, L., SYLVIA *with* JOB PETTIGREW *on one side and* JEREMIAH GREEN *on the other, extreme* L. *Others grouped about in couples. These positions must be taken as quickly as possible while the conversation continues.*)

DAME P. (*crossing to* C. *and offering hand to* SQUIRE). Good-night, Squire. I'm much obleeged to ye.

SQUIRE B. Thank ye, madam; thank ye kindly. But—ahem! Surely you will let me take you home?

BETSEY (*aside to* MOSES). Say, he's goin' to see her home!

MOSES. I don't care if he does.

DAME P. (*shaking her finger at* SQUIRE). Sh-sh! They'll all be gone in a minute.

(PATTY *here offers shawl to* DAME P.)

SQUIRE B. (*taking shawl from* DAME P.) Allow me.

(*Places shawl about her.*)

CURTAIN.

N.B. — The curtain can be rung up here and SQUIRE B. and DAME P. discovered alone, his arm about her waist, MOSES and BETSEY peeping in at open door.

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TEXT OF THE ORIGINAL PROGRAMME.

At Ye UNITARIAN BUILDING In Ye TOWN OF WATERTOWN, Friday Evening, Feb. ye 2nd, MDCCCXCIV, at 8 of ye olde TOWN CLOCK, will be affembled

A SINGING SCHOOL of ye OLDEN TIME

af fet down by

MARY BARNARD HORNE,

Inftructed in Ye moft approved manner by Miftreff Plunkett (Marantha Bradley Patten) affifted by

Ye Squire Bellingham (Edward Everett Allen), who directf ye finging for ye Grand Concerte, and by hif man fervant, Juliuf Cæfar (Robert G. Horne), with hif fiddle, and Cynthia Bigelow (Harriette Bell Johnson), who playf Ye Symphony on ye Harpfichord.

A Lyft of ye Tunef and of ye Singerf.

TUNES.

No. 1. On Springfield Mountain.
No. 2. Windfor.
No. 3. Invitation.
No. 4. Sound the Loud Timbrel.
No. 5. Duet. O, wert thou in the Cauld Blaft. — Sylvia Nightingale & Nancy Jane Morrif.
No. 6. Greenwich.
No. 7. Coufin Jedediah. Solo by Martin Luther Joyce.
No. 8. Sherburne.
No. 9. Solo by Sandy McPherfon.
No. 10. Majesty.
No. 11. Solo. Fiddle Juliuf Cæfar.
No. 12. Confidence.
No. 13. Yankee Sleighride. Solo by Sylvia Nightingale.
No. 14. Down in the Flowery Vale.
No. 15. Jerusalem, my Glorious Home.

NAMES OF Ye YOUNG FOLKS.

WOMEN. — FIRST TREBLE.

Sylvia Nightingale,
Prudence Pettijohn,
Patty Dalrymple,
Sophia Stickney,
Mehitable Brigham,
Arabella Clark,
Phœbe Efterbrook,
Polly Robbinf,
Deborah Hornbrook
Daisy Batchelder
Adelaide Hall
Mary Kendall
Frances Kendall
Minnie Eames
Adelaide Rowell
Margie Whitney
Sadie Dyer
Deborah Horne

MEN. — TENORS.

Sandy McPherfon, J. Frazer
Job Pettigrew, H. Robbins
Jeremiah Green, C. Piper
Hadac Comftock, J. Bigelow

BASSES.

Jefferfon Jonef, C. Mason
Zachary Whitcomb, E. Wilson
Martin Luther Joyce, F. Green
Benjamin Brown, J. Keene
Jofiah White, J. Ham
Micah Dyer, P. Savage

WOMEN. — SECOND TREBLE.

Nancy Jane Morrif,
Sally Ann Carew,
Penelope White,
Annie Ceiley
Ida Wilson
Mary Robinson
Dolly Endicott,
Patience Stylef,
Ruth Howard
Elizabeth Gerry

Betfey Martin (Mary Evans) and Mofef Simpkinf (George Livermore) cannot be claffified at Ye prefent time.

N.B. — People are forbidden to take napf during ye concerte, and no unfeemly levity will be allowed.

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A Dramatization of
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE
In Three Acts
By Ethel Hale Freeman

Fourteen males, seven females. Costumes of the period; scenery, special simplified backgrounds, amply described. Plays two hours. Royalty $10.00 for each performance. This version of Booth Tarkington's well-known and popular novel was made, with the author's permission, for "Cap and Bells," of Smith College, where it was very successful. It is offered to other colleges, schools and amateur dramatic clubs with the understanding that performances of its text must not be given for profit or before paying audiences, save for charitable purposes. Those who remember the late Richard Mansfield's triumphant performance of its hero in the stage version prepared by the late Mrs. Sutherland will recall without difficulty the enormous charm and dramatic power of the story that is built about him. A wholly exceptional offering for girls' schools and women's clubs. *Price, 50 cents*

CHARACTERS

M. BEAUCAIRE.
DUKE OF WINTERSET.
MR. MOLYNEUX.
HARRY RACKELL.
CAPT. BADGER.
BEAU NASH.
LORD TOWNBRAKE.
MR. BANTISON.
SIR HUGH GUILFORD.
HENRI DE BEAUJOLAIS.
MARQUIS DE MIREPOIX.
FRANÇOIS.
VICTOR.
SERVANT TO BEAU NASH.
LADY MARY CARLYSLE.
LADY MALBOURNE.
LADY CLARISE.
LADY RELLERTON.
LADY BARING-GOULD.
ESTELLE.
MARIE.

Servants to Beaucaire, Marquis, Winterset and Lady Malbourne.

KATY DID
A Comedy in Two Acts
By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Four males, eight females. Costumes, modern and Colonial; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Katherine Bradford, asked to choose between a husband of her parents' selection and one of her own, falls asleep pondering the matter and dreams a dream of Colonial days when her great-grandmother, as a matter of history, had to make the same important decision. She ends by making the same choice that "Katy" did. Recommended for schools. *Price, 25 cents*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
A Comedy in Five Acts
By William Shakespeare

Seventeen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of its period. Plays a full evening. A new version of this brilliant comedy intended for the use of schools. The text is that arranged by Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of The Little Theatre, New York, and former director of The New Theatre, New York. It is strongly recommended as the best acting version for amateur acting. *Price, 15 cents*

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PICKING A WINNER

A Farce in Three Acts

By MacPherson Janney

Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. Three foreign noblemen in pursuit of the millions of an American heiress disguise themselves as a cook, a chauffeur, and a butler, and enter her employ. The police force of McNabb, Ill., embodied in a rustic disciple of Sherlock Holmes, misconceives them and causes a lot of fun for everybody but them. Very funny and original and strongly recommended. Professional rights reserved. *Price, 25 cents*

CHARACTERS

SIR FRANCIS MACDONALD, *who wants Blanche.*
COUNT ALEXANDRE, *who wants Blanche's money.*
THE EARL OF NORTON, *also desirous of Blanche's coin.*
THE GRAND DUKE RUFFIEVITCH, *equally keen after Blanche's wealth.*
COL. ARTHUR HOPKINS, *the police force of McNabb, Illinois.*
FRED, MERVYN, FRANK } *three gilded youths.*
HAWKINS, *Lady Janet's butler.*
BLANCHE KANE, *an American heiress.*
LADY JANET MACDONALD, *Sir Francis' aunt.*
ISABELLE FOSTER, OLGA FOSTER, STELLA FOSTER } *three American heiresses.*

THE FIRST NATIONAL BOOT

A Farce in Two Acts

By M. G.

Seven males, two females. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays one hour. Intended to be played by male actors only. Isry Ebbetts's distrust of banks leads him to keep his money in a rubber boot. The fact that he never banks his receipts and his known possession of the "Ebbetts fortune" make him an object of interest to Nine-Fingered Pete and others, including two suffragettes with prohibition ideas. His troubles are many, but he comes out all right. Very funny. Can be recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

CHARACTERS

"ISRY" EBBETTS, *owner of Hamden's Center Store.*
EDDY RIAS, *his clerk.*
ANDREW STRONG, *a mysterious stranger from Portland.*
FRANCESCA WILLETS, EDWINA BEMIS } *members of Hamden's Reform League.*
ARCHENBACHUS HERODOTUS SNOOZE, *a member of Pinkum's Detective Agency.*
FOGGERTY YOUNG, *town constable.*
THOMAS RUSTAN, *a practical joker.*
SQUIRE PECKHAM, *chairman of the town council.*
FARMERS.

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A COLLEGE MAN

A Comedy in Four Acts

By Earl Reed Silvers

Six males, three females. Scene, an interior; costumes, modern. Plays an hour and a half. Budd Stone, going through college on money supplied at a great sacrifice by his father, has won, in the character of a rich student, the regard of Zelda Saunders. When he is asked to give back the unused balance of this fund to help his devoted father pay the mortgage on the farm, he refuses rather than lose his degree and possibly his girl. The father, attempting to recover the money despite the son's refusal, is taken for a thief, and matters thus come to a climax. All ends well. Very interesting and recommended for college performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

BILL RENDALL, *Sophomore.*
PEANUT JONES, *Freshman.*
BUDD STONE, *Junior.*
TED WILLIS, *Senior.*
PROFESSOR "JOHNNY" MILLER.
MR. STONE, *Budd's dad.*
GERALDINE HARRIS, *aristocrat.*
ZELDA SAUNDERS, *the girl.*
MRS. BROWNLEY, *chaperon.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. A fraternity study. Early afternoon.
ACT II. Evening of the same day.
ACT III. Two-thirty the next morning.
ACT IV. Nine o'clock of the same morning.

PATRIOTIC SCENES OLD AND NEW

A Platform Entertainment

By Elvie Kimball Macoy

Five males, twenty-four females. Scenery, unimportant; costumes, fancy. Plays twenty minutes at most. Introducing Columbia, Uncle Sam, Spirit of '76, Betsy Ross, Liberty, Barbara Frietchie and other patriotic figures in a series of tableaux accompanied by readings in verse. Very timely and easy to produce.

Price, 15 cents

THE REVEL OF THE YEAR

An Entertainment in One Act

By Jessie A. Kelley

Twenty-two characters, more or less, male and female. Scenery unnecessary; costumes, fancy. Plays forty-five minutes. An entertainment of the twelve months intended to be used in connection with a sale or fair. Very picturesque and easy to get up.

Price, 15 cents

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THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

A Play in Four Acts

By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger

Eleven male, eight female characters, and supers. Costumes, early American. Scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening. This charming comedy, well remembered for the delightful performance of its leading part by Elsie Ferguson, is peculiarly well suited for school performance since its witty lines and lively incidents relate a story of American history and involve the personalities of Aaron Burr, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and the charming Dolly Madison. For this reason and for its dramatic interest and value it is strongly recommended. Amateurs may produce it on payment of a royalty of $25.00.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

JAMES MADISON, *Congressman from Virginia; afterwards Secretary of State in Thomas Jefferson's cabinet.*
AARON BURR, *Senator from New York; afterwards Vice-President of the United States.*
BOHLEN PINCKNEY, *the President's Secretary.*
SIR ANTHONY MERRY, *British Minister at Washington.*
DON CARLOS MARTINEZ, MARQUIS D'YRUJO, *Spanish Minister at Washington.*
MYNHEER VAN BERCKEL, *Minister from the Netherlands.*
LOUIS ANDRE PICHON, *Chargé d'Affaires for France.*
JENNINGS, *servant at Dolly Todd's; later at Madison's.*
DE VAUX, *Major-Domo at White House.*
THE COOK.
THE HAIR-DRESSER.
DOLLY TODD, *afterwards Mrs. James Madison.*
SALLY MCKEAN, *afterwards Marchioness D'Yrujo.*
MRS. SPARKLE.
SOPHIA SPARKLE, *her daughter; afterwards Madame Pichon.*
LADY MERRY.
THE HONORABLE ENA FERRAR, *Lady Merry's sister.*
VROU VAN BERCKEL.
MINISTER FROM RUSSIA *and*
COUNTESS DASHKOFF
MINISTER FROM TURKEY } *Silent figures in Act III.*
CLOTILDE, *maid at Dolly Todd's.*
FOOTMEN, VALETS, SERVANTS, ETC.

THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY

A Farce in Three Acts

By Norman Lee Swartout

Five male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays a full evening. A piece in the "Charley's Aunt" class. Bobbie Baxter, pursuing his little love-affair with Jane against the opposition of her uncle, William Winkler, has occasion to disguise himself in female costume, and is taken for Kitty, an actress and close friend of Winkler, to the vast confusion of everything and everybody. Very funny and strongly recommended. Has been played professionally over two thousand times and may be produced by amateurs for a royalty of $10.00.

Price, 50 cents

CHARACTERS

WILLIAM WINKLER.
AUNT JANE, *his sister.*
JANE, *his niece.*
BOBBIE BAXTER.
BENJAMIN MORE.
TING, *a bell-boy.*
SAM, *a colored porter.*
KITTY, *an actress.*
SUZETTE, *Aunt Jane's maid.*

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THE FARMERETTE

A Play in Three Acts

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two hours. Nan Wellington throws up a good job in the city when her mother dies, and comes back to the old homestead to save it to the family. Her plucky fight as a "farmerette" against inexperience, nature, and human villainy and greed provides a play of unusual interest for all girls. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JANE WELLINGTON, *sixteen and still "unkissed."*
JOCELYN WELLINGTON, *fourteen or fifteen years old, the little Bugologist*
ELNORA WELLINGTON, *a girl of nineteen or twenty; a born home-maker.*
MRS. BECKWITH, *a woman of sixty or seventy; an unfriendly neighbor.*
NAN WELLINGTON, *a dainty blonde of twenty-two; the Farmerette.*
MINNETTE WELLINGTON LAWSON, *older than Nan and in good contrast; an admirer of soulful eyes.*
GRACIOUS ANN BEAN, *a stout, middle-aged colored "pusson"; a believer in "Calicothenics."*

SIX-TIMES NINE

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Eleven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior and an exterior. Plays one and a half hours. A party of American girls and their chaperon traveling abroad encounter the Princess Vara of Wollenholde in her summer home without recognizing her, and in her company bear themselves with credit in some warlike incidents of her reign. Very exciting and full of charm. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

PRINCESS VARA OF WOLLENHOLDE.
COUNTESS ALEXIS, *her aunt.*
COUNTESS YVONNE, *her cousin.*
FREDA, *her maid.*
LURINE RAJE.
MRS. AVERY HAMILTON HAPGOOD, *of Concord, Mass., U. S. A.*
WINIFRED TUFTON, LUCY SIMPSON, MOLLY ANDREWS, AMELIA LEE — *Pupils in Mrs. Hapgood's Seminary.*
DELIA, *Mrs. Hapgood's maid.*

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JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice Brown

Four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single easy interior. Plays twenty minutes. A very humorous sketch of high literary quality by a well and widely known author; an almost guaranteed success in performance. Has been produced at The Bijou Dream, Boston, and at The Little Theatre, Chicago, and can be recommended without reserve. Its story is told of three old inmates of an Old Ladies' Home, and grows out of the clash of their elderly eccentricities. Royalty, $5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MRS. MITCHELL, *a Director of the Old Ladies' Home.*
MRS. FULLERTON, MISS DYER, MRS. BLAIR — *Inmates of the Home.*

THE CHRISTENING ROBE

A Comedy in One Act

By Anne L. Estabrook

One male, three female characters. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern. Plays thirty-five minutes. A humorous and entertaining piece for four Irish characters in the style of the well-known plays of Lady Gregory; a seriously intended picture of Irish character, not a travesty of it. Nora Mulvey lends the robe that her husband's sister, Sarah, has given her for her baby's christening, to Mrs. Leahy, and her husband, Barty, has pawned it for drink; upon this basis is cleverly built a little domestic comedy full of humor, pathos and character. Strongly recommended. Performance free.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

NORA MULVEY.
PATRICK MULVEY, *Nora's husband.*
MRS. RYAN, *Nora's mother.*
SARAH MULVEY, *Patrick's sister.*

AMERICA PASSES BY

A Play in One Act

By Kenneth Andrews

Two male, two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. Originally produced by the Harvard Dramatic Club, April 12, 1916, with success. A comedy of high class that can be strongly recommended. The story of a little love affair that flourished in the romantic atmosphere of Japan, but that, transplanted to prosaic Chicago, withers and dies. Good character drawing and strong dramatic interest. Royalty, $5.00 a performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

A YOUNG MAN.
A YOUNG HUSBAND.
HIS FIANCÉE.
HIS WIFE.

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THE CHUZZLEWITS

Or, TOM PINCH

A Dramatization in Five Acts by F. E. Fowle of Charles Dickens' novel "Martin Chuzzlewit"

Fifteen males, six females. Costumes of the period; scenery, four interiors and one exterior. Plays a full evening. This version expands the story of Tom Pinch, already made popular in the comedy of that name, by the addition of the highly dramatic proceedings of the Chuzzlewit family, and thus provides a much stronger and more representative play. All the familiar characters of the novel appear and offer a great variety of exceptionally strong parts. Strongly recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MR. SETH PECKSNIFF, *architect.*
MR. ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT.
MR. JONAS CHUZZLEWIT, *his son.*
OLD MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, *his grandson.*
TOM PINCH.
MR. MONTAGUE TIGG.
OLD CHUFFEY.
BAILEY.
MR. MOULD.
LEWSOME.
MR. NADGETT.
MR. MODDLE.
TWO POLICE OFFICERS.
MARY GRAHAM.
MERCY PECKSNIFF.
CHARITY PECKSNIFF.
SARAH GAMP.
BETSY PRIG, *a friend of Sarah's.*
JANE, *Pecksniff's servant.*
MAID.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Parlor at Mr. Pecksniff's. Wiltshire.
ACT II.—Room in house of Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit. London.
ACT III.—*Scene 1:* Garden at Mr. Pecksniff's.
Scene 2: Room in an Inn at Holborn.
ACT IV.—*Scene 1:* Apartment at Montague Tigg's. London.
Scene 2: At Anthony Chuzzlewit's—same as Act II.
ACT V.—The same as previous scene.

ONE ON DICK

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Six females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one easy interior. Plays one hour. Free of royalty. Just as the girls are trying on their costumes for amateur theatricals in the absence of their parents, who disapprove of such things, Aunt Elizabeth unexpectedly arrives on a visit, and simply has to be kept in the dark. Her confusion over the strange crowd into which she is plunged, and Evelyn's frantic search for some indiscreet letters that happen to be on the premises, afford a very amusing and exciting hour. Colored comedy character. Recommended.

Price, 25 cents

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CUPID'S PARTNER

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Twelve female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. An exceptionally clever, sympathetic, sincere and interesting piece of its kind. Mrs. Freeland's great sacrifice for her daughter's sake, and Sybil Harlow's struggle with circumstances and its reward are knit into a story of great dramatic strength. Capital Irish comedy part and an excellent six year old part that may be made very funny. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

SYBIL HARLOW.
PANSY HARLOW, *her sister, six years old.*
HELEN FREELAND.
BEATRICE MONTFORT } *Hereford College girls.*
ETHEL RICHARDS }
MURIEL AUSTIN.
MRS. FREELAND.
MRS. JARDINE.
MRS. MULCAHEY.
EVA MULCAHEY.
DANDELION MUGG.
MISS HILL.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I. Mrs. Freeland's room in Mrs. Mulcahey's lodging house.
ACT II. Dent's Japanese Tea-room. Valentine's Day.
ACT III. Same as Act I. Two hours later.

HER FIRST ASSIGNMENT

A Comedy in One Act

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Ten female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays an hour. "Billy" Gordon, a young lady reporter, assigned to interview the great Mrs. Folinsbee and finding that she is not coming to the function where she is expected, assumes her character to oblige the hostess, only to have the real Mrs. F. turn up a little later. Very lively and funny. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THREE DEAR FRIENDS

A Comedietta in One Act

By Katharine Metcalf Roof

Four female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. Originally produced at Keith's Bijou Theatre, Boston. A pretty little piece. Mildred is made the confidant of both Peggy and Eva as to the progress of their love affair with Arthur Chisholm, and finally has to explain that she is herself engaged to that desirable gentleman. Sure to be popular.

Price, 15 cents

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A. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

MID-CHANNEL Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two and a half hours.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males. five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene. a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

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No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

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The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

AS YOU LIKE IT Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

CAMILLE Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

INGOMAR Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

MARY STUART Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

RICHELIEU Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

THE RIVALS Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

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